THE

MISCELLANEOUS WORKS OF Mr. J. J. ROUSSEAU.

VOLUME II.

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MR. J. J. ROUSSEAU.

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A DISSERTATION ON POLITICAL ECONOMY.

THE word Economy, or Œconomy, is derived from οἶκος, *a houſe*, and νόμος, *law*, originally ſignifying only the prudent and lawful government of an houſe, for the common good of the whole family. The meaning of this term hath been ſince extended to the government of the great family, the ſtate. In diſtinguiſhing theſe two acceptations of the word, the latter is called *general* or *political* economy, and the other domeſtic or particular economy. It is the firſt only which is diſcuſſed in the preſent tract.

Should it be admitted that there is as great a conformity as many authors pretend between the connections of a ſtate, and thoſe of a private family, it would not thence follow that the rules of conduct proper for one of theſe ſocieties, would be alſo proper for the other. They differ too much in magnitude and extent to be regulated in the ſame manner; for there will

will be always a wide difference between the domeſtic government, in which a father may be himſelf an eye-witneſs of the whole, and the government of a political ſociety, where the chief ſees hardly any thing but through the eyes of other people. To put both on an equality therefore in this reſpect, it is requiſite that the talents, power, and all the other faculties of a father, ſhould be augmented in proportion to the greatneſs of his family, and that the ſoul of a powerful monarch ſhould be in proportion to that of an ordinary man, as the extent of his empire, is to that of a private perſon's eſtate.

But how doth the government of a ſtate reſemble that of a private family, the baſis of which is ſo very different? The father being naturally ſtronger than his children, his paternal authority over them may be reaſonably ſaid to be eſtabliſhed by nature, ſo long as they ſtand in need of his aſſiſtance. But in the great family of the ſtate, all the members of which are naturally equal, the political authority, being purely of arbitrary inſtitution, muſt be founded only on mutual conventions, the magiſtrate having no authority over others, but what he derives from the laws. The duty of a father is dictated to him by his natural ſentiments, and in ſuch a manner that he is ſeldom capable of neglecting it. The chiefs of political ſociety have no ſuch rule, and are only bound to the people by what they themſelves have promiſed to do, and which the people have therefore a right to require of them. Another important difference is this, children having nothing but what they receive of their fa-

father, it is plain that every right of property muſt be derived from him; the caſe is quite the contrary in the political family, the general adminiſtration of whoſe government is eſtabliſhed only to ſecure the property of individuals, which is antecedent. The principal object of the labours of a private family, is that of preſerving and increaſing the patrimony of the father, to the end that he may one day diſtribute it among his children without impoveriſhing them; whereas the wealth of the exchequer affords only the means of ſupporting a few individuals in luxury and eaſe.

In a word, the parental family is deſtined to extinction, and to be one day reſolved into many other families of the like nature: but the political one, is calculated to remain always in the ſame ſtate.

It is plain, for ſeveral reaſons, deduced from the nature of the thing, that a father ought to govern in his own family. In the firſt place, the authority ought not to be equally divided between father and mother; but ſhould be perfectly ſingle, for in all caſes of divided opinions there ſhould be one determinate voice to decide. 2dly, However lightly we may regard the peculiar inconveniences attending the ſex, yet, as they neceſſarily occaſion intervals of inaction, this is a ſufficient reaſon for excluding them from the ſupreme authority: for when the ballance is perfectly equal, a ſtraw ſuffices to turn the ſcale. Beſides, the huſband ought to have the ſuperintendency of his wife's conduct, becauſe it is of conſequence to him to be aſſured that the children, which he is obliged to acknowledge and maintain, belong to no-

body but himſelf. 3dly, Children ſhould be obedient to their father, at firſt through neceſſity, and afterwards from gratitude: after having had their own wants ſatisfied by him during one half of their lives, they ought to conſecrate the other half to the gratification of his. 4thly, With regard to domeſticks, they owe him their ſervice in exchange for the proviſion he makes for them. I ſay nothing here of abſolute ſlavery, becauſe this is contrary to nature, and cannot be authoriſed by any law.

There is nothing, however, of all this in political ſociety; in which the chief is ſo far from having any natural intereſt in the happineſs of individuals, that it is not uncommon for him to ſeek his own happineſs in their miſery. If the magiſtracy be hereditary, a community of men are frequently governed by a child. If it be elective, innumerable inconveniences ariſe from ſuch election; while in both caſes the advantages of paternal connection is entirely loſt. If you have but a ſingle chief, you lie at the diſcretion of a maſter who has no reaſon to love you: and if you have ſeveral maſters, you have at once to ſupport their tyranny over yourſelves, and their quarrels with each other. In a word, abuſes, and their fatal conſequences are inevitable in ſociety, where the public weal and the laws have no natural influence, and are perpetually attached by perſonal intereſt, and the paſſions of the chief and its members.

Although the functions of the father of a family, and of the chief magiſtrate ought to tend to the ſame purpoſe, they ought to effect it by different means. Their duties and their prerogatives

rogatives are ſo eſſentially different, that we cannot confound them together, without forming very falſe ideas of the fundamental laws of ſociety, and falling into errors very fatal to mankind. In fact, if the voice of nature be the beſt guide to which a father can liſten in the diſcharge of his duty; it is with regard to the magiſtrate a falſe director, leading him conſtantly out of the way of his duty, and which ſooner or later will bring on the ruin of himſelf or of the ſtate, unleſs prevented by the moſt ſublime virtue. The only precaution neceſſary for the father of a family, is to guard againſt depravity, and to hinder the corruption of his natural inclinations; whereas it is the perfection of theſe which corrupt the magiſtrate. In order to act aright, the firſt hath nothing to do but conſult his own heart; the other becomes a traitor the moment he conſults his. Even his own judgment is juſtly to be ſuſpected, nor hath he any other rule of conduct than that of the public judgment, which is the law. Thus nature hath made many good fathers of families; but it is doubtful whether, from the very beginning of the world, human wiſdom hath ever made ten men capable of governing mankind.

It follows, from what I have obſerved, that *public* economy is very juſtly diſtinguiſhed from *private*; and that, the ſtate having nothing in common with a particular family, the obligations which their ſeveral chiefs lie under of making them happy as well as their rules of conduct cannot be the ſame. I thought it neceſſary to ſay as much, in order to overthrow that odious ſyſtem, which Sir Robert Filmer

hath endeavoured to eſtabliſh in his Patriarchate; a work to which two celebrated writers have done too much honour in refuting it. Beſides this errour is very ancient, Ariſtotle himſelf having thought proper to contravert it; as may be ſeen in the firſt book of his politicks.

I muſt here beg of my readers to make another proper diſtinction; and this is, between *public economy*, which I call *government*, and the ſupreme authority, which I call *ſovereignty*; a diſtinction which conſiſts in this, the one hath a legiſlative power, and in certain caſes is obligatory on the whole body of the nation; while the other hath only an executive power, and is obligatory merely on individuals.

I ſhall take the liberty to make uſe of a very common, and in ſome reſpects inaccurate, compariſon, though proper enough to illuſtrate my meaning in this particular.

The body politic, taken in itſelf as an individual, may be conſidered as an organized, living body, reſembling that of man. The ſovereign power repreſents the head; the laws and cuſtoms are the brain; the ſource of the nerves, and ſeat of the underſtanding, the will and the ſenſe; of which the judges and magiſtrates are the organs: commerce, induſtry, and agriculture are the mouth and ſtomach which prepare the common ſubſiſtence; the public finances are the blood, which a prudent *economy*, in performing the functions of the heart, diſtributes through the whole body, to give it nutriment and life: the citizens are the body, and the members which cauſe the machine to move and operate; no part of which

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machine can be wounded or injured without cauſing a painful impreſſion on the brain, if the animal be in a ſtate of health.

The life of both the one and the other, is the perſonal identity common to the whole, the reciprocal ſenſibility and interior correſpondence of all its parts. When this communication ceaſes, the formal unity is gone, and the contiguous parts belong to each other only by juxta-poſition, the man is dead, or the ſtate is diſſolved.

The body politic, therefore, is a moral being poſſeſſed of a will; and this general will, which tends always to the preſervation and welfare of the whole and of every part, and which is the ſource of the laws, is with regard to all the members of the ſtate the rule of what is juſt and unjuſt: a truth which ſhews, by the way, how idly ſome writers have treated as theft the ſubtilty preſcribed to the Spartan youths in obtaining their frugal repaſts, as if every thing ordained by the law was not lawful.

It is neceſſary to remark, however, that this rule of juſtice, though certain with regard to the citizens among each other, may be defective with regard to foreigners; the reaſon of which is evident. The will of the ſtate, however general and obligatory with reſpect to its own members, is not binding on other ſtates or their members, but becomes, with regard to them, a particular and individual will, whoſe rule of juſtice is to be found in the law of nature; a circumſtance which is included nevertheleſs in the principles laid down. For in ſuch a caſe, the great city of the world becomes a

body politic; whoſe general will is always the law of nature, and of which the different ſtates and people are only the individual members. It is from theſe diſtinctions, applied to each political ſociety and its members, that flow the moſt certain and univerſal rules, on which we are to form a judgment of a good or bad government, and in general of the morality of all human actions.

Every political ſociety is compoſed of other ſmaller ſocieties of different kinds, each of which hath its peculiar intereſts and maxims: but thoſe ſocieties which every body perceives, becauſe they have an external and authorized form, are not the only ones that actually exiſt in a ſtate: all thoſe individuals who are united by a common intereſt, compoſe many others, either tranſitory or permanent; whoſe influence is not the leſs real becauſe it is leſs apparent, but the proper obſervation of whoſe various relations conſtitute the true ſcience of manners. It is the influence of all theſe tacit or formal aſſociations, that gives ſuch different modifications as are obſervable in the appearance of the public will. The will of theſe particular ſocieties hath always two relations; the one to the members of the aſſociation, which is a general will; the other to the great ſociety of which they are members, and this is a particular will, which is often right with regard to the firſt object, and wrong as to the ſecond. An individual may be a devout prieſt, a brave ſoldier, or a zealous ſenator, yet a bad citizen. In like manner, any particular reſolution may be advantageous to the leſs community, yet very pernicious to the greater. It is true, that

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particular ſocieties being always ſubordinate to the general, in preference to others, the duty of a citizen takes place of that of a ſenator, and that of a man of thoſe of a citizen: but unhappily perſonal intereſt is always in the inverſe ratio of our duty, and is augmented in proportion as the aſſociation grows more confined, and the engagement leſs ſacred; an irrefragable proof that the general will is always the moſt juſt, and that the voice of the people is in fact the voice of God.

It does not hence follow, that the public determinations are always equitable; they may poſſibly be otherwiſe when they regard foreigners; for which I have given a reaſon. Thus it is not impoſſible that a republick, though in itſelf well governed, ſhould enter into an unjuſt war with others. Nor is it leſs impoſſible for the council of a democracy to paſs an unjuſt ſentence, and condemn the innocent; but this never happens unleſs the people are ſeduced by private intereſts, which the credit or eloquence of ſome artful individuals ſubſtitutes for thoſe of the ſtate: in which the general will is one thing, and the conſequence of the public deliberation another. Let not the example of Athens be here objected; for Athens was in fact no Democracy, but an Ariſtocracy, very tyrannical, and governed by philoſophers and orators. Let us carefully determine what paſſes in every public deliberation, and we ſhall ſee that the general will is always for the common good; but that it often admits of a ſecret diviſion, a tacit confederacy, by which the natural diſpoſition of the aſſembly is eluded.

The body of ſociety is thus really divided into others, the members of which embrace a general will, which is right and juſt with reſpect to theſe new bodies, but wrong and unjuſt with regard to the whole body, from which each is thus diſmembered.

We ſee thus how eaſily, by the help of ſome leading principles, may be explained thoſe apparent contradictions, which are remarked in the conduct of many perſons who are ſcrupulouſly honeſt in ſome reſpects, and knaves in others; frequently trampling under foot the moſt ſacred obligations, and yet capable of ſacrificing their lives to engagements that are often unjuſt. It is thus we ſee the moſt depraved of mankind pay ſome ſort of homage to public faith; and even robbers, though enemies to virtue in the midſt of ſociety in general, yet pay ſome reſpect to the ſhadow of it among themſelves. In eſtabliſhing the general will as the firſt principle of public *economy*, and the fundamental rule of government, I did not think it neceſſary to enquire ſeriouſly whether the magiſtrates belonged to the people, or the people to the magiſtrates; or whether it was neceſſary in public affairs to conſult the good of the ſtate, or that only of its chiefs. That queſtion indeed hath long been decided one way in theory, and another in practice. It is indeed ridiculous to expect that thoſe who in reality are maſters, will conſult any other intereſt than their own. It would not be improper, therefore, to make a farther diſtinction in public economy, into popular and tyrannical. The firſt is that of the whole ſtate, in which

which the intereſt and will of the chiefs and the people are united: the other will neceſſarily exiſt every where, when the government and the people have different intereſts, and of conſequence oppoſite wills. The maxims of the latter are deſcribed at large in the archives of hiſtory, and the ſatires of Machiavel.

The others are found only in the writings of thoſe philoſophers, who have ventured to reclaim the privileges of humanity.

The *firſt* and moſt important maxim of a juſt and popular government, that is to ſay, of that whoſe object is the good of the people, is therefore to follow univerſally, as I have obſerved, the general will. But to be able to follow this will, it is neceſſary that it ſhould be known, and above all that it ſhould be diſtinguiſhed from the particular will of the governor: a diſtinction which it is very difficult to make, and requires the aſſiſtance of the moſt ſublime virtue. As in order to will alſo, it is neceſſary to be free, here ariſes a difficulty no leſs than the former, viz. that of preſerving at once the public liberty and the authority of government. Look into the motives, which have induced men, once united by their common wants into a general ſociety, to unite themſelves ſtill more intimately by particular ſocieties: you will find no other motive than the ſecurity of property, life and liberty to each member by means of the protection of all. Now can men be compelled to defend the liberty of any one among them, without treſpaſſing on that of others? And how can they provide for the public neceſſities without alienating the particular property of thoſe who are forced to contribute to them?

With whatſoever ſophiſtry all this may be covered over, it is certain that if any reſtraint be laid on my will, I am no longer free, and that I am no longer maſter of my own property, if it be in the power of others to take any part of it from me. This difficulty, which ſeems to be inſurmountable, has been removed by the moſt ſublime of all human inſtitutions, or rather by divine inſpiration, which teaches mankind to imitate here below the unchangeable decrees of the Deity. By what inconceivable art hath a way been found out, to render men free by ſubjecting them to controll? To employ in the ſervice of the ſtate the properties, perſons and lives of all its members, without conſulting them, or laying them under any conſtraint? To confine their will by their own conſent? To oppoſe that conſent to their refuſal, and to compel them even to puniſh themſelves, when they act againſt their own will? How can it be, that all ſhould obey, yet nobody take upon him to command, that they ſhould all ſerve, and yet have no maſters? Being ſo much the more free as they lie under apparent ſubjection, none loſe any part of their liberty but that which might be hurtful to another! Theſe prodigies are the effect of the law. It is to the law alone that men are indebted for juſtice and liberty. It is this ſalutary organ of the general will, which eſtabliſhes in civil right, the natural equality of mankind. It is this celeſtial voice which dictates to every citizen the precepts of public reaſon: teaching him to act according to the maxims of his own underſtanding, and not to behave inconſiſtently with himſelf. It

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is by this voice alone that political chiefs ſhould ſpeak when they affect to command; for no ſooner doth one man, ſetting aſide the law, pretend to ſubject another to his will, than he departs immediately from the ſtate of civil ſociety, and oppoſes him in a pure ſtate of nature; in which obedience is never preſcribed but by neceſſity.

The moſt preſſing intereſt of the chief, and even his moſt indiſpenſable duty, therefore, is to ſee that thoſe laws are obſerved, of which he is the miniſter, and on which his whole authority is founded. At the ſame time, if he exacts the obſervation of them from others, he is the more ſtrongly bound to obſerve them himſelf, who enjoys all their favour. For his example is of ſuch influence, that although the people might even permit him to ſhake off the yoke of the law, he ought to be cautious of uſing ſo dangerous a prerogative; leſt others ſhould in time uſurp the ſame privilege, and that to his prejudice. In reality, as all ſocial engagements are reciprocal, it is impoſſible for any one to ſet himſelf above the law, without renouncing the advantages of it; for nobody is bound by any obligation to him, who pretends that he is bound under no obligation whatever to others. For this reaſon, no exemption from the law ſhould be annexed to any title whatever in a well regulated government. Thoſe citizens who have deſerved ever ſo well of their country, ought to be rewarded with honours, but never by privileges: for that republick is on the brink of ruin, whoſe members begin to think it is agreeable or advantageous not to obey the laws. But if the nobility or the

ſoldiery

ſoldiery ſhould adopt ſuch a maxim, all is loſt beyond redemption.

The influence of the laws, however, depends ſtill more on their own propriety and wiſdom, than on the ſeverity of the adminiſtrators; as the public will derives alſo its greateſt weight from the reaſon by which it is dictated. Hence it was that Plato looked upon it as a very neceſſary precaution, to place at the head of all edicts a preamble, ſetting forth their juſtice and utility. In fact, the firſt of all laws, is that which enjoins a reſpect to the laws: the ſeverity of penalties is only a vain reſource, invented by little minds in order to ſubſtitute fear in the place of that reſpect, which they knew not how to obtain. It hath been conſtantly remarked that in thoſe countries whoſe legal puniſhments are moſt ſevere, they are alſo the moſt frequent: ſo that the cruelty of ſuch puniſhments is a proof only of the multitude of criminals; whilſt, by puniſhing all with equal ſeverity, thoſe who are guilty of ſmall crimes are induced frequently to commit greater, in order to avoid detection.

But though the government be not maſter of the law, it is a charge of great importance to adminiſter it, and to poſſeſs a thouſand means of commanding reſpect. It is in this alone conſiſts the art of reigning. When poſſeſſed of the power, there is no art required to make the whole world tremble; nor does it indeed require much to conciliate univerſal affection; for experience hath long ſince taught mankind to conſider as a great merit in their chiefs the evil they abſtain from doing; and to adore them if they

they have not abſolutely reaſon to hate them. An idiot, if obeyed, may puniſh offenders as well as a wiſe man: but the true ſtateſman is he who knows how to prevent crimes, extending his reſpectable empire over the inclinations of men rather than their actions. If he could bring things to ſuch a paſs, that every one ſhould act aright, he would then have nothing to do; and the maſter-piece of his labours would be that of remaining idle for want of employment. It is certain, at leaſt, that the great art of governors is to diſguiſe their power, in order to render themſelves leſs odious; and to conduct the ſtate ſo peaceably as to make it ſeem to ſtand in no need of conductors.

I conclude, therefore, as the firſt duty of a legiſlator is to render the laws conformable to the general will, the firſt rule of public economy is that the adminiſtration of juſtice ſhould be conformable to the laws. It would be even ſufficient to prevent the ſtate's being ill-governed, if the legiſlator ſhould have provided, as he ought, for all exigencies of place, climate, ſoil, manners, vicinity, and the reſt of the relations peculiar to the people he hath inſtituted. Not but that an infinity of circumſtances, regarding the police and economy, ſtill remain; which muſt be left entirely to the wiſdom of government: but there are two infallible rules for its good conduct on theſe occaſions; one is, that the ſpirit of the law ought to determine in every caſe that is not particularly foreſeen and provided for; the other is that the general will, the ſource and ſupplement of all laws, ſhould be conſulted wherever they are defective. It may be aſked indeed, how that general will is

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to be known in regard to caſes, about which it hath not been explained? Muſt a whole nation be aſſembled together at every new and unforeſeen event? No; certainly. It ought the leſs to be aſſembled, becauſe it is by no means certain, that its deciſion would expreſs the general will; beſides the method would be impracticable in a great people, and is hardly ever practiſed under a well-meaning government: for the chiefs are very ſenſible that the general will is always for that which is moſt favourable to the public intereſt; that is to ſay, for that which is the moſt equitable; ſo that they have only to act juſtly, to be certain of following the dictates of the general will. When this is infringed too openly, it fails not of being perceived, in ſpite of the formidable reſtraint of public authority. I ſhall cite a few examples that may be followed in ſuch caſes.

In China the Emperor holds it a conſtant maxim to be againſt his officers, in every diſpute that ariſes between them and the people. If bread be too dear in any province, the intendant of that province is thrown into priſon. If there be an inſurrection in another, the governor of it is diſmiſſed, and every mandarin anſwers with his head for all the miſchief that happens in his department. Not that theſe affairs do not undergo a ſubſequent and regular examination, but long experience hath ſhewn this anticipation of judgment to be ſafe and ſalutary. It is very ſeldom that any injuſtice hath been thus committed: in the mean time, the emperor, being well perſuaded that a public outcry is never raiſed without cauſe, diſcovers always through the ſeditious clamours which he puniſhes,

puniſhes, thoſe real complaints for which he affords redreſs.

It is doing a great deal to preſerve peace and order throughout all the parts of a large republick; it is doing a great deal to keep the ſtate tranquil, and cauſe the law to be reſpected: but if nothing more is done, there will be in all this more of appearance than reality; for that government will not eaſily be obeyed which confines its views to mere obedience. If it be good to know how to employ mankind, being ſuch as they are, it is much better to make them ſuch as it is requiſite they ſhould be. The moſt abſolute authority is that which penetrates into the interior part of man, exerciſing itſelf not only on his actions, but on his ſentiments. It is very certain that every people become in time what the government cauſes them to be; are warriours, citizens, men, if it ſo pleaſes; or are merely populace, a vulgar mob, if ſo it requires them. Hence every prince who deſpiſes his ſubjects, diſhonours himſelf, in confeſſing he knows not how to make them reſpectable. Form, therefore, men; if you would command men: if you would have them obedient to the laws, order it ſo that they ſhall reſpect thoſe laws, and then they will need only to know what is their duty to put it in practice. This was the great art of the ancient governments, in thoſe early times when philoſophers gave laws to mankind, and made uſe of their authority only to render them wiſe and happy. Hence the many ſumptuary laws, the many regulations of manners, and the many public maxims admitted or rejected on the matureſt conſideration.

Even

Even tyrants themſelves did not forget this important part of the adminiſtration; but were as attentive to corrupt the manners of their ſlaves, as the magiſtrates were to correct thoſe of their fellow-citizens. But our modern governments, who imagine they have done every thing when they have deviſed ways and means for raiſing money, conceive it is unneceſſary and even impoſſible to go a ſtep farther.

2dly. The ſecond eſſential rule of public economy is no leſs important than the firſt. Would you have the general will accompliſhed? Order it ſo that the wills of particulars are conformable to it; or in other words, as virtue is nothing more than the conformity of the particular wills of individuals with the general, enforce the influence and practice of virtue.

If our politicians were leſs blinded by their ambition, they would ſee how impoſſible it is for any eſtabliſhment whatever to ſubſiſt agreeable to the ſpirit of its inſtitution, unleſs confined within the limits of moral duty: they would perceive that the greateſt ſupport of public authority lies in the breaſts of the citizens, and that nothing can be ſubſtituted in the place of morals, for the ſupport of government. It is not only men of probity who know how to adminiſter the laws properly; but in reality it is none but ſuch who know how to obey them. The man who once gets the better of remorſe, will ſoon come to deſpiſe corporal puniſhments, leſs ſevere, leſs durable, and which there is hope at leaſt of eſcaping: whatever precautions are taken, thoſe who only require impunity to

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do evil, will not fail to find means of eluding the law, and avoiding its penalties. In this caſe, as the private intereſt of particulars unitedly acts againſt the general intereſt of the public, which is no longer that of individuals, the public vices will have a greater effect toward enervating the laws, than the laws will have power to repreſs ſuch vices: ſo that the corruption of the people and of their chiefs, will at length extend itſelf to the government, however prudent or ſagacious. The worſt of all political abuſes is, the paying an apparent obedience to the laws, in order to break them with the greater ſecurity. For hence the beſt laws become the moſt pernicious; and it would be an hundred times better thoſe laws had never exiſted. In ſuch a ſituation, edicts may be publiſhed upon edicts, and laws be enacted after laws to no manner of purpoſe. All this would ſerve only to introduce new abuſes, without correcting the old. The multiplicity of laws renders them contemptible, and to appoint new officers to ſee them put into execution, is only to inſtitute new violators of them, either to join with the old, or to plunder apart by themſelves. The reward of virtue preſently becomes that of robbery; the vileſt of men riſe into greateſt credit; the greater they are the more deſpicable they become; their infamy diſcovers itſelf even in their dignities, and their very honours contribute to diſhonour them. If they purchaſe for themſelves the patronage of the chiefs or the protection of their women, it is only that they may ſell juſtice, duty, and the ſtate in their turn: in the mean time, the people who do not ſee that their vices are the firſt

cauſe

cauſe of their misfortunes, murmur and complain that "all their evils are derived from thoſe whom they pay to protect them."

The ſuggeſtions of duty no longer influence the people, while their rulers are obliged to ſubſtitute in their room, the threats of terror, or the glimmerings of apparent intereſt, by which they deceive their creatures. It is in this ſituation that they are reduced to have recourſe to thoſe petty and deſpicable ſhifts which they call *maxims of ſtate* and *myſteries of the cabinet*. The little power that remains of government is employed by its members, in ruining and ſupplanting each other, while the public buſineſs is neglected, or is tranſacted only as perſonal intereſt requires and directs. In ſhort, all the art of thoſe great politicians lies, in faſcinating the eyes of thoſe they ſtand in need of, in ſuch a manner that each may think he is labouring for his own intereſt in working for theirs: I ſay *theirs* on the falſe ſuppoſition of its being the real intereſt of rulers, to annihilate a people in order to make them obedient, and to ruin their own property in order to ſecure its poſſeſſion.

But when the citizens are fond of their duty, and the guardians of the public authority ſincerely apply themſelves to cultivate that fondneſs by their own example and aſſiduities, all the difficulty of adminiſtration vaniſhes; and the government are diſpenſed with making uſe of that dark kind of policy, whoſe obſcurity is its only myſtery. Thoſe enterprizing ſpirits, ſo dangerous and ſo much admired, all thoſe great miniſters, whoſe glory is inſeparable from the miſeries of the people, are no longer regretted.

gretted: the public morals ſupply the want of genius in the rulers; while the more virtue prevails, the leſs need is there for extraordinary talents. Even ambition itſelf is better ſerved by duty than uſurpation: when the people are convinced that their rulers labour only for their happineſs, they ſave them the trouble of labouring to confirm themſelves in power: and hiſtory ſhews us in a thouſand places, that the authority of a perſon beloved over thoſe who love him, is an hundred times more abſolute than all the tyranny of uſurpers. Not that it is here meant, the government ought to be afraid to make uſe of its power, but that it ought to make uſe of it only in a lawful manner. We find in hiſtory a thouſand examples of puſillanimous or ambitious princes, ruined by their effeminacy or pride; but not one who ſuffered by having been ſtrictly juſt. But we ought not to confound negligence with moderation, or candour with weakneſs. To be juſt, it is neceſſary to be ſevere; to ſuffer vice when one has the right and the power to ſuppreſs it, is to be vicious one's ſelf.

It is not ſufficient merely to ſay to the citizens, *be good*; they muſt be inſtructed to be ſo; and even example, which is in this reſpect the firſt leſſon, is not the only means to be employed; the love of one's country is the moſt efficacious: for, as I have already obſerved, every man is virtuous when his particular will is conformable to the general will of the community, and we are naturally led to have the ſame inclinations as thoſe we love. It appears that the ſentiment of humanity evaporates and grows

feeble

feeble in embracing all mankind, and that we cannot be affected with the calamities of Tartary or Japan, in the ſame manner as we ſhould be by thoſe of European nations. It is neceſſary in ſome degree to confine and compreſs our ſenſe of compaſſion in order to give it activity. Now as this ſentiment cannot be uſeful but to thoſe with whom we live, it is proper that our humanity, confined to our fellow-citizens, ſhould receive a new force from the habit of ſeeing them, and by the common intereſt which unites them. It is certain that the moſt miraculous efforts of virtue have taken riſe from patriotiſm: this agreeable and lively ſentiment which gives to the force of ſelf-love all the beauty of virtue, gives it alſo an energy, which without making it unnatural, renders it the moſt heroic of all paſſions. It is this which hath produced ſo many immortal actions, the glory of which dazzles our weak eyes: it is this which hath produced ſo many great men, whoſe antiquated virtues have paſſed for mere fables ever ſince patriotiſm hath been turned into deriſion. Not that this is a matter of ſurprize; the tranſports of ſuſceptible hearts appear in like manner altogether chimerical to thoſe who have not, or cannot experience them; and the love of one's country, an hundred times more lively and delightful than a paſſion for a miſtreſs, cannot be conceived by thoſe who have never felt it. But it is eaſy to remark in every heart that is warmed by it, in all the actions it inſpires, a more glowing, more ſublime ardour than attends the pureſt virtue when ſeparated from this paſſion. Let us oppoſe Socrates even

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to Cato; the one was the greater philoſopher, the other more of the citizen. Athens was already ruined in the time of Socrates, and he had no other country than the univerſe. Cato had the cauſe of his country ever at heart; he lived only for its welfare, and could not ſurvive its deſtruction. The virtue of Socrates was that of the wiſeſt of men; but Cato, compared with Cæſar and Pompey, ſeems to be a God contending with mere mortals. Socrates inſtructed a few individuals, oppoſed the Sophiſts, and died a martyr to truth: but Cato defended his country, its liberty and laws, againſt the conquerors of the world, and at length reſigned his breath, when he no longer had a country to ſerve. A worthy pupil of Socrates would be the moſt virtuous of his cotemporaries; but a worthy follower of Cato would be one of the greateſt. The virtue of the former would conſtitute his happineſs; the latter would ſeek his happineſs in that of the whole ſociety. We ſhould be inſtructed by one, and directed by the other; and this alone is ſufficient to determine the preference between them: for there never were a people made philoſophers, but it is not impoſſible to make a people happy.

Are we deſirous a people ſhould be virtuous? Let us begin, therefore, by making them love their country: but how can they love it, if their country be nothing more to them than to ſtrangers, and that it affords them nothing but what it refuſes to nobody? It would be ſtill worſe, if they did not enjoy the privileges of ſocial ſecurity, and that their lives, liberties and properties lay at the mercy of certain powerful in-

individuals, without their being permitted, or its being poſſible for them, to obtain relief from the laws. For in that caſe, being ſubjected to the duties of civil ſociety, without enjoying even the common privileges of a ſtate of nature, and without being able to employ their ſtrength in their own defence, they would of courſe be in the worſt condition freemen could poſſibly be, and the word *country* would only be to them a ridiculous and odious term. It muſt not be imagined that a man can break his arm, or have it cut off, without feeling pain in his head: nor is it any more to be conceived that the general will can conſent, that any one member of the ſtate, in what rank ſoever, ſhould injure or deſtroy another, than it is to be ſuppoſed that the hands of a man in his ſenſes ſhould wilfully ſcratch his eyes out. The ſecurity of individuals is ſo intimately connected with the public confederacy, that, if no regard were paid to human weakneſſes, that confederacy would in point of right be diſſolved, if a ſingle citizen were ſuffered by the ſtate to periſh who might be relieved, or if he ſhould be confined wrongfully in priſon, or if his property ſhould be injured by an unjuſt ſentence. For the fundamental laws of the ſocial convention being broken, there exiſts no longer either obligation or intereſt that ſhould preſerve the ſocial union of the people; unleſs they were reſtrained indeed by force, which alſo diſſolves the civil compact.

In fact, the engagement entered into by the whole body of the nation, binds it to provide for the ſecurity of the meaneſt individual with the ſame care as for that of all the reſt: the

welfare

welfare of each ſingle citizen being as much a common cauſe as that of the whole ſtate. Will it be ſaid that it is proper for one to periſh for all? I ſhould admire that ſaying indeed when coming from the lips of a virtuous and worthy patriot voluntarily and dutifully ſacrificing himſelf for the good of his country: but if we are to underſtand by it, that it is lawful for the government to ſacrifice an innocent man for the good of the multitude, I look upon it as the moſt execrable maxim that tyranny ever invented, the greateſt falſehood that can be advanced, and the moſt directly contrary to the fundamental laws of ſociety. Any one perſon ought to be ſo far from ſuffering for all, that all have engaged their lives and properties to defend thoſe of each, in order that the weakneſs of individuals may be protected by the ſtrength of the publick, or each member by the whole ſtate. Let us take from the whole people by ſuppoſition, every individual one after another, and then preſs the advocates for this maxim to explain more particularly what they mean by the *body of the ſtate*, and we ſhall ſee it at length reduced to a ſmall number of perſons, who are not the people, but the officers of the people, and who, being obliged by perſonal oath to periſh themſelves for the ſecurity of the people, would thence infer that the people are to periſh for theirs.

Do we require examples of the protection which the ſtate owes to its members, and the reſpect it owes their perſons? It is only in the hiſtory of the moſt illuſtrious and magnanimous nations that they are to be found; it is only among a free people that the dignity of man hath been

ever properly reſpected. It is well known into what perplexity the whole republic of Sparta was thrown, when the puniſhment of a criminal citizen came under conſideration.

In Macedon, the life of a man was an affair of ſo much importance, that Alexander the Great, in the zenith of his glory, durſt not in cold blood put a Macedonian criminal to death, till the accuſed had been permitted to make his defence before his fellow-citizens, and had been legally condemned. But the Romans diſtinguiſhed themſelves above all other people on earth by the regard which their government paid to individuals; and by its ſcrupulous attention to preſerve inviolable the rights and privileges of all the members of the ſtate. Nothing was more ſacred among them than the life of a citizen; no leſs than an aſſembly of the whole people being required to condemn one. Not even the Senate, nor the Conſuls, in all their majeſty, were inveſted with this prerogative; but the crime and puniſhment of a citizen were held as objects of public calamity among the moſt powerful people in the world. Capital puniſhments were indeed thought ſo ſevere in any caſe whatever, that by the law of Porcia, the penalty of death was commuted into that of baniſhment, for all thoſe who were deſirous of ſurviving the loſs of ſo amiable a country. Every thing both at Rome, and in the Roman armies, breathed that love for their country and fellow-citizens, that reſpect for the Roman name which raiſed the courage and fired the virtue of every one who had the honour to bear it. The cap of a citizen delivered from ſlavery, the civic crown of him who had

had ſaved the life of another, were looked upon with the greateſt pleaſure amidſt the pomp of their triumphs; and it is remarkable that among the ſeveral crowns beſtowed on the ſucceſsful in war, the civic crown and that of the triumphant hero himſelf only were formed of laurel, all the others were of mere gold. It was thus that Rome was virtuous and became the miſtreſs of the world. Ambitious rulers! An herdſman governs his dogs and cattle, and yet is only one of the meaneſt of mankind. If it be a fine thing to command, it is when thoſe who obey us are capable of doing us honour. Shew reſpect, therefore, to your fellow-citizens, and you will render yourſelves reſpectable; ſhew reſpect to liberty, and your power will daily encreaſe. Stretch not your prerogatives, and they will ſoon become unlimited.

Let our country, therefore, ſhew itſelf the common mother of her citizens; let the advantages they enjoy in their country ſerve to render it dear to them; and let the laws appear to them only the guardians of their common liberty. Theſe privileges, great as they are, belong to all mankind: but without ſeeming directly to attack them, the ill deſigns of their rulers may in fact eaſily reduce them to nothing. The law, which they thus abuſe, ſerves the powerful at once as an inſtrument of offence, and as a ſhield againſt the weak; while a pretence to the public good is always a dangerous ſcourge to the people. What is moſt neceſſary, and perhaps the moſt difficult in government, is a rigid integrity in doing ſtrict juſtice to all; and in particular to protect the poor againſt the tyranny of the rich. The greateſt evil is

already effected, when there are poor to be defended, and rich to be reſtrained. It is on the middling people alone the whole force of the laws is exerted; being equally incapable to withſtand the opulence of the rich and the penury of the poor. The firſt eludes them, and the ſecond eſcapes them. The one breaks the ſnare, and the other paſſes over it.

It is therefore one of the moſt important objects of government, to prevent an extreme inequality of fortunes; not by taking away the wealth of the poſſeſſors, but in depriving them of means to accumulate them; not by building hoſpitals for the poor, but by preventing the citizens from becoming poor. The unequal diſtribution of the inhabitants of a country, ſome being thinly ſcattered over a large tract of land, while others are aſſembled together in crouds in cities; the encouragement of the agreeable, inſtead of the uſeful, arts; the ſacrificing agriculture to commerce; the mal-adminiſtration of the finances; and in ſhort, that exceſs of venality which ſets public eſteem at a pecuniary value, and rates even virtue at a market price: theſe are all the moſt obvious cauſes of opulence and of poverty, of the public intereſt, the mutual hatred of the citizens, their indifference for the common cauſe, the corruption of the people, and the weakening all the ſprings of government. Such are of courſe the evils, which are with difficulty cured when they are perceived; but which a wiſe adminiſtration ought to prevent, in order to maintain, together with good morals, a reſpect for the laws, a love for one's country, and the influence of the general will.

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But all theſe precautions will be inſufficient, if things are not taken ſtill nearer the root. I finiſh this part of the public economy in the place where it ought to have begun. One's country cannot ſubſiſt without liberty, nor liberty without virtue, nor virtue without citizens: you would have every thing by forming citizens; without that you will have nothing but wretched ſlaves, and the firſt of theſe will be the rulers of the ſtate. Now to form citizens is not the work of a day; and in order to have men it is neceſſary to educate children. It will be ſaid perhaps, that whoever hath men to govern, ought not to look for a degree of perfection of which their nature is not ſuſceptible; that we ought not to exterminate the paſſions of mankind; and that ſuch an attempt is no more deſirable than it is poſſible. I will agree, farther than all this, that a man without paſſions would certainly make a very bad citizen; but it muſt be confeſſed alſo that, if men are not taught to love ſomething, it is impoſſible to inſtruct them to prefer one object before another; to prefer that which is truly beautiful to that which is deformed. If, for example, they were early accuſtomed to regard the individual only according to its relations with the body of the ſtate, and to be ſenſible of their own exiſtence, if I may ſo expreſs myſelf, merely as it forms a part of the public; they may at length come to identify themſelves in a degree with the great whole, to feel themſelves members of their country, and to love it with that exquiſite ſenſibility which every independent being hath only for itſelf; to raiſe their mind perpetually to this great object, and thus to transform into a

ſublime virtue that dangerous diſpoſition, which gives riſe to all our vices. The poſſibility of theſe new directions of ſentiment are not only demonſtrated by philoſophy; but hiſtory furniſhes us with a thouſand ſtriking examples. If they are rare indeed among us moderns, it is becauſe nobody troubles himſelf whether citizens exiſt or not; and ſtill leſs doth any body think of taking the trouble to form them. It is too late to change our natural inclinations, when they have already taken their courſe, and ſelf-love is confirmed by habit: it is too late to lead us out of ourſelves when once the human individual, concentrated in our hearts, hath acquired that contemptible activity which abſorbs all virtue and conſtitutes the life and being of little minds. How can the love of one's country germinate in the midſt of ſo many other paſſions, by which it is ſuppreſſed and ſtifled? And what can remain, for the citizen, of an heart already divided between avarice, a miſtreſs, and vanity?

Men ought to begin to learn to merit life, the firſt moment of it; and, as at the inſtant of our birth we partake of the rights and privileges of citizens, that inſtant ought to be the commencement of the exerciſe of our duty. If there are laws for the age of maturity, there ought to be laws for infancy, teaching obedience to the others: and as the reaſon of any one man is not the ſole arbiter of his duty, government ought ſtill leſs indiſcriminately to abandon to the ignorance and prejudices of fathers the education of their children, as that education is of much greater importance to the ſtate than to ſuch fathers themſelves: for, according

cording to the courſe of nature, the death of the father often deprives the child of the finiſhing part of that education; but his country ſooner or later perceives its effects. Families diſſolve, but the ſtate is permanent.

Should public authority, in taking the place of fathers, and charging itſelf with that important function, acquire their prerogatives by diſcharging their duties; thoſe fathers would have ſo much the leſs ſubject to complain, as in that reſpect they would only change their name, and have in common, under the appellation of *citizens*, the ſame authority over their children, as they now exerciſe ſeparately under the name of *fathers*, and would not be leſs obeyed when ſpeaking in the name of the law, than they were in ſpeaking after the voice of nature. A public education, therefore, under proper regulations preſcribed by the government, and under magiſtrates appointed by the ſovereign, is one of the fundamental maxims of popular or lawful government. If children are educated in common and as equals; if they are taught a reſpect for the laws and the maxims of the general will; if they are inſtructed to reſpect theſe above all things; if they are ſurrounded by examples, and objects which are conſtantly reminding them of the tender mother which hath nouriſhed them, of the love ſhe bears them, of the ineſtimable value of what they have received from her, and of the return which is due to her, we cannot doubt that they would hence learn to cheriſh each other mutually as brothers, to will nothing contrary to the general will of the ſociety, to ſubſtitute the actions of men and citizens in the place of

the futile and vain babble of ſophiſts, and to become in time defenders and fathers of a country, which ſo long has nouriſhed them as her children.

I ſhall ſay nothing of the magiſtrates deſtined to preſide over ſuch an education, which is certainly the moſt important buſineſs of the ſtate. It is eaſy to ſee that if ſuch marks of public confidence be conferred on ſlight grounds, if this ſublime function be not confined to thoſe who have worthily diſcharged all the other offices, as the reward of their labour and the honourable repoſe of their old age; if it be not held as the higheſt honour they can arrive at; the whole enterprize would be uſeleſs and the ſcheme of education void of ſucceſs. For wherever leſſons are not ſupported by authority, and precepts by example, all inſtruction is fruitleſs; and virtue itſelf is diſcredited by the lips of him who teaches without practiſing it. But let thoſe illuſtrious warriours who bend under the burthen of their laurels, be the perſons appointed to inculcate valour: let upright magiſtrates, grown grey in the adminiſtration of juſtice, be the men made choice of to teach it. Such teachers as theſe would thus form virtuous ſucceſſors, and tranſmit from age to age, through ſucceſſive generations, the experience and talents of rulers, the courage and virtue of citizens, and excite an univerſal emulation in all to live and die for their country.

I know of but three people who formerly practiſed this method of public education, viz. the Cretans, the Lacedemonians, and the ancient Perſians: among all of whom it was attended with the greateſt ſucceſs, and indeed effected prodigies

prodigies among the two laſt. When the world is divided into nations too great to be well governed, this method is no longer practicable; many other reaſons alſo will ſuggeſt themſelves to the reader, why ſuch a thing has never been attempted by any modern people. It is very remarkable that the Romans were able to ſubſiſt without it: but Rome was for five hundred years one continued miracle which the world muſt not expect to ſee again. The virtue of the Romans, ariſing from their hatred to tyranny and of the crimes of tyrants, added to an innate principle of patriotiſm, made the houſes of individuals all ſo many ſchools for the education of citizens; while the unlimited power of fathers over their children made the domeſtic policy ſo very rigid, that the father was more feared than the magiſtrate, and was in his family tribunal both a cenſor of manners and executor of the laws.

It is thus a careful and well-deſigning government, watching inceſſantly over the people's love for their country, and over their morals, may prevent thoſe evils which ſooner or later reſult from the indifference of the citizens for the fate of the republick; and would confine within narrow bounds, that perſonal intereſt which renders individuals ſo detached and independent, that the ſtate ſuffers from their power, and hath nothing to hope from their good will. Wherever the people love their country, reſpect the laws, and live ſimply, little is wanting to render them happy; and in a public adminiſtration wherein chance hath leſs to do than with the fate of individuals,

wiſdom is ſo nearly allied to happineſs, that the two objects are inſeparable.

3*dly*, It is not enough to have citizens and to protect them, it is alſo neceſſary to provide for their ſubſiſtance. To provide for the public wants is an evident conſequence of the general will, and the third eſſential duty of government. This duty is not, as it ſhould ſeem, to fill the granaries of individuals and thereby to diſpenſe with their labour; but to keep plenty always within their reach, ſo that labour ſhould be always neceſſary to acquire it and never uſeleſs. It extends itſelf alſo to every thing regarding the management of the exchequer, and the expences of public adminiſtration. Having thus treated of general economy with regard to the government of perſons, it remains to conſider it with regard to the adminiſtration of property.

This part preſents no fewer difficulties and contradictions than the preceeding. It is certain that the right of property is the moſt ſacred of all civil rights, and even more important in ſome reſpects than liberty itſelf; either becauſe it ſo nearly affects the preſervation of life, or becauſe a man's property being more eaſily injured and with greater difficulty defended than his perſon, the law ought to pay a greater attention to that right which is moſt eaſily infringed; or either, laſtly, becauſe property is the true foundation of political ſociety, and the genuine ſecurity of all civil engagements: for if men were not anſwerable in their property for perſonal actions, nothing would be more eaſy than for them to evade their obligations

ligations and laugh at the laws. On the other hand, it is not leſs certain that the maintenance and government of a ſtate is expenſive; and as every one who agrees to the end muſt acquieſce in the means, it follows that the members of a ſociety ought to contribute their property to its ſupport. Beſides it is difficult to ſecure the property of individuals on one ſide, without bearing hard upon it on ſome other: indeed it is impoſſible that all the regulations which regard the order of ſucceſſion, wills, contracts, &c. ſhould not lay individuals under ſome conſtraint as to the diſpoſal of their effects, and of courſe be ſome infringement of their right of property.

But beſides what I have above obſerved of the agreement which ſubſiſts between the authority of the law and the freedom of the citizen, there remains an important remark to be made, with reſpect to the diſpoſal of effects, which may remove many difficulties.

This is, as Puffendorf has demonſtrated from the very nature of the right of property, that it extends not beyond the life of the proprietor, but that the moment a man is dead his eſtate no longer belongs to him. Thus, to preſcribe the conditions according to which he is to diſpoſe of it, is in reality leſs altering his right in appearance than extending it in fact.

In general, altho' the inſtitution of the laws, which regulate the power of individuals to diſpoſe of their own effects, belongs only to the ſovereign, the ſpirit of the laws, which the government ought to follow in their application, is that of father to ſon, and from relation to relation, ſo that the eſtate of a family ſhould

go as little out of it and be as little alienated as poſſible. There is a very ſenſible reaſon for this in favour of children, to whom the right of property would be uſeleſs, if the father ſhould leave them nothing, and who beſides having often contributed to the acquiſition of their father's wealth, are aſſociates with him in his right of property. But there is another reaſon more diſtant, tho' not leſs important; and this is, that nothing is more fatal to manners and to the republick than the continual ſhifting of rank and fortune among its members: theſe changes being the ſource of a thouſand diſorders; overturning and confounding every thing; for thoſe who are elevated for one purpoſe are often qualified only for another; neither thoſe who riſe, nor thoſe who fall, being able to adopt the maxims, or poſſeſs themſelves of the qualifications requiſite for their new condition, and ſtill much leſs diſcharge the duties of it. But to proceed to the public finances.

If a people could govern themſelves, and there were no intermediate agent between the adminiſtration of the ſtate and the citizens, they would have no more to do than to make aſſeſſments occaſionally, according to the public neceſſities and the abilities of individuals: and as they would all keep in ſight the gathering in and employment of ſuch aſſeſſments, no fraud nor abuſe could happen in the management of them, the ſtate would never be involved in debt, nor the people burthened with impoſts; or at leaſt the certainty of their being well employed, would be a conſolation for the ſeverity of the tax. But things cannot be carried on

in this manner: on the contrary, however ſmall any ſtate may be, it is always too populous to be under the immediate government of all its members. It is neceſſary that the public money ſhould go through the hands of the chiefs, all of whom have, beſides the intereſts of the ſtate, that of their own at heart; which laſt is not always the leaſt attended to. The people, on their part, who perceive rather the avidity and ridiculous expence of their chiefs, than the public wants, murmur to ſee themſelves ſtripped of neceſſaries to furniſh others with ſuperfluities; and when once theſe complaints are embittered to a certain degree, the moſt upright adminiſtration will find it impoſſible to recover their confidence. In ſuch a ſituation, voluntary contributions would produce nothing; and compulſive ones would be unlawful; ſo that it is in this cruel alternative, of the ſtate being ruined, or the ſacred right of property being violated, which is its ſupport, that the great difficulty of a juſt and prudent economy ſubſiſts.

The firſt ſtep which the founder of a republick ought to take after the eſtabliſhment of laws, is to ſettle a ſufficient fund for the maintenance of the magiſtrates and other officers, and for other public expences. This fund, if it conſiſt of money, is called *ærarium* or the *exchequer*; and the *public demeſnes*, if it conſiſt of lands. This laſt is much preferable to the other for obvious reaſons. Whoever hath ſufficiently reflected on this matter, muſt be of the opinion of Bodin in this reſpect, who looks upon the public demeſnes as the moſt reputable and certain means of providing for

the neceſſities of a ſtate. It is remarkable alſo that Romulus, in his diviſion of lands, firſt took care to ſet apart a third ſhare for the uſe of the ſtate. I confeſs it is not impoſſible for the produce of ſuch demeſnes badly managed, to be reduced to nothing; but it is not eſſential to them to be badly adminiſtred.

Previous to all application, this fund ſhould be aſſigned or accepted by an aſſembly of the people, or by the ſtates of the country; which ſhould determine its future uſe. After this ſolemnity, which renders ſuch funds unalienable, they change in a manner their very nature, the revenues becoming ſo ſacred, that it is not only the moſt infamous theft, but actual treaſon to miſapply them or pervert them from their original deſtination. It reflects a great diſhonour on Rome, that the integrity of Cato the cenſor was ſomething ſo very remarkable, and that an emperor, on rewarding the talents of a ſinger with a few crowns, thought it neceſſary to obſerve that the money came from his own private purſe, and not from the public treaſury. But if we find few Galbas, where ſhall we look for a Cato? For when vice is no longer diſhonourable, what chiefs will be ſo ſcrupulous as to abſtain from touching the public revenues left to their diſcretion, and even not to affect in time to confound their own expenſive and ſcandalous diſſipations with the glory of the ſtate, and the means of extending their own influence with that of augmenting its power? It is particularly with regard to this delicate part of the adminiſtration, that virtue alone is the only efficacious inſtrument, and that the integrity of the magiſtrate

is the only rein capable of reſtraining his avarice. Books of accounts, inſtead of ſerving to expoſe frauds, tend only to conceal them; for prudence is never ſo ready to conceive new precautions as knavery is to elude them. Never mind account books and papers therefore, but place the management of the finances in honeſt hands: this is the only way to have them well employed, however they are accounted for.

When the public funds are once eſtabliſhed, the chiefs of the ſtate become of right the adminiſtrators of them: for this adminiſtration conſtitutes a part of government, always eſſential, tho' not always equally ſo. Its influence encreaſes in proportion as that of other reſources is diminiſhed; and it may juſtly be ſaid that government is arrived at its laſt ſtage of corruption, when nothing hath any influence in it but money. Now as every government conſtantly tends to relaxation, this alone ſhews why no ſtate can ſubſiſt unleſs its revenues are conſtantly on the increaſe.

The firſt ſenſe of the neceſſity of this increaſe, is alſo the firſt ſign of the internal diſorder of the ſtate; and the prudent adminiſtrator in his endeavours to find means to prevent the preſent neceſſity, will neglect nothing to find out the diſtant cauſe of it; even as a mariner who, finding the water gaining upon his veſſel, neglects not, while he is working the pumps, to ſeek out and ſtop the leak.

From this rule is deduced the moſt important maxim in the adminiſtration of the finances, which is to ſtudy more to prevent the want of ſupplies, than to increaſe the revenues. For, whatever

whatever diligence be employed, the relief which only comes after the evil and ſtill more ſlowly, leaves always ſome injury behind. At the ſame time, while a remedy is providing for one evil, another is felt, and even thoſe remedies themſelves are productive of new inconveniences; ſo that at length the nation is involved in debt, the people are oppreſſed, the government loſes its influence, and is able to do but very little with a great deal of money. I imagine it is to this maxim well eſtabliſhed, that we are to impute the prodigious things effected by the ancient governments; who did more with their parſimony than ours with all their treaſures; and perhaps it is from hence that the common acceptation of the word *economy* is derived; rather meaning the prudential management of what one has, than the means of acquiring what one has not.

But independently of the public treaſure, which is of ſervice to the ſtate in proportion to the probity of thoſe who govern, a perſon ſufficiently acquainted with the influence of adminiſtration in general, would be aſtoniſhed to reflect on the reſources which the chiefs are poſſeſſed of, to prevent all public wants without treſpaſſing on the properties of individuals. As the governors are maſters of the whole commerce of the ſtate, nothing is more eaſy for them than to direct it in ſuch channels as to provide for every exigence, without appearing to trouble their heads about it. The diſtribution of proviſions, of money, and of merchandiſes in a juſt proportion according to times and circumſtances, is the true ſecret of the finances and the ſource of their wealth, provided

vided that thoſe who adminiſter them, have foreſight enough to ſuffer a preſent apparent loſs, in order to obtain the immenſe profits of a future gain. When we ſee a government paying a bounty, inſtead of receiving duties, on the exportation of corn in time of plenty, and the importation of it in time of ſcarcity, it is really neceſſary to have the fact before one's eyes to be perſuaded of its reality, and that it is not one of the romances of ancient times. Let us ſuppoſe that, in order to prevent a ſcarcity in bad years, a propoſal were made to eſtabliſh public magazines; would not the execution of ſuch an eſtabliſhment ſerve in moſt countries as a fine pretext for new impoſts? At Geneva indeed ſuch granaries, eſtabliſhed and kept up by a prudent adminiſtration, are a public reſource in barren ſeaſons, and the principal revenue of the ſtate at all times. *Alit et ditat* is the beautiful and juſt inſcription which ſtands on the front of the edifice. To exhibit here the economical ſyſtem of a good government, I have often turned my eyes to that of this republick, happy to find in my own country an example of that wiſdom and happineſs which I ſhould be glad to ſee prevail in every other.

If we ſhould enquire into the cauſes of the wants of a ſtate, we ſhould find they generally ariſe in the ſame manner as the wants of an individual; leſs from any real neceſſity than by the increaſe of uſeleſs deſires; and that the expence is often augmented only to have a pretext to raiſe the demand: ſo that the ſtate is often a gainer by pretending to be rich, while this apparent wealth is in reality more burthenſome to it than even poverty itſelf. The governors

vernors may poſſibly hope to keep a people in a ſtricter ſtate of dependence, by thus giving them with one hand what they take from them with the other; and indeed this was the kind of policy, which Joſeph made uſe of with the Egyptians: but this political ſophiſtry is by ſo much the more fatal to a ſtate as the money never returns into the hands it went out of; but on the contrary ſuch maxims ſerve only to enrich the luxurious and idle at the expence of the honeſt and induſtrious.

A deſire of conqueſt is one of the moſt ſenſible and one of the moſt dangerous cauſes of this augmentation. This deſire, occaſioned often by a different ſpecies of ambition than that which ſeems natural to it, is not always what it appears to be, and has not ſo much for its real motive, the apparent deſire of aggrandizing the nation abroad, as a ſecret deſire of increaſing the authority of the chiefs at home, by the augmentation of the troops, and by that diverſion which the objects of war occaſion in the minds of the citizens.

This at leaſt is certain, that no people are ſo oppreſſed and miſerable as conquering nations, their ſucceſſes abroad only increaſing their miſery at home. Did not hiſtory inform us, common ſenſe would, that the greater a ſtate grows the more burthenſome become its expences in proportion: for it is neceſſary that every province ſhould furniſh its contingent to the general expence of government, and that beſide this it ſhould be at the expence of its own particular adminiſtration, which is as great as if it was really independent. Add to this, that great fortunes are always acquired in one place

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and ſpent in another; which breaks thro' the equipoiſe of the product and conſumption, and greatly impoveriſhes a whole country merely to enrich one town.

Another ſource of the increaſe of public wants, depending on the foregoing, is this. There may come a time when the citizens, no longer looking upon themſelves as intereſted in the common cauſe, will ceaſe to be defenders of their country, and in which the chiefs would rather have the command of mercenaries than free-men; if it were for no other reaſon than in the end to ſubject the latter more eaſily to the former. Such was the ſtate of Rome toward the end of the republick and under the emperors: for all the victories of the primitive Romans, like thoſe of Alexander, were won by brave citizens, who would voluntarily ſpill their blood in the ſervice of their country, but would never ſell it on any occaſion. Marius was the firſt who, in the Jugurthine war, diſhonoured the Roman legions by introducing freedmen, vagabonds and other mercenaries. The tyrants became the enemies of the very people it was their duty to make happy, maintaining a number of regular troops, in appearance to awe foreigners, but in reality to enſlave the natives. In order to form ſuch troops, it was neceſſary to take off a number of huſbandmen from cultivating the lands; the want of whoſe labour of courſe diminiſhed the quantity of proviſions, and the maintenance of whom introduced thoſe taxes which increaſed their price. This firſt diſorder gave riſe to murmurs among the people; in order to ſuppreſs which, the number of the troops was increaſed,

creaſed, and conſequently the miſery of the people; whoſe deſpair increaſing rendered ſtill a farther increaſe of the cauſe in order to prevent its effects. On the other hand, the mercenaries, whoſe merit we may judge of by the price at which they ſold themſelves, proud of their own meanneſs, and deſpiſing the laws that protected them, as well as their fellows whoſe bread they eat, imagined themſelves more honoured in being Ceſar's guards than in being defenders of Rome; thus devoted by their ſituation to a blind and implicit obedience, they had always their poniards at the throats of their fellow-ſoldiers, ready to make uſe of them at the word of command. It were not difficult to ſhow that this was one of the principal cauſes of the ruin of the Roman empire.

The invention of artillery and fortification, hath obliged the princes of Europe, in modern times, to re-eſtabliſh the uſe of regular troops, in order to garriſon their towns: but, however lawful their motives, it is to be feared the effect of them may be no leſs fatal. There is no better reaſon now than formerly for depopulating the country to form armies and garriſons; the people ought to be as little oppreſſed to ſupport them; in a word, theſe dangerous eſtabliſhments have encreaſed of late years with ſuch rapidity in this part of the world, that they evidently threaten the approaching depopulation of Europe, and ſooner or later the intire ruin of its inhabitants.

But be this as it will, it ought to be obſerved that ſuch inſtitutions neceſſarily ſubvert the true economical ſyſtem which draws the principal revenue of the ſtate from the public demeſnes, and

and leaves only the dreadful reſource of ſubſidies and impoſts; of which it remains for me to treat. It ſhould be remembered here that the foundation of the ſocial compact is property; and its firſt condition, that every one ſhould be maintained in the peaceful poſſeſſion of what belonged to him. It is true that by the ſame treaty every one tacitly conſents to be aſſeſſed toward the public wants: but this engagement being incapable of hurting the fundamental law, and ſuppoſing that the evidence of ſuch wants muſt appear to every one who contributes to them, it is plain that ſuch aſſeſſment, in order to be lawful, ſhould be voluntary; not indeed particularly ſo, as if it were neceſſary to have the conſent of each individual, and that he ſhould give no more than juſt what he pleaſed, but ſo far voluntary as it ſhould be done by the conſent of the majority of the citizens, and upon an equitable and impartial footing.

That impoſts cannot be lawfully eſtabliſhed but by the conſent of the people or their repreſentatives, is a truth generally admitted by all philoſophers and civilians of any reputation, not even excepting Bodin himſelf. If any of them alſo have eſtabliſhed maxims apparently contradictory, their particular motives for it may be eaſily ſeen through; and beſides they introduce ſo many conditions and reſtrictions that the argument comes at the bottom to the very ſame thing: for whether the people have it in their power to refuſe, or the ſovereign ought not to exact, is a matter of indifference with regard to right; and if the point in queſtion be only with regard to the power, it is mighty uſeleſs to enquire whether it be lawful or not.

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The contributions which are levied on the people, are of two kinds; the one real, which is levied on commodities, and the other perſonal, which is paid by the head. Both one and the other are called impoſts and ſubſidies: when the people appoint the particular ſum that is to be paid, it is called a ſubſidy; but when they grant the produce of a tax, it is called an impoſt. We are told in the Spirit of Laws, that a capitation tax is moſt conformable to ſlavery, and a real tax moſt agreeable to liberty. It might indeed be really ſo, if the circumſtances of every perſon were equal; for otherwiſe nothing can be more diſproportionate than ſuch a tax; and it is in the obſervations of exact proportions that conſiſts the ſpirit of liberty. But if a capitation tax were exactly proportioned to the ſtate and circumſtances of individuals, as what is called the capitation tax in France might be, it would be the moſt equitable and of conſequence the moſt conformable of all others to free-men.

Theſe proportions appear at firſt very eaſy to be obſerved, becauſe as they relate to the rank which every one holds in life, the indications of it are always public: but it is rare that a proper regard is paid to all the elements that ſhould enter into ſuch a calculation, ſetting aſide the deception ariſing from avarice, fraud and intereſt. In the firſt place, ſhould be conſidered the relation of quantities, according to which, every thing elſe being equal, the perſon who has ten times the property of another man ought to pay ten times as much to the ſtate. Secondly, the relation of cuſtom, that is to ſay, the diſtinction between neceſſaries and ſuper-

ſuperfluities. He who poſſeſſes only the common neceſſaries of life ſhould pay nothing at all, while the tax on him who is in poſſeſſion of ſuperfluities, might be juſtly extended to every thing beyond mere neceſſaries. To this the latter will poſſibly object, in regard to his rank, that what may be ſuperfluous to a man of inferior ſtation is neceſſary for him. But this is falſe: for a peer of the realm has two legs as well as a cow-herd, and he has but one belly any more than the clown. Beſides, theſe pretended neceſſaries are really ſo little neceſſary with regard to rank, that if he ſhould renounce them on any worthy occaſion, he would only be the more honoured and reſpected. The populace would be ready to adore a miniſter who ſhould go to council on foot, becauſe he had ſold off his equipage to ſupply a preſſing exigence of ſtate.

A third relation, which is never accounted any thing, and which ought to be accounted the chief, is the utility that every perſon derives from the ſocial confederacy; which powerfully protects the immenſe poſſeſſions of the rich, and hardly leaves the poor the quiet poſſeſſion of the cottage he builds with his own hands. Almoſt all the advantages of ſociety are for the rich and powerful. All the lucrative employments are in their hands. All the privileges and exemptions are reſerved for them alone; while the public authority is ever partial in their favour. Let a man of eminence and diſtinction rob his creditors, or be guilty of other knaveries, is he not always ſure to do it with impunity? The aſſaults, aſſaſſinations, and even murders committed by the great, are

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affairs that are huſhed up in a few months, and nothing more is thought of them.

But let a great man himſelf be robbed or inſulted, the whole police is immediately in motion, and woe be even to the innocent perſons who chance to be ſuſpected of the fact. If he be to paſs through any dangerous road, the country is up in arms to eſcort him. If the axletree of his chaiſe breaks, every body flies to his aſſiſtance. Is there a noiſe made at his door, he ſpeaks but a word and all is ſilent. Is he incommoded by the crowd, he waves his hand and every one makes way for him. Is his coach met on the road by a waggon, his ſervants are ready to beat the driver's brains out for not making way, as if fifty honeſt people going quietly about their buſineſs had better be knocked on the head than the equipage of an idle lord be interrupted. Yet all this reſpect coſts him not a farthing: it is the privilege annexed to the rank of a rich man, and not purchaſed by his wealth. How very different is the caſe with the poor! the more that is due to him from humanity, the leſs is paid to him by ſociety. Every door is ſhut againſt him even when he hath a right to its being opened: and if at any time he obtain juſtice, it is with much greater difficulty than others obtain favours. Is the militia to be raiſed, or the highways to be mended, he hath conſtantly the preference here; always bearing the burthen which his richer neighbour has intereſt enough to get exempted from. On the leaſt accident that happens to him, every body avoids him: if his cart be overturned in the road, ſo far is he from receiving any aſſiſtance, that he is lucky if he don't get horſe-

whipped

whipped by the impudent lackeys of the people of quality that happen to paſs by: in a word, all gratuitous aſſiſtance is denied to the poor, merely becauſe they cannot pay for it. But I look upon that poor man as totally undone, who has the misfortune to have an honeſt heart, a fine daughter, and a powerful neighbour.

There is another remark no leſs important, which is that the loſſes of the poor are much leſs reparable than thoſe of the rich, and that the difficulty of acquiſition always increaſes in proportion to the neceſſity of it. *Ex nihilo nihil fit*, "nothing comes of nothing," is as true in politics as in phyſics: money is the ſeed of money, and the firſt guinea is ſometimes more difficult to be acquired than the ſecond million. Add to all this, that what is paid by the poor is for ever loſt to them, and remains in, or returns to, the hands of the rich: and as among thoſe only who ſhare in the government or their dependents, ſooner or later all the produce of the impoſts muſt paſs, ſo in paying their ſhare they have always a ſenſible intereſt in augmenting them.

The terms of the ſocial compact between theſe two orders of people may be expreſſed in a few words. "You have need of me, becauſe I am rich and you are poor, we will therefore come to this agreement. I will permit you to have the honour of ſerving me, on condition that you beſtow on me the little that remains in your poſſeſſion, in return for the pains I ſhall take to command you."

Putting all theſe conſiderations carefully together, we ſhall find that, in order to levy taxes in a truly equitable and proportionable

manner, the impoſition ought not to be in the ſimple ratio of the property of the contributors, but in a ratio compounded of the difference of their conditions, and the ſuperfluity of their poſſeſſions. This very important and difficult operation is daily made by numbers of honeſt financiers, ſkilled in political arithmetic; but is what a Plato or a Monteſquieu would not venture to undertake without great diffidence, and praying to heaven for peculiar underſtanding and integrity.

Another inconvenience attending a perſonal tax is, that it is too openly perceived, and is raiſed with too great ſeverity; which does not hinder it, however, from being frequently evaded; becauſe it is much eaſier for perſons to avoid a tax than their poſſeſſions.

Of all impoſts, the *centieme*, or hundredth penny, on lands, hath been adjudged the moſt advantageous in thoſe countries where greater regard is had to the produce of the tax, and the certainty of levying it, than to the eaſe of the people. It hath been even pretended that it is neceſſary to burthen the peaſant in order to excite his induſtry, and that he would never work if he had no taxes to pay. But univerſal experience confutes this ridiculous notion. In England and Holland the farmer pays very little, and in China nothing: yet theſe are the countries in which the land is the beſt cultivated. On the contrary, in thoſe countries where the huſbandman is taxed in proportion to the product of his lands, he leaves them uncultivated, or juſt reaps ſo much from them as ſuffices him for bare ſubſiſtence. For to him who is doomed to loſe the fruit of his labour, it is

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ſome gain to do nothing. To lay a tax on induſtry, is alſo a very ſingular expedient for baniſhing idleneſs. From a tax on lands or upon corn, eſpecially when it be very great, reſult alſo ſuch terrible inconveniences, that they muſt neceſſarily depopulate, or in the end bring to ruin every country where it is eſtabliſhed.

The firſt ariſes from a defect in the circulation of ſpecie; for induſtry and commerce draw all the money from the country into the capital cities: while the impoſt deſtroying the proportion which might otherwiſe ſubſiſt between the neceſſities of the huſbandman and the price of his corn, the money goes away inceſſantly, and never returns; and thus the richer the cities the poorer the country. The produce of the taxes paſſes from the hands of the prince or the financiers into thoſe of the artiſts and traders; while the huſbandman, who receives only the ſmalleſt part of it, is at length exhauſted by paying always the ſame, and receiving conſtantly leſs. How could an human body ſubſiſt that had veins and no arteries, or whoſe arteries conveyed the blood only within four inches of the heart? Chardin tells us that in Perſia the royal revenues on commodities are paid in kind: this cuſtom, which Herodotus informs us, prevailed heretofore in the ſame country till the time of Darius, might prevent the evil, of which I have been ſpeaking. But unleſs the intendant, directors, commiſſaries and ſtore-keepers in Perſia, are a different kind of people to what they are elſewhere, I can hardly think the ſmalleſt part of this produce ever reaches the king, but that the

corn is ſpoilt in all the granaries, and that the greater part of the magazines are conſumed by fire.

The ſecond inconvenience ariſes from an apparent advantage, which aggravates the evil before it be perceived. This is, that corn is a commodity, whoſe price is not enhanced by taxes in the country producing it, and which, in ſpite of its abſolute neceſſity, may be diminiſhed in quantity without the price being augmented. Hence it is, that many people may die of hunger, although the corn ſhould continue cheap, the huſbandman alone remaining charged with the tax, for which he cannot indemnify himſelf by the price of his corn. It is here neceſſary to obſerve, that we ought not to reaſon upon a land-tax in the ſame manner as on the duties laid on different kinds of merchandize, which of courſe raiſe their price, and are leſs paid by the ſellers than by the buyers. For theſe duties, however heavy, are nevertheleſs voluntary, and are paid by the merchant only in proportion to the quantity he buys; while at the ſame time he buys only in proportion to his ſale: but the farmer who is obliged to pay his rent at ſtated times, whether he ſells or not, cannot wait till his commodity is at the price he ſhould chuſe: and, though he ſhould not be forced to ſell for mere ſubſiſtence, he muſt ſell to pay the taxes; ſo that it is frequently the enormity of the tax that occaſions corn to be ſold at a low price.

It is to be farther remarked, that the reſources of commerce and induſtry are ſo far from rendering the tax more ſupportable through a plenty of money, that they only render it more bur-

burthenſome. I ſhall not inſiſt upon a circumſtance that is very evident; viz. that, although a greater or leſs quantity of money in a ſtate, may give it a greater or leſs credit in the eye of foreigners, it makes not the leaſt alteration in the real fortune of the citizens, or renders them more eaſy in their circumſtances. But I muſt make two important remarks: the one is, that unleſs a ſtate poſſeſſes ſuperfluous commodities, and the abundance of its ſpecie ariſes from its foreign trade, it is only the trading cities who are ſenſible of that abundance; while the peaſant and huſbandman becomes relatively the poorer. The other is, that the price of every thing being enhanced by the increaſe of ſpecie, the imports will of courſe be augmented in proportion; ſo that the labourer will find himſelf ſtill more burthened without having more reſources.

It ought to be obſerved that the tax on lands, is a real impoſt or duty laid on the produce of them. It is univerſally agreed, however, that nothing is ſo dangerous as an impoſt on corn when it is to be paid by the purchaſer: but how comes it we do not ſee that it is an hundred times worſe when this duty is paid by the cultivator or farmer himſelf? Is not this attacking the ſubſiſtance of the ſtate even in its ſource? Is not this directly aiming at the depopulation of a country, and of conſequence at its ruin? for the worſt kind of ſcarcity that can happen to a nation is its want of inhabitants.

It belongs only to the real ſtateſman to elevate his views, in the impoſition of taxes, above the mere object of the finances, to transform

thoſe heavy burthens into uſeful regulations, and by ſuch means to make the people even doubtful whether ſuch eſtabliſhments were not calculated rather for the good of the nation in general, than for raiſing money to the government.

Duties on the importation of foreign commodities, of which the natives are fond, and the country ſtands in no need; upon the exportation of thoſe of the growth of the country which are not too plenty, and which foreigners cannot poſſibly do without; on the productions of the frivolous and too lucrative arts; upon the entry of every thing of mere amuſement, and in general on all objects of luxury; ſuch duties, I ſay, might anſwer the two-fold end propoſed. It is by ſuch impoſts, indeed, that the poor are eaſed, and the burthen is thrown on the rich. Theſe are the means to prevent the continual augmentation of the inequality of fortunes; the ſubjection of ſuch a multitude of artizans and uſeleſs ſervants to the rich, and the multiplication of idle people in our cities, and the depopulation of the country.

It is of conſequence alſo, to keep ſuch a proportion between the value of any commodity and the duties laid on it, that the avarice of individuals may not be too ſtrongly tempted to ſmuggling. To prevent this practice alſo, it is expedient to lay the heavieſt duties on commodities that are the moſt difficult to be concealed. In a word, it is proper that all duties ſhould be rather paid by the conſumer of the commodity taxed than by the perſon who vends it: as the quantity of duties he is by ſuch means obliged to pay, will lay him under greater tempta-

temptations, and afford him more opportunities for fraud.

This is the conſtant cuſtom in China, a country where the impoſts are greater and yet better paid than in any other part of the world. The merchant himſelf there pays no duty; but the buyer only, and that without murmurings or ſedition; becauſe the neceſſaries of life, ſuch as rice and corn, being abſolutely exempted from taxation, the common people are not oppreſſed, and the duty falls only on perſons in eaſy circumſtances. As for the reſt, all precautions againſt ſmuggling, ought not to be dictated ſo much by the fear of the fact, as by the attention which the government ſhould have to prevent individuals from being ſeduced by exorbitant profits; which tend firſt to make them bad citizens, and afterwards diſhoneſt men.

Heavy taxes ſhould be laid on ſervants in livery, on equipages, rich furniture, fine cloaths, on ſpacious courts and gardens, on public entertainments of all kinds; on uſeleſs profeſſions, ſuch as dancers, ſingers, players, and in a word, on all that multiplicity of objects of luxury, amuſement and idleneſs, which ſtrike the eyes of all; and which can the leſs be hid, as their whole purpoſe is to be ſeen; without which they would be uſeleſs. We need be under no apprehenſions alſo, that the produce of theſe taxes would be arbitrary, becauſe they are laid on things not abſolutely neceſſary. Thoſe muſt know but little of mankind who imagine that, after they have been once ſeduced by luxury, they can ever renounce it: they would an hundred times ſooner renounce com-

mon neceſſaries, and had much rather die with hunger than ſhame. The augmentation of their expence would be only an additional reaſon for ſupporting them, when the vanity of appearing opulent would find its account in the price of the thing and the charge of the tax. So long as there are rich people in the world, ſo long will they be deſirous of diſtinguiſhing themſelves from the poor, nor can the ſtate deviſe a revenue leſs burthenſome nor more certain than what would ariſe from this diſtinction.

For the ſame reaſon, induſtry would have nothing to ſuffer from ſuch a ſpecies of economy, which would increaſe the finances, encourage agriculture by relieving the huſbandman, and inſenſibly tend to bring all fortunes nearer to that mediocrity which conſtitutes the genuine ſtrength of the ſtate. It might happen, I confeſs, that theſe impoſts would the ſooner put an end to certain faſhionable articles of dreſs and amuſement; but it would be only to introduce others, by which the artificer would be a gainer, and the exchequer ſuffer no loſs.

In a word, let us ſuppoſe that the ſpirit of government conſtantly tended to tax only the ſuperfluities of the rich, one of theſe two things muſt happen: either the rich would convert their ſuperfluous expences into uſeful ones, which would redound to the profit of the ſtate, and thus the impoſition of taxes would have the effect of the beſt ſumptuary laws; the expences of the ſtate would neceſſarily diminiſh with that of individuals; and the treaſury would not receive ſo much leſs from this cauſe as it would gain by having leſs to pay; or, if the

the rich did not contract their profuſion, the exchequer would have ſuch reſources in the taxes on it, as would provide for the exigences of the ſtate.

In the firſt caſe the treaſury would be enriched by what it would ſave, from having the leſs to do with its money; and in the ſecond, it would be enriched by the uſeleſs expences of individuals. We may add to all this a very important diſtinction in matters of policy; and to which governments, conſtantly tenacious of doing every thing for themſelves, ought to pay great attention. It has been already obſerved that capitation taxes and duties upon the neceſſaries of life, directly treſpaſſing on the right of property, and of courſe the true foundation of political ſociety, are always ſubject to dangerous conſequences, if not eſtabliſhed with the expreſs conſent of the people, or their repreſentatives. It is not the ſame with taxes laid on ſuch articles, as we might eaſily diſpenſe with: for the individual being under no abſolute neceſſity to pay, his contribution may paſs for voluntary; ſo that the particular conſent of each contributor ſupplies the place of the general conſent of the whole people: for why ſhould a people oppoſe the impoſition of a tax which is to be paid only by thoſe who chuſe it? It appears to me certain that every thing, which is not proſcribed by the laws, nor is contrary to morality, and yet may be prohibited by government, may be alſo permitted by the government on paying a certain duty. Thus, for example, if the government may prohibit the uſe of coaches, it may moſt certainly impoſe a tax upon them; which is a

prudent and uſeful method of cenſuring them without abſolutely interdicting them. In this caſe, the tax may be looked upon as a kind of penalty, the product of which compenſates for the abuſe it puniſhes. It may perhaps be objected that thoſe, whom Bodin calls *impoſteurs*, that is to ſay, thoſe who impoſe or contrive the taxes, being in the claſs of the rich; they will be very careful how they ſpare others in order to load themſelves, or lay a charge on themſelves to the relief of the poor. But this is quite out of the queſtion. If, in every nation, thoſe, to whom the ſovereign hath committed the government of the people, are enemies to them by their ſituation, it is not worth while to enquire what they ought to do to render them happy.

A LET-

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A LETTER ON FRENCH MUSICK.

Sunt verba et voces, prætereaque nihil.

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ADVERTISEMENT.

THE quarrel, which aroſe laſt year at the Opera, being kept up only by abuſe, thrown out with a good deal of wit by one party, and retorted with as much animoſity by the other, I declined taking any part in the affair: for this kind of conteſt does not, in any ſhape, agree with me, and I ſaw it was not then a proper time to gain attention to reaſon. At preſent, the buffoons being diſmiſſed, or on the point of being ſo, and caballing at an end, I ſhall hazard my opinion; which I ſhall give with my uſual ſincerity, without fearing my frankneſs ſhould offend. It even appears to me that upon ſuch a ſubject, reſerve would be injurious to my readers: for I confeſs I ſhould have but a very indifferent opinion of a people, who ſhould give a ridiculous importance to mere ſing-ſong; who ſhould ſet greater ſtore by their fiddlers than their philoſophers; and among whom it would be neceſſary to talk of muſick with as much circumſpection as of the graveſt ſubjects of morality. It is for the reaſon I have juſt hinted at, that, although ſome, it is ſaid, accuſe me of having ſhewn a want of reſpect to the French muſick, in my firſt edition, the much greater reſpect and eſteem which I owe to the nation, prevent my making any alteration in the preſent.

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It would be almoſt incredible alſo, if it related to any other perſon but myſelf, that I ſhould be charged with ſpeaking contemptuouſly of the French language in a work, where it is only mentioned as relating to muſick. I have not altered a ſingle word, touching this point, in the preſent edition, ſo that the reader may judge for himſelf, after a cool and attentive peruſal, whether or not ſuch accuſation be juſt.

It is true, that, although we have had ſome excellent poets, and even ſome muſicians not deſtitute of genius, yet I think our language but little adapted to poetry; and not at all to muſick. On this head I may venture to appeal even to the poets themſelves; for as to the muſicians, every body knows it is quite needleſs to conſult them on any ſubject of reaſoning. In return, however, the French language appears to me that of ſages and philoſophers *: it ſeems formed to be the organ of truth and reaſon; wo be to him who offends either the one or the other by diſhonouring it. As to my own part, the moſt worthy homage I think my ſelf capable of paying to that beautiful and correct tongue, which I have the happineſs to make uſe of, is to endeavour not to debaſe it.

But, though I will not, and think I ought not to change my manner of writing with regard to the publick; although I expect no-

* This is the opinion of the Author of the Letter on the deaf and dumb; an opinion which he well maintains in his appendix to that work, and ſtill better proves by all his writings.

thing

thing of it, and give myſelf as little trouble about its ſatires as its encomiums; I think I ought to reſpect it more than that herd of mercenary and dangerous writers, who flatter it out of ſelf-intereſt. This reſpect, it is true, does not conſiſt in thoſe artful pretences, which betray the writer's opinion of the weakneſs of his readers; but in paying due deference to their judgment, by ſupporting the propoſitions advanced with ſolid reaſoning; which is what I have always endeavoured to do. Thus in whatever light we regard things, in equitably diſcuſſing all the clamours which this letter hath excited, I am apprehenſive in the end, that my greateſt fault will be found to be that of having the truth on my ſide; for which I am ſenſible that in this caſe I ſhall never be forgiven.

A LETTER ON FRENCH MUSICK.

YOU muſt remember, Sir, the ſtory of the Sileſian infant, ſpoken of by Mr. de Fontenelle, who was born, it was ſaid, with a golden tooth in its head. The literati of Germany were all immediately employed in learned diſſertations, to explain how a child might be born with a golden tooth. The laſt thing they thought of was to enquire into the truth of the fact; which having done, it appeared that the tooth was not gold. To prevent our falling into the ſame errour, it may not be amiſs, before we ſpeak of the excellence of the French muſick, to be aſſured of the reality of its exiſtence; and to examine firſt, not whether it be of gold or not, but whether there be really any at all.

The Germans, the Spaniards, and the Engliſh have long pretended to poſſeſs a muſick peculiar to their own language. In fact they have their own country operas which they really admire; and yet they were formerly perſuaded

it would do honour to their taſte, to aboliſh thoſe maſter-pieces, becauſe they were inſupportable to the ears of all other nations. At length, however, pleaſure got the better of vanity, and they ſacrificed to taſte and reaſon thoſe prejudices, which render a people often ridiculous, merely from the notions of honour they annex to them.

We are now in France in the ſame ſituation which the Engliſh were in formerly; but who can aſſure us, that becauſe we are more opinionative and poſitive, we are therefore more in the right? Would it not be proper, in order to form a right judgment of this matter, to bring the French muſick to the ſtandard of reaſon, and ſee if it will bear the teſt?

It is not my deſign to enter here into a profound examination of this point; it is not the buſineſs of a letter, nor perhaps is it mine. I would only endeavour, therefore, to eſtabliſh a few principles, on which, till better are diſcovered, the maſters of this art, or rather philoſophers may direct their reſearches: for it was formerly ſaid by a ſage, that it belongs to a poet to write verſes, to a muſician to compoſe muſic; but that it belongs only to a philoſopher to treat properly either of the one or the other.

All muſick is compoſed only of three things; melody or ſong, harmony or the accompanyment, and movement or meaſure.

Although ſong takes its principal character from meaſure; as it ariſes immediately from harmony, and always ſubjects the accompanyment to it, I ſhall here join theſe two parts in the

ſame

ſame article, and afterwards ſpeak of the meaſure ſeparately.

Harmony, having its principle in nature, is the ſame for all nations; or, if there be any minute differences, they are introduced by that of melody: thus the particular character of a national muſick is deduced from melody alone: ſong properly ſo called, exerting its influence in proportion as its character is principally given by the language.

It is eaſy to conceive that ſome languages are more proper for muſick than others, and that there may be ſome languages totally improper for any. Of the latter kind would be a language compoſed of mixt ſounds, of mute, ſurd and naſal ſyllables, of few ſonorous vowels, and a great many conſonants and articulations; and which might want ſome of thoſe eſſential conditions which I ſhall ſpeak of under the article of meaſure. For the ſake of curioſity, let us enquire what would be the conſequence of applying muſick to ſuch a language.

In the firſt place, the want of force in the ſound of the vowels would oblige the compoſer to give a good deal to the notes, and becauſe the language would be ſurd, the muſick would be noiſy. In the ſecond place, the hardneſs and frequency of the conſonants would oblige him to exclude a great number of words, to proceed on others only by elementary tones, ſo that the muſick would be inſipid and monotonous. For the ſame reaſon, it would be ſlow and tireſome, and when the movement ſhould be ever ſo little accelerated, its haſte would reſemble that of an hard and angular body rolling along on the pavement.

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As ſuch a muſick would be deſtitute of all agreeable melody, the compoſer would endeavour to ſupply its place, by factitious and unnatural beauties; it would be charged with frequent and regular modulations; but cold, graceleſs, and inexpreſſive. Recourſe would be had to trills, ſtops, ſhakes, and other falſe graces; which would ſerve only to render the ſong more ridiculous, without rendering it leſs inſipid.

A muſick attended with ſuch ſuperfluous ornament will be always faint and inexpreſſive; while its images, deſtitute of all force and energy, deſcribe but a few objects in a great number of notes, exactly like Gothic writing, the lines of which are full of ſtrokes and characters, yet contain only two or three words, and but a very ſmall quantity of meaning in a great ſpace of paper.

The impoſſibility of inventing agreeable ſongs would oblige the compoſers to turn all their thoughts to the ſide of harmony; and for want of natural beauties to introduce thoſe of arbitrary faſhion, which have no other merit than lies in the delicacy of the execution. Thus inſtead of compoſing good muſick, they would compoſe difficult muſick; and to ſupply the want of ſimple melody would multiply their accompanyments. It would coſt them much leſs trouble to lay a great many bad things one upon another, than to invent one good one.

In order to remove the inſipidity, they would increaſe the confuſion; and imagine they were making muſick when they were only making a noiſe.

Another effect which would reſult from this defect of melody, is that the muſicians, having only

only a falſe idea of it, would invent a melody of their own. Having nothing of true muſick, they would find no difficulty in multiplying its parts; becauſe they would give that name to what was not ſo; even to the thorough baſs; to the uniſon of which they would make no ſcruple to recite the counter-tenour, under cover of a ſort of accompanyment, whoſe pretended melody would have no manner of relation to the vocal part of the ſong. Whereever they ſaw notes they would find a tune, although in effect their tune would be nothing but a ſucceſſion of notes. *Voces, pretereaque nihil.* Let us proceed now to the meaſure, in the diſpoſition of which conſiſts the greater part of the beauty and expreſſion of the ſong.

Meaſure is to melody nearly what ſyntaxis is to diſcourſe: it is that which connects the words, diſtinguiſhes the phraſes, and gives ſenſe and conſiſtency to the whole. All muſick whoſe meaſure is not perceived, if the fault lie in the perſon who executes it, reſembles writing in cypher, which requires one to have a key to explain it: but if the muſick have no ſenſible meaſure in itſelf, it is only a confuſed collection of words taken at hazard, and written without connection, in which the reader finds no ſenſe becauſe the author gave them none.

I have ſaid that every national muſick takes its principal character from the language which is peculiar to it: and I ſhould have added that it is the proſody of that language which principally conſtitutes its character. As vocal muſick long preceded the inſtrumental, the latter

latter hath always received from the former both its tune and time: now the different meaſures of vocal muſick could ariſe only from the different methods of ſcanning a diſcourſe, and placing the long and ſhort ſyllables with regard to each other. This is very evident in the Greek muſick, whoſe meaſures were only ſo many formula of the Rythmi furniſhed by the arrangements of long or ſhort ſyllables, and of thoſe feet of which the language and its poetry were ſuſceptible. So that, although one may very well diſtinguiſh in the muſical Rythmus the meaſure of the proſody, the meaſure of the verſe, and the meaſure of the tune, it cannot be doubted that the moſt agreeable muſick, or at leaſt that of the moſt compleat cadence, would be that in which the three meaſures ſhould concur as perfectly as poſſible.

After theſe ecclairciſſements, I return to my hypotheſis, and ſuppoſe that the language, I have been ſpeaking of, ſhould have a defective proſody, indiſtinct, inexact, and without preciſion; that its long and ſhort ſyllables ſhould have no ſimple relations with regard to time or number, ſo as to render its rythmus agreeable, exact and regular; that its long ſyllables ſhould be ſome ſhorter, and others longer than others; that its ſhort ones ſhould in like manner be more or leſs ſhort; that it ſhould have many neither ſhort nor long; and that the differences between the one and the other ſhould be indeterminate and almoſt incommenſurable. It is clear that the national muſick, being obliged to receive into its meaſure the irregularities

rities of the proſody, would have ſuch meaſure of courſe vague, unequal, and hardly perceptible; that its recitative would in particular partake of this irregularity; that it would be very difficult to make the force of the notes and ſyllables agree; that the meaſure would be obliged to be perpetually changed, and that the verſes never could be ſet to an exact and flowing meaſure: that even in the meaſured airs, the movements would be all unnatural and void of preciſion; that if to this defect be added ever ſo little delay in time, the very idea of its inequality would be entirely loſt both in the ſinger and the auditor; and that, in fine, the meaſure not being perceived, nor its returns equal, it could be ſubject only to the caprice of the muſician, who might hurry or retard it as he pleaſed: ſo that it would be impoſſible to keep up a concert without ſome body to mark the time to all, according to the fancy or convenience of ſome leader.

Hence it is that ſingers contract ſuch an habit of altering the time, that they frequently do it deſignedly even in thoſe pieces, where the compoſitor has happily rendered it perceptible. To mark the time would be thought a fault in compoſition, and to follow it would be another in the taſte of ſinging; thus defects would paſs for beauties, and beauties for defects: errours would be eſtabliſhed as rules; and to compoſe muſick to the taſte of the nation, it would be neceſſary to apply carefully to thoſe things which would diſpleaſe every other people in the world.

Thus, whatever art might be uſed to hide the defects of ſuch muſick, it would be impoſ-

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ſible it ſhould be pleaſing to any other ears than thoſe of the natives of the country where it ſhould be in vogue. By dint of ſuffering conſtant reproaches againſt their bad taſte, and by hearing real muſick in a language more favourable to it, they would at length endeavour to make their own reſemble it: in doing which, however, they would only deprive it of its real character, and the little accordance it might have with the language for which it was conſtructed. If they ſhould thus endeavour to unnaturalize their ſinging, they would render it harſh, rough, and almoſt unutterable: if they contented themſelves with ornamenting it with any other than ſuch accompanyments as were peculiarly adapted to it, they would only betray its inſipidity by an inevitable contraſt: they would deprive their muſick of the only beauty it was ſuſceptible of, in taking from all its parts that uniformity of character by which it was conſtituted; and, by accuſtoming their ears to diſdain the ſinging only to liſten to the ſymphony, they would in time reduce the voices only to a mere accompanyment of the accompanyments.

Thus we ſee by what means the muſick of ſuch a nation would be divided into vocal and inſtrumental; and thus we ſee how by giving ſuch different characters to the two ſpecies of it, they make a monſtrous compound of them when united.

The ſymphony would keep time; and the ſinging would ſuffer no reſtraint; ſo that the ſingers and the ſymphoniſts in the orcheſtra would be perpetually at variance, and putting one another out. This uncertainty, and the

mixture of the two characters, would introduce in the manner of accompanyment, ſuch a tameneſs and inſipidity that the ſymphoniſts would get ſuch a habit, that they would not be able even to execute the beſt muſick with ſpirit and energy. In playing that like their own, they would totally enervate it; they would play the *ſoft* ſtrong and the *ſtrong* ſoft, nor would they know one of the varieties of theſe two terms. As to the others *rinforzando*, *dolce* *, *riſoluto*, *con guſto*, *ſpiritoſo*, *ſoſtenuto*, *con brio*, they would have no words for them in their language, and that of *expreſſion* would be totally void of meaning. They would ſubſtitute a number of trifling, cold and ſlovenly ornaments in the place of the maſterly ſtroke of the bow: and however numerous their orcheſtra, it would have no effect, or none but what was very diſagreeable. As the execution would be always ſluggiſh, and the ſymphoniſts are ever more ſolicitous to play finely, than to play in time, they would be hardly ever together; they would never be able to give an exact and juſt note, nor to execute any thing in that character. Foreigners would be almoſt all of them aſtoniſhed to find an orcheſtra, boaſted of as the firſt in Europe, hardly worthy to play at a booth in a fair †. It would be naturally expected that

* There are not perhaps four French ſymphoniſts in Paris, who know the difference between *piano* and *dolce*; and indeed it would be unneceſſary for them ſo to do; for which of them would be capable of executing it.

† Not that there are not ſome very good violin-players in the orcheſtra at the opera: on the contrary, they are almoſt all ſuch, taken ſeparately, and when they do not pretend to play in concert.

ſuch

ſuch muſicians ſhould get an averſion to that muſick which thus diſgraced their own; and that adding ill will to bad taſte, they would put in execution the deſign of decrying it, with as ill ſucceſs as it was abſurdly premeditated.

On a contrary ſuppoſition to the foregoing, I might eaſily deduce all the qualities of a real muſick, formed to move, to imitate, to pleaſe, and to convey to the heart the moſt delicate impreſſions of harmony: but as this would lead me too far from my preſent ſubject, and particularly from our generally-received notions of things, I ſhall confine myſelf to a few obſervations on the Italian muſick; which may enable us to form a better judgment of our own.

If it be aſked what language will admit of the beſt grammar, I anſwer that of the people who reaſon beſt; and if it be aſked what nation ſhould have the beſt muſick, I ſhould anſwer that whoſe language is beſt adapted to muſick. This is what I have already eſtabliſhed, and ſhall have farther occaſion to confirm it during the courſe of this letter. Now, if there be in Europe a language adapted to muſick, it is certainly the Italian; for that language is ſoft, ſonorous, harmonious, and more accented than any other; which four qualities are preciſely thoſe which are moſt proper for ſinging.

It is ſoft, becauſe its articulations are ſimple, the colliſion of conſonants is rare and never harſh, and becauſe a great number of ſyllables, being formed of vowels only, their frequent eliſions render its pronunciation eaſy and flowing. It is ſonorous, becauſe moſt of its vowels are clear, becauſe it hath no compound diphthongs,

thongs, and few or no naſal vowels; and becauſe its articulations are eaſy, and diſtinguiſh clearly the ſound of the ſyllables; which by that means, come forth preciſe and full. With regard to its harmony, which depends on its numbers and proſody as much as its ſimple ſounds, the advantage of the Italian language is manifeſt in this particular: for it is to be obſerved, that what renders a language harmonious and truly pictoreſque, depends leſs on the real force of the words, than on the diſtance there is from the ſoft and the ſtrong between the ſounds employed, and on the choice which might be made of them to deſcribe the images intended. This premiſed, let thoſe, who think the Italian language adapted only to objects of delicacy and tenderneſs, take the trouble to compare the two following ſtrophes from Taſſo.

Teneri ſdegni, e placide e tranquille
Repulſe, e cari vezzi, e liete paci,
Sorriſi, parolette, e dolce ſtille
Di pianto e ſoſpir, tronchi e molli bacci;
Fuſe tai coſé tutte, e poſcia unille,
Et al foce tempro di lente faci;
E ne formo quel ſi mirabil cinto
Di ch' ella aveva il bel fianco ſuccinto.

Chiama gl' abitator de l'ombre eterne
Il rauco tuon de la tartarea tromba;
Treman le ſpazioſe atre caverne.
E l'aer cieco a quel romor rimbomba;
Ne ſi ſtridendo mai da le ſuperne
Regioni del Cielo il folgor piomba,
Ne ſi ſcoſſa giammai trema la terra
Quando i vapori in ſen gravida ſerra.

And if they deſpair of rendering into French the agreeable harmony of the one, let them endeavour to expreſs the roughneſs and harſhneſs of the other.

To judge of theſe, it is not neceſſary to underſtand the language; it requires only a good ear and a ſincere heart. You will obſerve that the harſhneſs of the laſt ſtrophe is not ſurd or inarticulate, but very ſonorous, and that it is hard only with reſpect to the ear, and not difficult to pronounce; for the tongue can as eaſily articulate the *r*, whoſe repetition renders the laſt ſtrophe ſo harſh, as the *l*, which makes the firſt ſo ſmooth and flowing. In the French language, on the contrary, whenever we would give a peculiar hardneſs to our harmony, we are obliged to amaſs together a number of various conſonants that make the articulations difficult and harſh, which retards the progreſs of the air, and often obliges the muſick to move ſlow, when the words require it to move more than ordinary quick.

If I were largely to expatiate on this article, I might poſſibly ſhew that the tranſpoſitions of words in the Italian language, are much more favourable to melody than the didactic order of ours; and that the muſical phraſe unfolds itſelf in a more agreeable and intereſting manner, when the ſenſe of a paſſage, being long ſuſpended, is finiſhed by the verb with the cadence at the cloſe, than when the ſenſe is diſplayed as the words go on, thus gradually ſatisfying or ſating the deſire of the mind, while that of the ear is augmented in a contrary proportion to the end of the paſſage. I might alſo prove that the art of ſuſpenſion and parenthe-

ſis,

ſis, which the happy conſtruction of the language renders ſo familiar to the Italian muſick, is entirely unknown to ours, and that we have no other means to ſupply its place, but by ſilent pauſes, which are incompatible with ſinging, and which on theſe occaſions, betray rather the poverty of the muſick than the reſources of the muſician.

It remains for me now to treat of accent; but this important point demands ſo profound a diſcuſſion, that it would be better to reſerve it for ſome abler hand. I proceed, therefore, to things more eſſential to my principal object; and ſhall endeavour to examine into the nature of our muſick itſelf.

The Italians pretend that our melody is flat and void of tune; all other nations alſo unanimouſly confirm their judgment in this particular *. On our part, we accuſe theirs of being capricious and barbarous †. I had much rather believe that one or the other were miſtaken, than be reduced to the neceſſity of ſaying that, in a country where arts and ſciences in general

* There was a time, ſays my Lord Shaftſbury, when the cuſtom of ſpeaking French had brought French muſick alſo into faſhion among us. But the Italian, exhibiting ſomething more agreeable to nature, preſently diſguſted us with the other, and made us perceive it to be as heavy, flat and inſipid as it is in fact.

† It ſeems theſe reproaches are much leſs violent ſince the Italian muſick hath been heard among us. Thus it is that this admirable muſick, need only ſhew itſelf what it is, to juſtify itſelf againſt every thing that is advanced againſt it.

are arrived to an high degree of perfection, that of muſick is as yet unknown.

The leaſt partial among us * contented themſelves with ſaying that, both the Italian and French muſick were good, in their kind, and in their own language: but, beſides that other nations did not ſubſcribe to this compariſon, it ſtill remained to determine which of the two languages was the beſt adapted to muſick in itſelf. This is a queſtion which was much agitated in France, but will never be ſo elſewhere; a queſtion that can only be decided by an ear that is perfectly neuter, and which of courſe becomes daily more difficult of ſolution in the only country where the object of it can be problematical. I have made ſome experiments on this ſubject, which every one may repeat after me, and which appear to ſerve as a ſolution of it, at leaſt with regard to melody; to which alone the whole diſpute is in a manner reducible.

I took ſome of the moſt celebrated airs in both kinds of muſick; and diveſting the one of its trills and perpetual cadences, the other of the under notes which the compoſitor does not take the trouble to write, but leaves to the judgment of the ſinger †, I ſolfa'd them exactly

* Many perſons condemn the total excluſion which the connoiſſeurs in muſick give, without heſitation, to the French muſick. Theſe conciliating moderators would have no excluſive taſte, juſt as if the love of what is good, muſt neceſſarily work ſome regard for what is bad.

† This method was very much in favour of the French muſick; for the under notes in the Italian, are

ly by note, without any ornament, and without adding any thing to the ſenſe or connection of the phraſe. I will not tell you the effect which the reſult of this compariſon had on my own mind, becauſe I ought to exhibit my reaſons, and not to impoſe my authority. I will only give you an account of the method I took to determine, ſo that, if you think it a good one, you may take the ſame to convince yourſelf. I muſt caution you, however, that this experiment requires more precautions than may at firſt appear neceſſary.

The firſt and moſt difficult of all, is to be impartial, and equitable, in your choice and judgment. The ſecond is that, in order to make this experiment, it is neceſſary for you to be equally acquainted with both ſtyles; otherwiſe that which ſhould happen to be moſt familiar, would perpetually preſent itſelf to the mind, to the prejudice of the other. Nor is this ſecond condition leſs difficult than the firſt: for among thoſe who are acquainted with both kinds of muſick, there is no heſitation of choice; and it is eaſy to perceive by the ridiculous arguments of thoſe who write againſt

are no leſs eſſential to the melody, than thoſe which are written down. The point is leſs what is written than what ought to be ſung; and indeed this manner of writing notes ought to paſs for a kind of abbreviation, whereas the cadences and trills in the French muſick are requiſite, if you will, to the taſte, but are by no means eſſential to the melody: they are a kind of paint, which ſerves to hide its deformity without removing it, and which ſerves only to render it the more ridiculous to the ears of good judges.

the Italian muſick, how little knowledge they have of that, or indeed the art in general.

Add to this, that it is very eſſential to proceed in exact time; but I foreſee that this caution, though ſuperfluous in any other country, would be uſeleſs in this, and that this omiſſion alone neceſſarily carries with it an incompetency of judgment.

Taking all theſe precautions, the character of each kind of muſick cannot fail of declaring itſelf; when it would be difficult not to clothe the paſſages with thoſe ideas which agree with them; and indeed not to add, at leaſt mentally, thoſe turns and ornaments, which may be refuſed them in ſinging. We ſhould not reſt the matter, alſo, upon a ſingle experiment; for one air may pleaſe more than another, without determining the preference of the kind of muſick; nor is it without a great number of trials that a reaſonable judgment is to be formed. Beſides, in taking away the words, we take away the moſt important part of the melody, which is expreſſion; ſo that all that can be determined, is, whether the modulation be good, and the tune natural and beautiful. All this ſhews how difficult it is to take ſufficient precautions againſt prepoſſeſſions, and how far reaſon is neceſſary to qualify us to judge properly in matters of taſte.

I made another trial, which requires leſs precaution, and which will yet appear probably more deciſive. I gave to ſome Italian muſicians the fineſt airs of Lulli, and to ſome French ones the ſelect airs of Leo and Pergoleſe, and I remarked that, though the latter were very far from entering into the true taſte of theſe

pieces,

pieces, they were ſenſible nevertheleſs of their melody, and made out of them in their manner agreeable and tuneful paſſages. But the Italians ſolfa'd our moſt pathetic airs, without diſcovering either paſſage or tune: they found no muſick at all in them, but ſaw only a ſucceſſion of notes placed without choice or deſign; they ſung them indeed exactly as you would read Arabic words written in French characters *.

My third experiment was this, I had opportunity of ſeeing at Venice, an Armenian, a man of underſtanding, who had never before heard any muſick; and to whom were exhibited in the ſame concert, a French piece which began with theſe words,

Temple ſacrè, ſejour tranquille:

and an air of Galuppi's which begins thus;

Voi che languite ſenza ſperanza;

Both the one and the other were ſung, very indifferently for a Frenchman, and badly for an Italian, by a man accuſtomed ſolely to French muſick, and at that time an enthuſiaſt for Rameau. I obſerved that my Armenian, during the French ſong, expreſſed much more ſurprize than pleaſure; but every body took

* Our muſicians pretend to deduce a great advantage from this difference. *We can execute the Italian muſick*, ſay they with their uſual vanity, *and the Italians cannot execute ours; therefore our muſick is better than theirs.* They do not ſee that they ought to deduce a conſequence directly contrary; and ſay, *Therefore the Italians have a melody and we have none.*

notice that his countenance and eyes brightened up, and that he was inſtantly affected with the very firſt notes of the Italian. He appeared indeed enchanted, and gave himſelf up entirely to the impreſſions of the muſick; the ſimple ſounds, for he underſtood hardly any thing of the language, giving him an evident delight. From that time he would never liſten to a French air.

But without going abroad for examples, have not we many perſons among ourſelves; who being acquainted only with our own operas, really conceived they had no manner of taſte for ſinging, and were undeceived only by the Italian interludes. They imagined they did not love muſick for the very reaſon that proved they liked only that which was really ſuch.

I muſt confeſs that ſo many facts made me doubtful of the exiſtence of French melody; and raiſed a ſuſpicion that it was only a kind of modulated full chorus, that had nothing in it agreeable of itſelf; pleaſing only by the help of certain adventitious and arbitrary ornaments, and to ſuch only as were prepoſſeſſed in its favour. For we find that our muſick is hardly ſupportable even to our own ears, when it is executed by indifferent voices, who cannot make the moſt of it. It requires a Fel and a Jeliotte to ſing French muſick: but every voice is good for the Italian; becauſe the beauties of the latter are in the muſick itſelf, whereas thoſe of the French, if it has any, depend all on the abilities of the ſinger *.

There

* It is an errour to imagine that the Italian ſingers have in general, leſs voice than the French: On

There are three things which to me appear to concur in the perfection of Italian melody. The firſt is the ſweetneſs of the language; which, making all its inflexions eaſy, leaves the genius of the muſician at liberty to make a more exquiſite choice, to give a greater variety to his combinations; and aſſign to every actor a particular turn, ſo that each may have his own peculiar manner to diſtinguiſh him from the reſt.

The ſecond is the boldneſs of the modulations, which, although leſs ſervilely prepared than ours, are rendered more agreeable in being rendered more ſenſible, and without giving any harſhneſs to the ſong, add a lively energy to the expreſſion. It is by means of this, the muſician, paſſing ſuddenly from one key or mode to another, and ſuppreſſing when neceſſary the intermediate and pedantic tranſitions, is capable of expreſſing thoſe reſerves, inter-

On the contrary, it is neceſſary that they ſhould have ſtronger lungs, and be more harmonious to make themſelves heard throughout the ſpacious theatres of Italy, without ſtopping to manage the voice, as the Italian muſick requires. The French ſong requires the utmoſt effect of the lungs, and the whole extent of the voice. *Stronger, louder*, cry our ſinging maſters, *ſend forth the ſounds, open the mouth, give out all your voice.* On the other hand, the Italian maſters ſay, *Softer. force nothing, ſing eaſy; let your notes be ſoft and flowing; reſerve the loud exertions for thoſe rare occaſions when it is neceſſary to ſtrike and amaze.* Now, it appears to me that if people muſt make themſelves heard, thoſe have the ſtrongeſt voices who can do it, without being under the neceſſity of ſcreaming.

ruptions and parentheſes, which are the language of the impetuous paſſions; and which the glowing Metaſtaſio, Porpora, Galuppi, Cocchi, Jumella, Perez, and Terra-deglia have ſo often and ſo ſucceſsfully employed; while our lyric poets know juſt as little of them as our muſicians.

The third advantage, and that which gives to melody its greateſt effect, is the extreme exactneſs of time which is obſervable in the graveſt as well as the livelieſt movements: an exactneſs which renders the ſinging animated and intereſting, the accompanyments lively and flowing, which really multiplies the tunes, by making in one combination of ſounds as many different melodies as there are methods of ſcanning them: an exactneſs which conveys every ſentiment to the heart, and every image to the underſtanding; which furniſhes the muſician with the means of giving to words all imaginable characters, many of which we have no idea of, * and which renders the movements proper to expreſs all thoſe characters †, or a ſingle

* Not to depart from the Comic ſtile, the only one known at Paris, I ſhall mention the following airs, *Quando Sciolto avrò il contratto*, &c. *Io ò un veſpajo*, &c. *O queſto o quello t'ai a riſolvere*, &c. *A un guſto da ſtordire*, &c. *Stizzoſo mio, Stizzoſo*, &c. *Io ſono una donzella*, &c. *Quanti maeſtri, quanti dottori*, &c. *I ſtirri già lo aſpetano*, &c. *Ma dunque il teſtamento*, &c. *Senti me, ſe brami ſtare. O che riſa, che piacere*, &c. all characteriſtic airs, of which the French muſick hath not the firſt elements, and of which it is incapable of expreſſing a ſingle word.

† I ſhall content myſelf with citing only one example, which is a very ſtriking one, this is the air

ſingle movement proper to contraſt and change the character at the pleaſure of the compoſer.

Such appear to me, the ſources from which the Italian muſick derives its charms and energy: to which may be added, a new and very ſtrong proof of the advantage of its melody, in that it does not require ſo often as ours, thoſe frequent reverſions of harmony, which give the thorough baſs a real under tune. Thoſe who find ſuch great beauties in the French melody, would do well to tell us to which of theſe two things it is obliged, or to ſhew us the advantages by which they are ſupplied.

When one firſt becomes acquainted with the Italian melody, it ſeems to conſiſt altogether of graces, and one is apt to think it calculated only to expreſs ſentiments that are pleaſing and agreeable; but when one comes to be a little more acquainted with its pathetic and tragic character; one is ſurprized at the force and energy, which the art of the compoſers beſtow on it in their grand pieces of muſick. It is by the aid of theſe ſcientific modulations, of this ſimple and pure harmony, theſe lively and brilliant accompanyments, that their divine performances enrapture or harrow up the ſoul, ſeducing the auditor out of himſelf, and forcing from him thoſe external marks of tranſport,

air *Se pur d'un infelice*, &c: in the Intriguing Chambermaid. A very pathetic air to a very lively movement; to which there is only wanting a voice to ſing it, an orcheſtra to accompany it, ears to hear it, and the ſecond part, which ought by no means to be ſuppreſſed.

with which our inſipid operas are never honoured.

How is it that the muſician is capable of producing theſe great effects? Is it to be done merely by contraſting the movements, by the multiplication of concords, notes and parts? Is it by dint of amaſſing deſigns on deſigns, or inſtruments on inſtruments? All this farrago, which is a bad ſubſtitute where genius is wanting, is enough to ſtifle inſtead of animating the muſick, and prevent its being intereſting by dividing the attention.

Whatever harmony may ariſe from a number of parts being well ſung together, the effect of this fine ſinging would vaniſh the moment the different parts were heard at the ſame time; there remains a ſucceſſion of concords, which, however boaſted, is always cold and lifeleſs when it is not animated by melody: in ſo much that the more the ſeveral parts are huddled together, the leſs agreeable the muſick; becauſe it is impoſſible that the ear can attend to ſeveral melodies at the ſame time, while the one effacing the other, the reſult of the whole muſt neceſſarily be noiſe and confuſion. In order that a piece ſhould become intereſting, and convey to the ſoul the ſentiments it is intended to excite, it is requiſite that all the parts ſhould concur to ſtrengthen the expreſſion of the ſubject; that the harmony ſhould ſerve only to render it more nervous; that the accompanyment ſhould embelliſh without hiding or diſfiguring it; that the baſs ſhould, by a ſimple and uniform progreſs, ſerve in ſome ſhape as a guide both to the ſinger and the auditor, without either perceiving it; in a word, it requires

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that the whole ſhould convey but one ſimple melody to the ear, and but one idea to the mind.

This unity of melody appears to me a rule as indiſpenſible, and not leſs important in muſick, as the unity of action in a tragedy; being founded on the very ſame principle, and directed to the ſame object. Thus all good Italian compoſers conform to it with a degree of ſolicitude that borders on affectation; and if we reflect ever ſo little upon it, we ſhall preſently perceive that it is from this circumſtance their muſick derives its principal effects. It is in this great rule that we muſt look for the cauſe of thoſe frequent accompanyments in uniſon, which are remarkable in the Italian muſick, and which, by ſtrengthening the idea of the tune, render the ſounds more ſoft and mellow, and leſs fatiguing for the voice. Theſe uniſons are impracticable in our muſick, unleſs it be in ſome characters of airs ſelected and purpoſely adapted to them. A pathetic French air would be inſupportable, if accompanied in this manner; becauſe our vocal and inſtrumental muſick being characteriſtically different, we cannot without offending both melody and taſte, apply to one the ſame turns as are proper for the other; not to reckon that the meaſure being always vague and indeterminate, particularly in the ſlower airs, the inſtruments and the voice would never agree, or proceed ſufficiently in concert to produce an agreeable effect.

Another beauty which reſults from theſe uniſons, is that of giving a more ſenſible expreſſion to the melody, ſometimes by adding ſud-

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den ſtrength to the inſtruments on particular paſſages; ſometimes by ſoftening them, and at others by giving them a bold and animated ſtroke, which the voice cannot reach, and which the audience, being thus artfully deceived, never fails to impute to it, when the orcheſtra is capable of ſtriking it out properly. Hence ariſes that perfect coincidence of the ſymphony with the ſinging, which occaſions all the ſtrokes that are admired in the one, to be only developements of the other; ſo that it is only in the vocal part that we are to look for the ſource of all the beauties of the accompanyment.

This accompanyment is ſo intimately connected with the ſinging, and ſo exactly applicable to the words, that it ſeems to direct the play, and to dictate the geſtures of the actors *; ſo that ſome of them who might not be able to play their parts merely from the words, will play them very juſtly from the muſick; becauſe it acts in the quality of interpreter.

Beſides this, it is a great thing that the Italian accompanyments are always in uniſon with the voice. There are two caſes indeed pretty frequent, wherein the muſician ſeparates them. The one is, when the voice running lightly

* Numerous examples might be given from the interludes that have appeared the preſent year; among others in the air *à un guſto da ſtordire*, in the muſick-maſter; in that of *Son Padrone* of the Vain-woman: in that of *Vi ſto ben* in Tracollo; in that of *tu non penſi no ſignora* in the Bohemian, and in almoſt all thoſe which require acting.

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over the harmonious chords, fixes the attention ſo much, that the accompanyment cannot partake of it: yet even there ſo much ſimplicity is given to this accompanyment that the ear, affected only by agreeable concords, does not perceive any thing in it to divert its attention. The other caſe requires ſomething more to make it perfectly underſtood.

When the muſician underſtands his art, ſays the ingenious author of the letter on the deaf and dumb, *the parts of the accompanyment concur to ſtrengthen the expreſſion of the ſinger, or to add new ideas when the ſubject requires it, and the ſinger cannot give them.* This paſſage appears to contain a very uſeful precept; and thus I think it ſhould be underſtood.

If the ſong is of ſuch a nature as to require any additions, or as our old muſicians ſay, any diminutions, which may add to the expreſſion or agreeableneſs without deſtroying the unity of the melody; ſo that the ear, which perhaps would blame thoſe additions if made by the voice, would approve them, and be agreeably affected by them in the accompanyment, without ceaſing to be attentive to the ſinging; in ſuch a caſe the able muſician will, by managing them properly, and diſpoſing them with taſte, embelliſh his ſubject, and render it more expreſſive without taking from its unity: and though the accompanyment may not be exactly the ſame as the part ſung, they will both have the ſame tune and the ſame melody.

If the ſenſe of the words convey an acceſſory idea, which the tune cannot expreſs, the muſician will ſupply it in his pauſes or at intervals,

tervals, in ſuch a manner that he will preſent it to the mind of the auditor, without diverting his attention from the ſong. The advantage will be ſtill greater, if this acceſſory idea may be rendered by a forced and thorough accompanyment, which ſhould make rather a ſlight murmur than a real tune, ſuch as the noiſe of a river or the confuſed whiſtling of birds: for then the compoſer may ſeparate the ſong entirely from the accompanyment; and, devoting the latter to the acceſſory idea, may diſpoſe it in ſuch a manner as to throw frequent light on the orcheſtra, in carefully obſerving that the ſymphony ſhould always be directed by the ſinging part, which depends more on the art of the compoſer, than on the execution of the inſtruments: but this requires the moſt conſummate experience, in order to avoid a duplicity of melody.

This is all that the obſervation of unity can furniſh the taſte of the muſician with, to ornament the ſong, or render it more expreſſive, whether by embelliſhing the principal ſubject, or by annexing to it any other which may be ſubordinate. But to play in different parts, the violins on one ſide, the flutes on another, and the baſſoons on a third, each with a particular deſign, and almoſt without any relation to each other, and to call this Chaos of noiſe, by the name of muſick, is an equal inſult on the ear and the judgment of the auditors.

Another thing, which is not leſs contrary to the rule I have laid down than the multiplication of parts, is the abuſe or rather the uſe of fugues, imitations, double deſigns, and other ca-

capricious and conventional beauties; which have no other merit than the difficulty of execution, and which have been all invented in the infancy of the art, to give eclat to the ſcholar during the want of genius. I do not affirm it to be altogether impoſſible to preſerve the unity of melody in a fugue, by artfully leading the attention of the auditor from one part to another, in proportion as the ſubject requires: but this is ſo laborious and difficult, that hardly any perſon is capable of effecting it, and is at the ſame time ſo ungrateful a taſk, that the ſucceſs is no indemnification for the fatigue of the attempt. All this tending only to make a noiſe, like moſt of our admired choruſes *, is equally unworthy the pen of a man of genius, and the attention of a man of taſte. With regard to counter-fugues, double-fugues, and other difficult abſurdities which the ear cannot bear nor reaſon juſtify, they are evidently nothing but the remains of barbariſm and falſe taſte, which ſubſiſt, like the porches of our Gothic churches, only to reflect diſgrace

* The Italians themſelves have not altogether ſhaken off this barbariſm. They ſtill pique themſelves on having noiſy muſick in their churches; celebrating maſſes and motets with four choirs, each on a different deſign: but the great maſters ſmile at all this farrago. I remember Terra-deglias, ſpeaking to me one day of ſeveral motets of his compoſition, in which he had introduced laboured choruſes, was aſhamed of his having made them ſo grand, and excuſed himſelf on account of his youth. Another time he ſaid to me, "formerly I loved to make a noiſe, but at preſent I endeavour to make muſick."

on thoſe who had the patience to conſtruct them.

There was a time when Italy itſelf was involved in barbariſm; even after the revival of the other arts in Europe, muſick advanced but ſlowly toward that purity of taſte, which it has acquired in the preſent times; we cannot indeed give a worſe idea of what it then was than by obſerving that for a long time France and Italy * had but one ſpecies of muſick in common between them; and that the muſicians of both countries held a familiar correſpondence together; not without betraying however in thoſe early times the ſeeds of that jealouſy, which is inſeparable from conſcious inferiority. Lulli himſelf, alarmed at the arrival of Corelli, haſtened to get him baniſhed from France; which was by ſo much the more eaſy for him to do as Corelli was by much the greater man, and of courſe the leſs of a courtier.

In the times when muſick had but juſt appeared in Europe, it had in Italy that ridiculous emphaſis of harmonical ſcience, thoſe pedantic

* The Abbé du Bos took a world of pains to compliment the Netherlands on their revival of muſick; and with juſtice if we may give the name of muſick to a continual repetition of concords. But if harmony only be in the common baſs, and melody conſtitute the character of modern muſick, it not only took riſe in Italy, but there are ſome grounds to think that in all our living languages the Italian muſick is the only one that hath real exiſtence. In the times of Orlando and Gondimel there were harmony and ſounds, Lulli added a little cadence; but Corelli, Buononcini, Vinci, and Perlogeſe were the firſt that compoſed muſick.

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pretenſions to doctrine, which it ſo carefully preſerves at preſent among us, and by which we ſtill diſtinguiſh that methodical muſick, deſtitute of genius, invention and taſte, which is called in Paris *written muſick* by way of excellence, and which is at beſt good for nothing but to be written.

I do not deny that, even ſince the Italians have arrived at a great degree of perfection in the ſimplicity and purity of their melody, there remain ſtill among them, ſome ſlight traces of fugues and other gothic deſigns; and even ſometimes of double and treble melodies. I might cite ſeveral examples of this, from interludes well known, and among others that wretched piece at the end of *the vain woman*. But theſe things are foreign to the preſent eſtabliſhed character of the Italian muſick; we find none of them in their tragic pieces; and it would be as unjuſt to judge of the Italian opera from their farces, as it would be to judge of our French theatre from the *Impromptu de campagne* or the *Baron de la Craſſe*.

Of all the parts of muſick the moſt difficult to treat without departing from the unity of the melody is the Duo; an article which merits a moment's attention. The author of the Letter on Omphale has already remarked that the Duo is out of nature: for nothing is leſs natural than to ſee two perſons ſpeaking together for a certain time, either ſaying the ſame thing or contradicting each other, without attending or replying to what is ſaid. And ſhould this ſuppoſition be admitted in ſome particular caſes, it is very certain that it can never be in tragedy;

gedy; where ſuch indecorum is neither agreeable to the dignity of the perſonages who are ſpeaking, nor to the education they muſt be ſuppoſed to have received. Now the beſt way to avoid this abſurdity, is to convert the *duo* as much as poſſible into dialogue, and this firſt regards the poet. The muſician's province is to find a tune ſuitable to the ſubject, and diſtributed in ſuch a manner, that, each of the interlocutors ſpeaking alternately, the whole ſucceſſion of the dialogue will form only one ſimple melody; which, without changing the ſubject or at leaſt without varying the movement, ſhould paſs from one part to the other, without ceaſing to be the ſame and without colliſion. When the two parts are joined together, which they ſhould be but very ſeldom and never long together, it is neceſſary to fix on a tune capable of moving by thirds or ſixths, in which the ſecond part may have its effect without diverting the ear from the firſt. The harſhneſs of diſcords, and the piercing of reiterated tones, the fortiſſimo of the orcheſtra, ſhould be reſerved for thoſe moments of diſorder and tranſport, in which the actors ſeeming to forget themſelves, communicate their raptures to the ſoul of the ſuſceptible ſpectator; cauſing them to experience the power of harmony properly managed. But theſe moments ought to be rare and introduced with great art. It is requiſite that the ear and the heart ſhould be previouſly diſpoſed by ſoft and affecting muſick, in order to their readily entering into theſe violent emotions; and it is as requiſite that they ſhould paſs with a rapidity equal to our weakneſs; for when the agi-

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tation is too ſtrong, it cannot laſt, and every thing that goes beyond nature is no longer affecting.

In ſaying what the Duos ought to be, I have only ſaid exactly what they are in the Italian operas. If any perſon can hear a tragic duo ſung by two good Italian actors, and accompanied by a good orcheſtra, without being affected; if, for inſtance, he can liſten without tears to the affectionate parting of Mandane and Arbaces; I look upon him to be worthy of weeping at that of Lybia and Epaphus.

But, without inſiſting on tragic duos, a kind of muſick of which we have not even the idea at Paris, I could cite a comic duo known to every body, and I will cite it boldly, as a model of ſinging, of unity of melody, of dialogue and of taſte; to which nothing would in my opinion be wanting, if well executed, but hearers of ſufficient judgment to comprehend its beauties. This is the duo in the firſt act of *La Serva Padrona* beginning *Lo conoſco a queql' occhiati*, &c. I acknowledge that there are few French muſicians capable of feeling all the beauties of this piece, and readily ſay of Pergoleſe, as Cicero did of Homer, a man muſt have made a conſiderable progreſs in his art to be pleaſed with reading him.

I hope, Sir, you will excuſe the length of this article, on account of its novelty, and the importance of its ſubject. I thought it my duty to expatiate a little on ſo eſſential a rule as that of the unity of melody; a rule of which no theoriſt that I know of, hath as yet treated; which the Italian compoſers alone have felt and practiſed, poſſibly without ever enquiring into

its exiſtence; and on which depend the ſweetneſs of the tune, the force of the expreſſion, and almoſt all the beauty of good muſick. Before I quit the ſubject, however, it remains for me to ſhew you ſome new advantages that reſult from it even to harmony itſelf, at the expence of which I ſeemed to give up every advantage to melody; and that the expreſſion of the tune gives room for that of the concords, in obliging the compoſer to an artful management of them.

You muſt remember, Sir, to have heard, in the interludes we had preſented laſt year, the ſon of the Italian manager, a boy about ten years of age, ſometimes accompany the opera. We were ſtruck the firſt day with the effect produced by his little fingers on the accompanyment of the harpſichord; the whole piece appearing more exact and brilliant than when accompanied by the uſual player.

I immediately enquired into the reaſon of this difference; for I doubted not that the Sieur Noblet was a good harmoniſt, and accompanied very exactly: but gueſs my ſurprize, in obſerving the hands of this little muſician, to ſee that he never filled the accords, but ſuppreſſed a number of ſounds, and very often employed only two fingers, one of which was almoſt always on the octave of the baſs. How is this? thought I, can a compleat piece of harmony have leſs effect than one that is mutilated? Our other players in giving all the ſounds make only a confuſed noiſe while this with fewer ſounds makes more harmony; or at leaſt renders the accompanyment more ſenſible and agreeable. This was to me a perplexing problem;

blem; and I comprehended the importance of it ſtill better, when after ſeveral obſervations I ſaw the Italians all played in the ſame manner as little Bambin, and that this paucity of ſounds in their accompanyment muſt depend on the ſame principle as that which they affected in their diviſions.

I very well comprehended that the baſs, being the foundation of all harmony, ought to prevail over the reſt, and that, when it is ſuppreſſed or covered by the other parts, it cauſes a confuſion that renders the harmony leſs clear and diſtinct. Hence I accounted for the Italians being ſo ſparing of the motion of the right hand, and having their left ſo long and ſo frequently on the octave of the baſs; for their having ſo many double baſſes in their orcheſtras; and for their ſo often playing their fifths * with the baſs, inſtead of giving them another part, which the French never fail to do. But although this accounts for the accuracy of the conſonance, it does not account for its energy; and I preſently ſaw that there muſt be ſome more ſecret and delicate principle for that expreſſion, which I remarked in the ſimplicity of the Italian harmony; while I found ours ſo complicated, cold and enervate.

* It is worth remarking to the orcheſtra of our opera, that in the Italian muſick, the fifths ſeldom play their part, when it is in the octave of the baſs; though perhaps ours will diſdain to copy the Italians in this particular. But can thoſe who conduct the orcheſtra be ignorant that this defect of connection between the baſs and the higher parts renders the harmony too dry and hard?

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I then recollected that I had ſomewhere read, in a work of Rameau's, that each conſonance had its particular character; that is to ſay, a manner of affecting the ſoul peculiar to itſelf; that thus the effect of a third is not the ſame as that of a fifth; nor the effect of a fourth the ſame with that of a ſixth. In the ſame manner, the thirds and ſixths minor affect us differently from the thirds and ſixths major; which facts being admitted, it follows that the diſſonances and all poſſible intervals are alſo in the ſame caſe. This is confirmed both by reaſon and experience, for, whenever the relations are different, the impreſſion cannot be the ſame.

Now, in reaſoning from this ſuppoſition, I thought I ſaw clearly that even two conſonances added together improperly, although agreeable to the rules of harmony, might even in augmenting that harmony, mutually weaken, oppoſe or divide each other's effects. If the whole effect of a fifth is neceſſary for the expreſſion I have occaſion for, I ſhould certainly riſk the weakening that expreſſion by a third ſound, which dividing that fifth into two other intervals, would neceſſarily modify its effect by that of two thirds into which I had reſolved it: while even theſe thirds, though all together making a very good harmony, yet being of a different ſpecies, they might reciprocally injure the expreſſion of each other. In like manner, if the ſimultaneous impreſſion of a fifth and two thirds be neceſſary, I ſhould weaken and alter that impreſſion very improperly, by taking away one of the three ſounds forming the conſonance. The force of this reaſoning becomes

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more ſenſible when applied to diſſonance. Let us ſuppoſe, that I want all the hardneſs of the tritone, or all the inſipidity of a falſe fifth; an oppoſition, by the way, which ſhews how far different inverſions may change the effect: if, in ſuch a circumſtance, I ſay, inſtead of conveying to the ear the two ſingle ſounds which form the diſſonance, I ſhould take it in my head to join all thoſe which would agree with them, I ſhould add to the tritone a ſecond and a ſixth, and to the falſe fifth a ſixth and a third: that is, by introducing a new diſſonance, I ſhould at the ſame time introduce three conſonances, which would naturally tend to meliorate and weaken the effect, in rendering one of the accords leſs ſharp, and the other leſs flat. It is therefore a certain principle, founded in nature, that all muſick, in which the harmony is ſcrupulouſly full and the accompanyments or all the accords compleat, muſt make a great deal of noiſe, but will have very little expreſſion. This is exactly characteriſtic of the French muſick.

It is true, that in the management of the accords and the parts, the choice is very difficult, and requires great experience and taſte to diſpoſe them always properly; but if there be any rule to aſſiſt the compoſer on ſuch an occaſion, it is certainly that of the unity of melody, which I have endeavoured to eſtabliſh; and which is perfectly agreeable to the character of the Italian muſick, and accounts for the ſweetneſs of their ſinging, as well as the force of its expreſſion.

It follows from all this, that, after having well ſtudied the elementary rules of harmony, the

muſician ought not to be inconſiderately prodigal of it; nor think himſelf a maſter of compoſition, becauſe he knows how to fill up the accords. On the contrary, before he ſits down to compoſe, he ought to apply himſelf to the more tedious and difficult ſtudy of the different impreſſions which the conſonances, diſſonances and all the accords make on a good ear; and ſhould often reflect that the great art of a compoſer conſiſts rather in knowing what ſounds may properly be ſuppreſſed than thoſe which ſhould be exerted.

It is by a conſtant ſtudy of the maſter-pieces of Italy that he only can acquire this exquiſite choice, if nature hath given him taſte and genius enough to perceive the neceſſity of it: for the difficulties of the art appear only to ſuch as are formed to ſurmount them; and theſe never looking with contempt on the void ſpaces of a part; but, ſeeing the facility with which a ſcholar may fill them up, are led to inveſtigate the reaſons of that deceitful ſimplicity, which is by ſo much the more admirable, as it hides thoſe prodigies under an apparent negligence, and as the *arte che tutto fa, nulla ſi ſcuopre.*

Such appears to me the cauſe of the ſurprizing effects produced by the harmony of the Italian muſick, although much leſs charged than ours, which produces hardly any effects worth notice. It is of much leſs ſignification that the harmony ſhould be full, than that it ſhould be filled with taſte and diſcernment. Not that it is neceſſary for a muſician to be able to make all theſe reflections, in order to determine his choice: it is enough that he is ſenſible of their reſult.

reſult. Men of taſte and genius will diſcover theſe things by their effects; it belongs to a philoſopher only to inveſtigate the reaſons why ſuch things produce thoſe effects.

If you caſt an eye over our modern compoſitions, and particularly if you hear them played, you will preſently acknowledge that our muſicians have ſo little comprehended this matter, that they have taken a method totally contrary, to arrive at the ſame end: and if I may venture to ſpeak my opinion ingenuouſly, I find that the greater advances our muſick makes toward apparent perfection, it grows in fact the worſe.

It was perhaps neceſſary for it to reach its preſent ſtate, to accuſtom our ears inſenſibly to reject the prejudices of habit, and to get a taſte for other airs than thoſe with which our nurſes uſed to ſing us to ſleep; but I foreſee that, in order to bring it even to that degree of mediocrity it is capable of, we muſt go back and take it up again in that ſtate wherein it was left by Lulli. It muſt be admitted that the harmony of that celebrated muſician is more perfect; that his baſe is more natural and flowing; that his ſubject is better purſued; that his accompanyments being leſs charged, riſe more naturally, and vary leſs from the ſubject; that his recitative is leſs affected, and of courſe much better than ours. This is confirmed by the taſte of the execution: for the ancient recitative was ſung by the actors of thoſe times, in a very different manner from what it is at preſent. It was more lively and leſs drawling; the actors ſung leſs and declaimed

more *. The cadences and trills are multiplied in ours; ſo that it is become feeble and languiſhing, and has hardly any thing to diſtinguiſh it from what we are pleaſed to call *air*.

As I am fallen now on the ſubject of air and recitative, you will permit me, Sir, to finiſh this letter by ſome obſervations on both the one and the other; which may perhaps afford ſome uſeful ecclairciſſements toward the ſolution of the problem in queſtion.

One may judge of the idea, our muſicians have of the conſtruction of an opera, by the ſingularity of their vocabulary. Thoſe grand pieces of Italian muſick which raviſh and delight the ſoul, thoſe maſter-pieces of genius which draw forth our tears, deſcribing the moſt lively images, and exhibiting the moſt intereſting ſituations, at once filling the ſoul with all the paſſions they expreſs; theſe the French call *Ariettes*. At the ſame time, they give the name of *airs* to thoſe little inſipid catches, which they mix with the ſcenes of the opera; reſerving the ſoliloquies by way of excellence to thoſe drawling and tireſome lamentations, which would not fail to ſet the whole audience aſleep, if they were ſung without ſcreaming.

In the Italian operas, all the airs ariſe out of the circumſtances of the ſcene, and make part

* We have a proof of this in the time of the repreſentation of the operas of Lulli; which is much longer now than formerly, according to the relation of thoſe who remember to have ſeen them a great many years ago. Hence it is, that every time they are revived, they are obliged to be conſiderably mutilated.

of

of the buſineſs of it. Sometimes we hear an enraged father, who imagines he ſees the ghoſt of a ſon, whom he hath unjuſtly put to death, come to upbraid him with his cruelty; ſometimes it is a mild and benevolent prince, who, compelled to do an act of ſeverity, begs of the gods to deprive him of his crown and empire; or to give him an heart leſs ſuſceptible of the feelings of humanity. Here we have a tender mother bathed in tears of joy, on the recovery of a ſon who was ſuppoſed to be dead. There we hear the language of impaſſioned lovers; not indeed ſtuffed with inſipid and puerile conceits of flames and darts and chains; but tragical, ſpirited, interrupted and ardent, ſuch as is conformable to the expreſſion of impetuous paſſions. It is worth while on ſuch language to beſtow all the riches of a muſick full of force and expreſſion, and to enhance the energy of the poetry by that of the harmony.

The words of our Ariettes, on the contrary, always detached from the buſineſs of the ſcene, are only a miſerable jargon, which one is generally happy in not being able to hear plain enough to underſtand. They are in ſhort only a collection of a ſmall number of the moſt ſonorous words in our language, thrown together by chance, turned and twiſted about into all manner of forms, except that in which they might be jumbled into a meaning. It is on theſe impertinent trifles that our muſicians exhauſt their taſte and knowledge, and our actors waſte their geſtures and lungs; it is at ſuch extravagant pieces as theſe that our women of faſhion affect to die away with admiration and

extaſy. A proof indeed the moſt convincing, that the French muſick is incapable of expreſſion or deſcription, is that it cannot diſplay the few beauties of which it is ſuſceptible, except on words that have no meaning.

And yet to hear the French people ſpeak of their muſick, one would imagine it was in their operas that the grand images and paſſions were exhibited, and that Ariettes were to be found only in the Italian operas; in which the very name of Ariette, and the ridiculous thing it ſerves to expreſs, are equally unknown.

We are not to be ſurprized, however, at the groſſneſs of this prepoſſeſſion: the Italian muſick hath no enemies even in France, except among thoſe who know nothing of the matter. Every one of thoſe who have applied themſelves to the ſtudy of it, even with a profeſſed view to cenſure it, having preſently become its moſt zealous admirers †.

Next to the Ariettes, which conſtitute the triumph of modern taſte at Paris, come the famous ſoliloquies which are ſo much admired in the old operas. On this ſubject, it is to be remarked, that our fineſt airs are all ſoliloquies, and this becauſe our actors having no dumb ſhew, and the muſick indicating no geſture, nor deſcribing any ſituation, the perſon who is ſilent muſt be at a loſs what to do with himſelf, while the other is ſinging.

† It is not in favour of the French muſick, that thoſe who deſpiſe it are ſuch as are beſt acquainted with it; for it is as ridiculous on examination, as it is intolerable to the ear.

The drawling nature of our language, the little flexibility of our voices, and the lamentable tone which prevails perpetually in our operas, occaſion almoſt all our ſoliloquies to be ſet to a ſlow movement; and as the meaſure is neither perceived in the ſinging, in the baſs, nor in the accompanyment: nothing can be more heavy, drawling and tedious than thoſe fine ſoliloquies, which every body affects to ſing and admire. They ſhould be mournful, but are only tireſome, they ſhould affect the heart, but they only hurt the ear. The Italians are more dexterous in the management of their Adagio; for when the time is ſo ſlow that there is any danger of weakening the ſenſe of the meaſure, they make their baſs proceed by equal notes, which mark the movement; while the accompanyment is marked alſo by ſubdiviſions of the notes; which keeping the voice and ear in tune, render the whole more agreeable and particularly nervous from ſuch preciſion. But the nature of the French ſinging takes away even this reſource from our compoſers: for when the actor is obliged to keep time, he can no longer diſplay his voice and action, dwell on his notes, ſwell and lengthen them at pleaſure, nor ſcream till he ſtuns you, and of courſe cannot be applauded.

But what ſtill more efficaciouſly prevent a tireſome monotony in the Italian tragedies, is the advantage they have of expreſſing all their ſentiments, and deſcribing all their characters in ſuch a meaſure and movement as is moſt agreeable to the compoſer. As to our melody, which is in itſelf totally inexpreſſive, it derives all its expreſſion from the movement which is

given it; in a ſlow meaſure it is ſad and lamentable; in a lively meaſure it is gay or furious, and in a moderate meaſure grave and ſolemn. The tune is hardly of any effect; the meaſure alone, or to ſpeak more properly, the degree of time determines its character. But the Italian muſick poſſeſſes in every movement expreſſions for all characters, and pictures for all objects. If the muſician pleaſes, it is ſorrowful with a briſk movement, and gay with a ſlow one; changing its character, as I have already obſerved, on any movement, at the pleaſure of the compoſer. This gives him a greater facility in contriving his contraſts, without depending altogether on the poet, or expoſing himſelf to inconſiſtencies.

Such is the ſource of that prodigious variety, which the great maſters of Italy have diſplayed in their operas, without ever departing from nature: a variety which prevents all monotony, languor and tedioufneſs; and which the French muſicians cannot imitate, becauſe their movements are preſcribed by the ſenſe of the words, and they cannot depart from them without running the riſk of falling into ridiculous inconſiſtencies. With reſpect to recitative, which it remains for me to ſpeak of; it appears neceſſary, in order to form a right judgment of it, to know firſt preciſely what it is: for hitherto, I know not that any of thoſe who have diſputed about it, have ever thought of defining it.

I know not, Sir, what idea you may have annexed to that word; for my part, I call recitative an harmonious declamation; that is to ſay, a declamation whoſe inflexions are made by harmonic intervals. Hence it follows, that

as

as every language has a declamation peculiar to itſelf, ſo it ought to have a peculiar recitative: not that this prevents our making a very proper compariſon between one recitative and another, in order to ſee which is the better of the two, or which is beſt adapted to the ſubject.

The recitative is neceſſary in lyric dramas, 1ſt, In order to connect the action, and preſerve the unity of the piece. 2dly, To ſet off the airs, the continuance of which would be inſupportable. 3dly, To expreſs a multitude of things, which cannot or ought not to be expreſſed by muſical tunes.

Simple declamation cannot agree with all this in a lyric performance, becauſe the tranſition from ſpeaking to ſinging, and in particular from ſinging to ſpeaking, is too great not to be offenſive to the ear; it forms a contraſt alſo, which deſtroys the illuſion, and conſequently renders it unintereſting, for there is a kind of probability to be obſerved even in an opera, by rendering the converſation ſo uniform, that the whole may be taken at leaſt for an hypothetical language.

Add to this, that the aſſiſtance of the accords increaſes the energy of harmonious declamation, and advantageouſly makes up for what is leſs natural in the ſounds. It is evident, according to theſe notions, that the beſt recitative in any language whatever, if it hath the other requiſites, is that which comes the neareſt to ſpeaking. And if any one ſhould be found which approached it ſo nearly as to be taken for ſimple declamation, and yet, at the ſame time, preſerve its proper harmony, we might boldly pronounce that ſuch recitative

was carried to the higheſt perfection of which it is capable.

Let us examine now, according to this rule, what is called recitative in France; and then, pray, tell me what relation you find between ſuch recitative and our declamation? How can you ever conceive that the French language, whoſe accent is ſo very ſimple, ſo plain, ſo void of tune, can be properly expreſſed in the noiſy and ſcreaming ſounds of our recitative? How can you ſtill leſs imagine there is any relation between the ſoft inflexions of our ſpeech, and thoſe loud and ſwelling ſounds, or rather thoſe perpetual ſcreams, which form the noiſy compound of that part of our muſick, which we call *airs?* Deſire any perſon, who knows how to read, to recite, for example, the four firſt verſes of the famous ſoliloquy of Iphigenia. You will diſcover only ſome ſlight inequalities, ſome feeble inflexions of voice in a tranquil recital, that hath nothing lively or paſſionate, nothing that ſhould engage the reader to raiſe or lower the voice. Let one of our actreſſes recite afterwards the ſame words after the notes of the muſician, and try, if you can, to ſupport her extravagant ſcreaming; while ſhe runs up and down every moment through the whole extent of her voice, and ſuſpends the recital moſt abſurdly to *wire-draw the fine tones* on ſyllables that have no meaning, and form no ſtop in the ſenſe.

Add to this, the trills, ſhakes, &c. that occur every moment, and then tell me what analogy there is between the words and all this tawdry frippery of ſounds; between true declamation and this pretended recitative. I ſhould be

be glad at leaſt to know on what grounds can be founded any reaſonable boaſt of that marvellous French recitative whoſe invention is the glory of Lulli.

It is indeed pleaſant enough to ſee the partizans for French muſick retrench themſelves behind the character of their language, and throw the defects upon that which they dare not impute to their idol, while nothing is more evident than that the recitative which would beſt ſuit the French tongue, is diametrically oppoſite to that which is in preſent uſe. It is plain, it ought to move by very ſmall intervals; that there ſhould be little elevation and ſinking of voice, few continued ſounds, never any roaring, much leſs ſcreaming; nothing in particular that reſembles tune, and a very ſmall inequality in the length or ſtrength or height of the notes. In a word, true French recitative, if it were poſſible to have one, is to be acquired only by taking a route directly contrary to that of Lulli and his ſucceſſors: a route which our French compoſers, ſo vain of their falſe knowledge, and ſo far from having a taſte for the true, will not ſoon attempt, and probably never will diſcover.

I might here ſhew you by examples, from the Italian recitative, that all the conditions, which I have ſuppoſed neceſſary to conſtitute a good one, are to be found in that alone. That it poſſeſſes at once all the vivacity of declamation, and all the energy of harmony; that it may proceed as faſt as ſimple ſpeaking, and be as melodious as ſinging; that it may mark all the inflexions, with which the moſt vehe-

ment paſſions animate diſcourſe, without forcing the voice of the ſinger, or ſtunning the ears of the auditor.

I might ſhew you how, by the aid of a particular fundamental progreſs, the modulations of the recitative may be multiplied in a manner peculiar to itſelf, and which contributes to diſtinguiſh the airs; in which it is neceſſary, to preſerve the graces of the melody, to change the tone leſs frequently: I might ſhew you, in particular, how, in order to give a paſſion time to diſplay all its emotions, the orcheſtra might be made, by the help of a ſymphony artfully managed, to expreſs by varied and pathetic tunes, what the actor cannot poſſibly recite; a maſter-ſtroke in the art of compoſing; by which the muſician may join, in a forced recitative †, the moſt affecting melody to all the vehemence of declamation, without confounding either the one or the other.

I might indeed diſplay to you innumerable beauties that are to be found in this admirable recitative; of which in France are told as many abſurd ſtories, as it occaſions falſe cenſures; as if any perſon could take upon them to pronounce the recitative good or bad, without perfectly underſtanding the language peculiar to it.

† I was in hopes the Sieur Caffarelli would have given us at the *concert ſpirituel*, ſome pieces of the grand recitative and pathetic air, to let our pretended connoiſſeurs for once hear what they have ſo long taken upon them to judge of; but his reaſons for declining it, convince me that he is a better judge of the capacity of his audience than I am.

But

But in order to enter minutely into theſe particulars, it would be neceſſary for me in a manner to form a new dictionary, and to be perpetually inventing new terms to exhibit to the French reader thoſe ideas which are at preſent ſo little known to them, that my whole diſcourſe would be unintelligible. To be underſtood, it is requiſite to ſpeak the language they underſtand, and of courſe the language of all other arts and ſciences, except that of muſick. I ſhall not deſcend therefore to treat this ſubject ſo circumſtantially, as it would convey no inſtruction to the reader, and might give them reaſon to preſume I owed the apparent validity of my arguments to their ignorance of them. It is for the ſame reaſon, I ſhall not attempt to draw the parallel, propoſed this winter in a paper addreſſed to the little prophet and his adverſaries, between the two pieces of Italian and French muſick therein mentioned. The Italian piece, undiſtinguiſhed in Italy among a thouſand others equally, or more maſterly, is ſo little known at Paris, that few perſons can purſue the compariſon; and I ſhould only write for thoſe few who are already informed of what I ſhould tell them. But, with regard to the French piece, I will make a ſhort analyſis of it with the greater pleaſure, as it is a performance conſecrated by the unanimous ſuffrages of the whole nation, and I need be under no apprehenſion of being charged with partiality in making it my choice; or of wanting to miſlead the judgment of my readers by means of a ſubject little known.

As I cannot alſo enter into an examination of this performance, without adopting the

ſpecies

ſpecies of muſick, at leaſt hypothetically; I ſhall in this give the French muſick all the advantage which reaſon will oblige me to deprive it of in the courſe of this letter. I muſt judge of it according to its own rules; ſo that ſhould the piece be as perfect as it is pretended, nothing more can be concluded from it, than that it is a good piece of French muſick; which will not hinder us from juſtly concluding, if the ſpecies be in itſelf demonſtrated bad, that it is abſolutely a bad piece of muſick. Admitting however for the preſent, that the ſpecies be good, I proceed to enquire only whether the piece in queſtion be good in its kind.

To do this, I ſhall endeavour to analyze in few words the celebrated ſoliloquy of Armida; beginning with *Enfin il eſt en ma puiſſance*; which paſſes for a maſter-piece of declamation, and which our greateſt maſters themſelves fix upon as the moſt perfect model of French recitative.

I ſhall, in the firſt place, obſerve that M. Rameau hath cited it very juſtly as an example of exact and well connected modulation: but this encomium applied to the piece in queſtion, is really a ſatire; and M. Rameau would himſelf be very cautious of meriting a ſimilar elogium in the like circumſtances: for what can be conceived ſo improper as this ſcholaſtic regularity in a ſcene, wherein the contraſt of ſuch oppoſite paſſions as rage and tenderneſs, put the actreſs and audience in the moſt lively agitation? Armida comes on in a fury to ſtab her enemy. At ſight of him, ſhe heſitates, ſhe is affected with tenderneſs, and the dagger falls from her hands:

hands: ſhe forgets all her deſigns of vengeance; but never once forgets, though for a moment, the regularity of her modulation. The reſerves, the interruptions, the intellectual tranſitions with which the poet furniſhes the muſician, are never once laid hold of by the latter.

The heroine ends her ſpeech with adoring him, whom ſhe was going to aſſaſſinate in the beginning of it; the muſician ends *E ſi mi*, as he begun; without ever having once inſerted in the declamation of the actreſs, the leaſt inflexion which might give credit to the agitation of her mind; and without giving the leaſt expreſſion to the harmony throughout the whole. I will even defy any perſon whatever, to find by the muſick alone, either from the tune, the melody, the declamation, or the accompanyment, any ſenſible difference between the beginning and the end of the ſcene, by which the reader can poſſibly judge of the prodigious change that is worked on the heart of Armida.

Obſerve alſo the thorough baſs: what a number of crotchets! How many little trifling notes, to run after the harmonic ſucceſſion. Is this the movement of the baſs of a good recitative; in which we ſhould hear only the full notes, here and there, as ſeldom as poſſible, and only to prevent the voice of the ſpeaker, and the ear of the auditor from wandering.

But let us ſee how the fine verſes of this ſoliloquy are ſet, which may paſs in fact for a maſter-piece in poetry,

Enfin

Enfin il'eſt en ma puiſſance,

Here we have a *trill*, and what is worſe, an abſolute reſt on the firſt verſe, whereas the ſenſe is not finiſhed till we come to the ſecond. I confeſs that the poet had poſſibly done better to have omitted the ſecond verſe, and have left to the ſpectators, the pleaſure of reading it in the looks of the actreſs. But ſince he hath employed it, it was the buſineſs of the muſician to ſet it.

Ce fatal ennemi, ce ſuperbe vainqueur!

I ſhould perhaps have pardoned the compoſer for having ſet the ſecond verſe in a different manner from the firſt, if he had taken that liberty more frequently on more neceſſary occaſions.

Le charme du ſommeil le livre a mà vengeance,

The words *charme* and *ſommeil* lay always an inevitable ſnare for the compoſer; he hath here forgotten the fury of Armida, to take a little nap; from which he is to wake at the word *percer*. If you imagine that he hath employed the ſoft ſounds in the firſt hemiſtich by accident, you need only liſten to the baſs to be convinced of the contrary. Lulli was not a man that uſed the dieſis for nothing.

Je vais percer ſon invincible cœur.

The cadence at the end, is ridiculous in ſo impetuous a movement. How cold and graceleſs

leſs is that trill? How vilely placed on a ſhort ſyllable, in the middle of a recitative that ſhould have flown with rapidity, in the midſt of ſuch a violent paſſion.

Par lui tout mes captifs ſont ſortis d'eſclavage:
Qu'il éprouve toute ma rage.

We ſee here is a very artful reſerve of the poet. Armida, after having declared ſhe would pierce the heart of Renaut, perceives in her own the firſt emotions of pity, or rather of love. She ſeeks for reaſons to confirm her in her reſolution; and this intellectual tranſition properly introduces theſe two verſes; which otherwiſe would ill agree with the preceeding, and would have been altogether ſuperfluous, as relating what could be no ſecret either to the actreſs or the ſpectators. Let us now ſee how the muſician has expreſſed theſe ſecret emotions of the heart of Armida. He ſaw, indeed, that there muſt neceſſarily be ſome interval between theſe two verſes and the preceeding; and therefore hath made a ſilent reſt, which he hath filled up with no accompanyment, though during the moment in which Armida had ſo much to feel, and which of courſe the orcheſtra ſhould have expreſſed. After this pauſe, he begins exactly in the ſame key, on the ſame accord, and on the very note, with which he left off; paſſing ſucceſſively through all the ſounds of the accord during a whole meaſure, and quitting it at length with difficulty, and at a time when it was no longer neceſſary.

Quel trouble me ſaiſit? Qui me fait heſiter?

Another ſilent pauſe and that's all. This verſe

is

is ſet in the ſame key, and almoſt in the ſame accord as the preceeding. Not any alteration which may indicate the prodigious change which hath happened in the diſcourſe, and the mind of Armida. The tones, indeed, become ſomething ſtronger by the movement of the baſs: but good God! is this enough at a time when all the harmony ſhould be interrupted, and every thing ſhould deſcribe agitation and diſorder. Beſides a ſlight alteration only in the baſs, although it may give an additional energy to the inflexions of the voice, it cannot ſupply the total want of them. In repeating theſe verſes, the heart, the eyes, the countenance, the geſture of Armida; every thing is changed except the voice; ſhe ſpeaks often indeed, but always in the ſame note.

Qu'eſt ce qu'en ſa faveur la pitié me veut dire?
Frappons.

As this verſe may be taken in two different ſenſes, I ſhall not cavil at Lulli, for not having preferred that which I chuſe to give them. It is, nevertheleſs, incomparably more ſpirited, and better illuſtrates what follows. Armida, according to Lulli, continues to melt in aſking herſelf

Qu'eſt ce qu'en ſa faveur la pitié me veut dire?

Then all of a ſudden ſhe reſumes her former fury, in the ſingle word,

Frappons.

Now I conceive that the enraged Armida, after having heſitated ſome time, rejects with pre-

precipitation her falſe compaſſion, and pronounces eagerly, raiſing up her dagger at the ſame time:

Qu'eſt ce qu'en ſa faveur la pitié me veut dire?
Frappons.

Perhaps, indeed, even the compoſer underſtood the verſes in the ſame ſenſe, notwithſtanding he hath ſet them otherwiſe: for the notes determine ſo little in the affair of declamation, that we may venture to give the words what meaning we like beſt.

———Ciel! qui peut m'arrêter?
Achevons — Je fremis! Vengeons-nous——
Je ſoupire.

This is undoubtedly the moſt violent ſituation of the whole ſcene. Now it is, that there is the greateſt ſtruggle in the breaſt of Armida. Who could believe that the muſician hath let all the agitation paſs in the ſame tone, without the leaſt mental tranſition, without the leaſt harmonical break, and that in a manner ſo inſipid, and with a harmony ſo unmeaning and ill-executed, that inſtead of ſaying with the poet,

Achevons;—je fremis. Vengeons nous——
je ſoupire:

the muſician ſays exactly,

Achevons; achevons. Vengeons nous; vengeons nous.

The trills have particularly a fine effect on ſuch words;

words; and there is aſſuredly a perfect cadence on the word *ſoupire*.

Eſt ce ainſi que je dois me venger aujourdhui
Ma colere s'etient quand j'approche de lui.

Theſe two verſes would be ſet in a manner very declamatory, had there been a greater interval between them; and if the ſecond did not finiſh with a perfect cadence. Theſe perfect cadences always ruin the expreſſion, particularly in the French recitative, in which they fall ſo heavily.

Plus je le vois, plus ma vengeance eſt vaine.

Every perſon who knows any thing of the true declamation of theſe verſes, muſt condemn the ſecond hemiſtich as contrary to the ſenſe. The voice ought to riſe upon *ma vengeance*, and fall again gently on *vaine*.

Mon bras tremblant ſe refuſe à ma haine.

A wretched full cadence! and by ſo much the more ſo as it is accompanied by a trill.

Ah! quelle cruauté de lui ravir le jour!

Let Madam Dumeſnil ſpeak that line, and you will find that the word *cruauté* is the moſt elevated, and that the voice lowers itſelf conſtantly to the end of the verſe: but how is it poſſible he ſhould neglect to emphaſize the word *jour*. Here we diſcover the muſician.

I paſs over the reſt of the ſcene as having nothing farther in it intereſting, or remarkable, except the general inconſiſtency and repeated quavers through the whole.

Que,

Que, s'il ſe peut, je le haiſſe.

This parentheſis, *s'il ſe peut*, appears to me a ſufficient proof of the talents of the muſician; when we find the words *je le haiſſe* ſet to the very ſame notes, and exactly in the ſame manner. It is very difficult not to perceive why Lulli was ſo little capable of ſetting to muſick the poetry of the great genius he kept in his pay.

With reſpect to the paultry air at the end of this ſoliloquy, I had rather ſay nothing about it; and if any of my readers are fond of the French muſick, and know any thing of the Italian piece which was propoſed as a parallel to this, and particularly the impetuous, pathetic and tragical air which cloſes it, they will, I doubt not, be pleaſed with my ſilence.

To recapitulate in a few words my opinion of this celebrated ſoliloquy, I ſay, that if we look upon it in the light of ſinging; it contains neither meaſure, character nor melody; if we conceive it only as ſimple recitative, it is both unnatural and inexpreſſive; and whatever name you pleaſe to call it by, it is full of wire-drawn ſounds, trills and other ornaments ſtill more ridiculous from their ſituation, than they even generally are in French muſick.

Its modulation indeed, is regular, but it is puerile on account of that regularity, and at the ſame time, pedantic without energy, and without intereſt. The accompanyment is confined to the thorough baſs, in a ſituation that required a diſplay of all the powers of muſick; and even that baſs is fitter to lay under the leſſon of a ſchool-boy, than to be the accompany-

panyment of a ſpirited ſcene of an opera; the harmony of which ſhould be well choſen, and applied with the moſt exquiſite diſcernment, in order to render the declamation more ſenſible, and the expreſſion more affecting. In a word, if any body ſhould take it into their head to play the muſick of that ſcene, without adding the words, without ſquawling and without geſture, it would be impoſſible to deduce any idea from it analogous to the ſituation it ſhould deſcribe, or the ſentiments it is made uſe of to expreſs. On the contrary, the whole would appear to be only a tedious ſucceſſion of ſounds modulated at random, and ſolely with a view to lengthen out the time. And yet, this ſoliloquy always had, and I doubt not always will have, a ſtriking effect on the ſtage; becauſe the verſes are admirable, and the ſituation lively and intereſting. But without the looks and action of the actreſs, I am perſuaded that nobody could bear the recitative, and that ſuch muſick ſtands in great need of the aſſiſtance of the eyes to be ſupportable to the ears.

I conceive I have now fully ſhewn that there is neither meaſure nor melody in the French muſick, becauſe the language is not ſuſceptible of it; that French ſinging is only a continual ſquawling intolerable to any unprejudiced ear; that its harmony is dull, inexpreſſive, and puerile; that the French airs are no airs; and that their recitative is in fact no recitative. Hence, I conclude, that the French nation have no muſick, nor can have any†; or that, if they ever

† I do not conceive it having a muſick, to borrow that of another language, and to endeavour to adapt

ever have one, it will be ſo much the worſe for them.

I am, Sir, &c.

adapt it to our own; nay I had much rather retain our old vile and ridiculous chant, than to mix ſtill more ridiculouſly the Italian melody with the French. This diſguſting union, which will perhaps be the ſtudy of our muſicians for the future, is too monſtrous to be admitted, nor will the character of our language ever bear it. A few comic pieces may probably paſs under favour of the ſymphony; but I will be bold to ſay that tragedy will never be even attempted. There has been much applauded this ſummer, at the comic opera, the performance of a man of talents, who ſeems to have attended to good muſick with a good ear, and has converted a piece of this kind into French, as near as poſſible: his accompanyments are imitations without being copies; and if he has not arrived at muſick, it is becauſe it was impoſſible. As to you, young muſicians, who find in yourſelves talents for your art, go on publickly to deſpiſe the Italian muſick: I perceive that your intereſt requires it; but I would adviſe you ſpeedily to ſtudy that language and its muſick, if you would ever be able to turn againſt your competitors that diſdain which you at preſent affect to have for your maſters.

NARCISSUS,

OR

The SELF-ADMIRER.

A COMEDY.

Repreſented at Paris by his Majeſty's Company of Comedians, on the 18th of December, 1752.

PREFACE.

THIS Comedy was written when I was but eighteen years of age, and I have kept it by me as long as I ſet any value on the reputation of an author. At length, however, I have taken courage to publiſh it, though I ſhall never be bold enough to ſay any thing in its defence. It is not, therefore, in behalf of my piece, but myſelf, that I now addreſs the publick.

In ſpite of the reluctance I feel in ſpeaking of myſelf, it is neceſſary that I ſhould either acknowledge the faults imputed to me, or that I ſhould juſtify myſelf againſt ſuch imputations. I am ſenſible that I do not engage with equal weapons; my opponents attacking me with raillery, and I defending myſelf only by argument: but provided I can convince my adverſaries, I give myſelf very little trouble about perſuading them.

By endeavouring to merit ſelf-eſteem, I have learned to do without that of others, who, for the moſt part, do as well without mine. But though it be of no conſequence whether people think well or ill of me, it is of very great conſequence that they ſhould have no reaſon to think ill of me. And it is of conſequence to the truth, which I have maintained,

that its defender ſhould not be juſtly accuſed of taking its part merely out of caprice or vanity, without either loving or knowing it.

The ſide I took, in the diſcuſſion of a certain philoſophical queſtion, ſome years ago, did not fail to create me a number of enemies *; more zealous perhaps for the intereſts of men of

* I am informed that many perſons take it ill that I call my enemies, by the name of enemies; nor indeed is it at all unlikely in an age, when nobody dares any longer call any thing by its proper name. I learn alſo, that each of my adverſaries complains, when I reply to any other objections than his own; pretending that I throw away my time in combating chimeras. This ſufficiently proves to me, that they do not throw away theirs, in reading the objections of each other. As to my own part, I thought myſelf obliged to take that trouble; and have read all the numerous writings publiſhed againſt me, even from the firſt reply I was honoured with, to the four German ſermons lately printed; one of which begins much in the following manner. "If Socrates, my brethren, were to riſe from the dead, and behold the flouriſhing ſtate of the ſciences in Europe;—why do I ſay Europe?—even in Germany:—why do I ſay Germany?—even in Saxony:—why do I ſay Saxony?—even in Leipzig;—why do I ſay Leipſig?—even in this univerſity; Socrates himſelf, I ſay, ſtruck with aſtoniſhment and reſpect, would place himſelf modeſtly among our ſtudents; and receiving our lectures with ſubmiſſion, would ſoon loſe among us that ignorance of which he ſo juſtly complained." I have read all theſe things, and have made but few replies to them; but I am very glad thoſe gentlemen, their authors, have thought well enough of them to be jealous of the preference. As to thoſe perſons who

of letters, than for the honour of literature. This I foreſaw, and did not at all doubt that their conduct on the occaſion, would prove more in my favour than all my diſſertations. In fact, they had not the prudence to conceal their ſurprize or vexation at finding an academy diſplay its integrity ſo unſeaſonably. They ſpared for no invectives, nor even falſehoods *, in their endeavours to invalidate the force of its judgment. Nor was I forgotten in the midſt of their declamations. Many of them undertook boldly to refute me; thoſe who are judges know with what force, and the publick in general know with what ſucceſs. Others of them, more cunning, and ſenſible of the dan-

who are offended at the word *enemies*, I conſent with all my heart, to give it up, provided they will furniſh me with another, by which I may denote not only all thoſe who have attacked my opinions, either in print, or more prudentially, and with greater ſecurity, in company with the women and the wits; among whom they might be aſſured I ſhould not go to defend myſelf; but alſo thoſe who, pretending now to believe that I have no enemies, and yet at firſt imagined the objections of thoſe enemies unanſwerable; and when I had replied to them, cenſured me for ſo doing, becauſe, according to them, I had not been attacked. They will permit me therefore, after all, to continue ſtill to call my enemies by their proper name; for, notwithſtanding the great politeneſs of the age I live in, I am as unpoliſhed as the Macedonians of Philip.

* In the Mercury of the year 175?, may be ſeen the diſavowal of the academy of Dijon, with reſpect to a certain piece, falſely attributed by the author to one of the members of that academy.

ger of controverting directly demonſtrative truths, artfully diverted on my perſon, the attention which ſhould have been paid only to my arguments; while an examination of the accuſations they brought againſt me, made the more important accuſations I brought againſt them, overlooked. It is to theſe, therefore, I muſt once again make reply.

They pretend that I do not believe a word of the truths I have maintained, and that, though I have demonſtrated certain propoſitions, I am firmly perſuaded to the contrary: that is as much as to ſay, I have proved things ſo very extravagant, that it may be juſtly affirmed I could do it only by way of amuſement. It is in this manner they do honour to that ſcience, which ſerves as a foundation for all the reſt; while the art of reaſoning muſt doubtleſs be ſuppoſed to ſerve greatly to the diſcovery of truth, when it can be employed ſo very ſucceſsfully in the demonſtration of abſurdities!

They pretend that I do not believe a word of the truths I have maintained. This is doubtleſs on their part, a very new and convenient manner of replying to arguments that are unanſwerable, to refute even the demonſtrations of Euclid, and every thing elſe that is demonſtrated in the world. It appears to me that thoſe, who ſo raſhly accuſe me of ſpeaking againſt my own ſentiments, make very little ſcruple of ſpeaking againſt theirs. For they have found nothing, either in my writings or in my conduct, that ſhould ſuggeſt ſuch an idea, as I ſhall preſently prove: and they muſt not pretend to be ignorant, that when a man ſpeaks ſeriouſly, he has a right to be believed,

lieved, at leaſt if his actions do not contradict his words. Nor indeed if they did, would it be always a proof that he did not believe what he ſaid.

They may exclaim, therefore, as much as they pleaſe, that in declaring myſelf againſt the ſciences, I ſpeak againſt my opinion. I know of but one anſwer to make to an aſſertion ſo raſh and ſo deſtitute at once of proof and probability; this is ſhort and expreſſive, and would have them take my denial for their anſwer.

They pretend farther that my conduct is inconſiſtent with my principles, and it is not to be doubted they will make uſe of this ſecond plea to corroborate the firſt: for there are numbers of people very capable of diſcovering evidence of what does not exiſt. They will ſay, that while I compoſe muſick and write verſes, it is with a very bad grace I declaim againſt the fine arts; and that even in the province of the Belles-Lettres, which I affect to deſpiſe, there are many occupations much more laudable than that of writing comedies. It is neceſſary to make a reply alſo to this accuſation.

In the firſt place, though this ſhould be admitted as ſtrictly true; I ſay it can only prove my conduct to be bad, but not that I do not ſpeak ſincerely. If it were lawful to deduce proofs of the ſentiments of mankind from their actions, we might with great reaſon conclude that the love of juſtice is baniſhed from among mankind, and that there does not exiſt a ſingle Chriſtian upon the face of the earth. Let

them produce men who act always conformably to their principles, and I will paſs ſentence on mine. Such is the lot of humanity, reaſon points out to us the goal, but our paſſions lead us aſtray. Though it were true therefore, that I did not act agreeably to my ſentiments, that alone is no reaſon to accuſe me of ſpeaking contrary to my ſentiments, or to charge my principles with being falſe.

But if I ſhould be condemned on this head, it will be ſufficient to compare the different times of my delinquency, to conciliate the matter. I have not had the happineſs to think always as I do at preſent. Deceived by the prejudices and prepoſſeſſions of the age, I long thought ſtudy the only occupation worthy of a wiſe man: I looked upon the ſciences therefore with reſpect, and the learned with admiration *. I did not comprehend how perſons could be miſled who conſtantly followed demonſtration, nor that they could do ill, in always preaching up wiſdom. It was not till after I took a cloſer view of things, that I

* I cannot help ſmiling as often as I reflect on my former ſimplicity. I never read a book of morality or philoſophy, but I thought I was looking into the very ſoul and principles of the author. I conceived all theſe grave writers to be men of irreproachable lives, modeſt, prudent and virtuous. I formed angelical ideas of their converſation, and ſhould not have approached any one of their houſes, but with as much reverence as I ſhould have approached a ſanctuary. At length, I had the opportunity to ſee and converſe with them; this puerile prepoſſeſſion vaniſhed, and it is the only errour of which they cured me.

learn-

learned to ſet a juſt value on them; and, tho' in my reſearches, I have always found *ſatis eloquentiæ, ſapientiæ parum*, it required much time, obſervation and reflection to diſſipate the illuſion of ſcientific pomp, by which I had been captivated. It is not to be wondered at, that, during the prevalence of theſe errours and prejudices, while I held the character of an author in ſuch high eſtimation, I ſhould ſometimes aſpire to obtain it myſelf. At thoſe times were the verſes, with moſt of my other pieces, and among the reſt this little comedy, occaſionally written. It would perhaps be too ſevere to reproach me, at this time of day, with the amuſements of my youth; it would, at leaſt, be injurious to accuſe me on this account of having acted contrary to principles which I did not at that time entertain. It is long ſince I have given up all pretenſions to things of this kind; and think that my giving them to the public, after having prudently kept them by me ſo long, is a frank confeſſion that I diſdain equally the commendation or the cenſure they may excite: for I no longer regard them with the eye of an author. They are a kind of illegitimate children, which one careſſes with pleaſure, though bluſhing at the ſame time to have been the father of them; and ſending them abroad, with a laſt farewel to take their fortune, without being greatly ſolicitous what may become of them.

But it is throwing away argument, to reaſon upon ſuch chimerical ſuppoſitions. If I am accuſed without reaſon of cultivating letters which I deſpiſe, I defend myſelf from ſuch accuſation without neceſſity: for, though the

fact were true, there would be no inconſiſtency in it; as it remains for me to prove.

I ſhall to this end, according to my uſual cuſtom, follow that ſimple and eaſy method which beſt agrees with the truth. I ſhall lay down the ſtate of the queſtion anew; I ſhall explain my principles anew, and upon that expoſition ſhall challenge my adverſaries to ſhew in what my actions give the lie to my words. They, on their part, will take care no doubt to give me an anſwer; as they are ſuch adepts at the wonderful art of diſputing pro and contra upon all kinds of ſubjects. They will begin, according to their cuſtom, by laying down a different queſtion after their own fancy; and this they will make me reſolve in the manner moſt convenient to themſelves. In order to attack me with the greater advantage, they will make me argue not after my own manner, but after theirs; they will artfully divert the eyes of the reader from the eſſential object, to fix them on others which are inſignificant. They will combat a phantom of their own imagination, and pretend they have vanquiſhed me. But I ſhall do what I ought. To begin.

"Science is good for nothing, and is productive of nothing but evil; for it is bad in its own nature. It is no more inſeparable from vice, than ignorance from virtue. Every learned people in the world have been corrupt; every ignorant people virtuous: in a word, there are no vices but what are among the learned, nor is there any ſuch thing as a virtuous man, but among thoſe who know nothing. There is one method therefore for us to become honeſt people, this is to proſcribe the ſciences

and the learned, to burn our libraries, ſhut up our academies, colleges and univerſities, and to plunge ourſelves again into the barbariſm of the primitive ages."

Such are the curious aſſertions which my adverſaries have refuted; but then, I have never ſaid or thought a ſingle ſyllable of them: nor can any thing well be imagined more oppoſite to my ſyſtem than theſe abſurd propoſitions, which they have the goodneſs to impute to me. What I have really ſaid, and think, and which they have not refuted, is as follows.

The point in queſtion was to determine whether the revival of the arts and ſciences hath contributed to the purity of our morals. In demonſtrating, as I have done, that our morals are not pure*, this queſtion was in a great degree reſolved.

It

* When I ſaid that our manners were corrupt, I did not mean in ſo ſaying, that thoſe of our anceſtors were pure; but only that ours were ſtill much worſe than theirs. There are a thouſand ſources of corruption among men; and although the ſciences are the moſt rapid and copious, they are far from being the only one. The deſtruction of the Roman Empire, the inroads of a multitude of Barbarians cauſed a ſtrange mixture of various people, which neceſſarily contributed to diverſify the manners and cuſtoms of each. The cruſades, commerce, the diſcovery of the Indies, navigation, long voyages, and many other cauſes which I do not mention, increaſed the diſorder. Every thing that ſerves to facilitate the communication between different nations, tends reciprocally to convey to each, not the virtues, but the vices of the reſt; and ſerves

It evidently included, however, another more general and important one, concerning the influence which the cultivation of the ſciences ought ever to have on the morals of a people. It is this, of which the former is only a conſequence, that I propoſed more carefully to examine.

I began with facts, by which I demonſtrated that the morals of every people in the world, have degenerated in proportion as they acquired a taſte for ſtudy, and cultivated literature and the ſciences.

Nor was this enough; for, without being able to deny that theſe things always accompanied each other, it might have been denied that one was neceſſarily induced by the other.

to degenerate thoſe manners which are peculiar and proper to their reſpective climates, conſtitution and government. The ſciences, therefore, have not done all the miſchief; they have only done a great part, and what is peculiarly theirs, is their having given to vice an agreeable colouring, a certain air of decency, which prevents our being ſhocked at it. I remember when the comedy called the *Villain* * was firſt repreſented, the character of the hero was not thought conſiſtent with its title. Cleon appeared to be only ſuch as people in general are; he was like the reſt of the world: ſo that the abominable character, which is ſo finely drawn and expoſed in that play, and ought to make every one ſhudder at their own guilt that in the leaſt reſembled it, ſeemed quite imperfect: his crimes paſſing for mere acts of gallantry, becauſe thoſe who thought themſelves very honeſt people, found him exactly like themſelves.

* Le Mechant.

I ſhewed,

I ſhewed, therefore, that the ſource of our errours in this particular, conſiſts in our comparing our own vain and deceitful knowledge with that ſovereign intelligence, which ſees the truth of all things at one view. Science, conſidered abſtractedly, deſerves our admiration; but the fooliſh ſcience of mankind merits only deriſion and contempt.

A taſte for letters in a people always denotes the beginning of corruption, which is haſtily accelerated. For ſuch a taſte cannot prevail over a whole nation, but from two bad cauſes, which ſtudy ſupports, and in turn increaſes, viz. idleneſs, and a deſire of diſtinction. In every well conſtituted ſtate, each citizen hath his particular duties to diſcharge; and theſe are too dear and important to leave him much leiſure for frivolous ſpeculations. In every well conſtituted ſtate, the citizens are all ſo far equal, that none are preferred to others for their abilities, but only for their virtue: and yet, even this laſt diſtinction is often dangerous, as it tends to make men knaves and hypocrites.

The taſte for letters, which ariſes from a deſire of diſtinction, is neceſſarily productive of evils infinitely more dangerous than all their good conſequences are uſeful; making thoſe who indulge themſelves in its cultivation, little ſcrupulous about the means of obtaining their end. The ancient philoſophers obtained great reputation, by teaching mankind their practical duties, and the principles of virtue. But theſe precepts preſently becoming common, it was neceſſary to obtain diſtinction by taking contrary methods. This gave riſe to the abſurd

ſurd ſyſtems of Leucippus, Diogenes, Pyrrho, Protagoras and Lucretius. Among the moderns, Hobbes, Mandeville, and a thouſand others have affected to diſtinguiſh themſelves in the ſame manner; and their pernicious doctrine hath ſo far prevailed that, although we have ſome true philoſophers zealous to enforce the laws of humanity and virtue, it is ſhocking to ſee how far this *rational* age hath carried its maxims of contempt for the duties of the man and the citizen.

A taſte for letters, philoſophy and the fine arts, hath extinguiſhed a regard for our principal duties, and our ſenſe of true glory. When talents have once laid claim to the honours due to virtue, every body becomes deſirous of being thought a man of parts, and nobody takes a pleaſure in being a man of probity. Hence ariſes another inconſiſtency, which is, that men are rewarded for qualities which do not depend on themſelves; for our talents are born with us, but our virtues depend on ourſelves.

The firſt and almoſt the only care that is taken in our education, is to ſow the ſeeds of theſe ridiculous prepoſſeſſions. Our unhappy youth are tormented in order to make them learn their letters. We learn all the rules of grammar, before we hear a word of the duties of man: we are told all that hath hitherto been done in the world, before we are told a word of what we ought to do: and provided we can but prattle agreeably, nobody troubles himſelf whether we know how, either to think or act. In a word, we are required to be learned only in things that are of no manner

of

of uſe; and our children are educated exactly like the athleticks of the ancients; who, being bred to diſplay their ſtrength and agility in the public ſhews, an uſeleſs and ſuperfluous exerciſe, were careful to avoid employing them to any profitable or commendable uſe.

A taſte for letters, for philoſophy and the fine arts, enervates both body and ſoul. A confinement to the cloſet makes men delicate, and weakens their conſtitution; and the ſoul preſerves with difficulty its vigour when that of the body is loſt. Study wears out the human machine, waſtes the ſpirits, deſtroys its force, and enervates its courage; which ſufficiently ſhews nature never intended it for us: it is by theſe means we become cowardly and puſillanimous, equally incapable of ſupporting pain or reſiſting our paſſions. It is well known that the inhabitants of cities are little adapted to ſupport the fatigues of war, and we are not leſs ignorant of the character of men of letters with regard to perſonal bravery *. Now nothing is more ſuſpicious than the probity of a coward.

Much reflection on the weakneſs of human nature, often ſerves no other purpoſe than to divert us from great and generous undertak-

* I ſhall here cite a modern example, for the ſake of thoſe who reproach me with bringing all my examples from the ancients. The republick of Genoa, in order to reduce the Corſicans to ſubjection, thought no method more certain than that of eſtabliſhing among them an academy. It would not be difficult for me to ſwell this note; but it would be putting an affront on thoſe of the learned, whom only I trouble myſelf about.

ings,

ings. In conſequence of meditating on the miſeries of humanity, our apprehenſion cauſes us to ſink under their weight; while too much foreſight deprives us of our fortitude in depriving us of ſecurity. It is in vain we affect to arm ourſelves againſt unforeſeen accidents; for, tho' ſcience endeavours to furniſh us with new ſecurities againſt natural inconveniences, it impreſſes on our minds a greater ſenſe of their weight and importance, than it affords relief by its vain reaſonings and argumentative ſubtilties.

A taſte for philoſophy relaxes all thoſe ties of mutual benevolence and eſteem, which attach men to ſociety: and this is perhaps the moſt pernicious of all the evils it generates. The pleaſures of ſtudy ſoon render every other attachment inſipid. By dint of reflecting on a ſtate of humanity, and obſerving mankind, the philoſopher learns to form a juſt eſtimate of their value; and it is not eaſy to have an affection for what we deſpiſe. He ſoon learns to concentrate in his own perſon all that intereſt which virtuous minds divide among one another. His contempt for others, turns to the account of his pride, and his ſelf-love increaſes in proportion to his indifference for the reſt of the world. His family, his country, ſoon become words without meaning, and he is no longer a father, a citizen, or a man; he is merely a philoſopher.

At the ſame time, that the cultivation of the ſciences detaches the heart of the philoſopher, in a great degree, from the reſt of mankind, it attaches men of letters to them, in the ſame degree with a different view, but equally to the pre-

prejudice of virtue. Every man, who employs himſelf in the cultivation of agreeable talents, is deſirous of pleaſing and being admired; and to be ſo in preference to all others. The public applauſe belongs to himſelf alone; and he will exert himſelf to the utmoſt to obtain it, unleſs indeed he may exert himſelf ſtill more to prevent the ſucceſs of his contemporaries.

Hence ariſes on one ſide, the refinements of taſte and politeneſs, baſe ſervility, mean flattery, and all thoſe inſidious ſolicitudes and puerilities, which in the end debaſe the ſoul, and corrupt the heart; and on the other ſide, the jealouſy and rivalſhip which ſubſiſt between artiſts; together with perfidy, calumny, knavery, treachery, and all the meanneſs and odium of vice. If the philoſopher deſpiſes the world, the artiſt ſoon makes the world deſpiſe him, while both in the end concur to render themſelves contemptible.

To this may be added, that of all the truths I have propoſed to the conſideration of the ſenſible part of mankind, this is the moſt cruel and aſtoniſhing. Our writers all look upon it as a maſter-piece of modern policy, that the ſciences, arts, luxury, commerce, laws, and our other connections, by drawing cloſer together the bonds of ſociety * by perſonal in-

* What I complain of, is, that philoſophy relaxes thoſe bonds of ſociety, which are formed by mutual eſteem and benevolence; and that at the ſame time the arts and ſciences, and all other objects of commerce, ſtraiten thoſe bonds by perſonal intereſt. It is, in fact, impoſſible to ſtraiten the one without proportionably relaxing the other; ſo that there is no inconſiſtency in what is above aſſerted.

tereſt,

tereſt, lay all under a mutual dependence, and by reciprocal wants unite them in one common intereſt; by which means individuals are obliged to concur to the public good, in order to promote their own. This notion is, doubtleſs, a very fine one, and is ſet forth in its beſt light: but if we examine it with attention and impartiality, we muſt deduct from it a number of apparent advantages.

It is, to be ſure, a very wonderful thing to have laid mankind under the impoſſibility of living together, without being under the neceſſity of ſupplanting, deceiving, betraying and deſtroying each other! It is neceſſary for us never to appear what we are; as, for every two men whoſe intereſts may coincide, there are an hundred thouſand, perhaps, whoſe intereſts are totally oppoſite; nor are there any means for any one to ſucceed without deceiving or ruining the reſt. Such is the fatal ſource of outrages, robberies, villainies, and the horrours of all ſorts which are inſeparable from a ſtate, in which every one pretending to promote the reputation and fortune of others, endeavours in reality only to promote his own, and that at their expence.

What have we gained by all this? A great many babblers, rich people, and rationaliſts; that is to ſay, enemies to virtue and to common-ſenſe. On the other hand, we have loſt our innocence and our morals. The populace are involved in miſery, and all are the ſlaves of vice. Crimes not actually committed are rooted in our hearts, and nothing is wanting but an aſſurance of impunity for us to put them into execution.

Strange

Strange and fatal muſt be that conſtitution, in which the accumulation of riches always facilitates the means of farther accumulation, and in which it is impoſſible for him that has nothing to acquire any thing; in which an honeſt man hath no means to extricate himſelf from poverty; in which knaves are moſt honoured, and in which a man muſt neceſſarily renounce all virtue to become a reſpectable perſon. I am ſenſible that mere declaimers have ſaid all this an hundred times over; but they ſaid it by way of declamation only; I give my reaſons for it: they perceived the evil, and I diſcover the cauſes, adding beſide a very uſeful and conſolatory reflection, in ſhewing that all theſe vices belong not ſo much to man in himſelf, as to man in a ſtate of ſociety ill-governed *. Such are the truths, which I have

* It is remarkable that a number of petty maxims at preſent prevail in the world, which ſeduce weak people under a falſe notion of philoſophy, and which are beſides very convenient to terminate diſputes in an important and deciſive tone, without our having occaſion to enter into a diſcuſſion of the queſtion. Such is the following. "Mankind have every where the ſame paſſions; they are every where influenced by ſelf-love and intereſt: therefore, they are every where the ſame."

When mathematicians have laid down a ſuppoſition, which leads them regularly, ſtep by ſtep, to an abſurdity; they return by the ſame ſteps back again, and thus demonſtrate the ſuppoſition falſe. The ſame method applied to the maxim in queſtion, would eaſily prove its abſurdity: but we ſhall proceed in another manner. A ſavage is a man, and an European is a man. The ſuperficial reaſoner con-

have laid down, and which I have endeavoured

concludes hence, immediately, that the one is no better than the other; but the true philoſopher reflects that in Europe, the government, laws, cuſtoms, ſelf-intereſt, all lay individuals under the conſtant neceſſity of reciprocally deceiving each other: every thing contributes to make vice a duty; it is neceſſary they ſhould be wicked, in order to be wiſe: for there cannot be a greater folly than to promote the happineſs of bad men at the expence of one's own. Among the ſavages, ſelf-intereſt pleads as ſtrongly as among us, but it does not inculcate the ſame maxims. The love of ſociety, and their ſolicitude for their common defence, are the only ties, by which they are united. The word *probert*, which makes even reputable people with us guilty of ſo many crimes, is a term of hardly any meaning with them: they lie under no manner of temptation to impoſe on each other: the public eſteem being the only thing to which every one aſpires, and which they all deſerve. It is very poſſible for a ſavage to commit a bad action, but it is impoſſible he ſhould acquire a habit of doing ill, becauſe it could ſerve no good purpoſe to him. I conceive a very juſt eſtimation of the morals of men, may be formed from the multiplicity of buſineſs ſubſiſting among them: the more trade they carry on, the more induſtry and ingenuity are admired, the more do they deceive and decently impoſe on each other, while they become themſelves more the objects of contempt. It is with reluctance I ſay it; but the man of probity is he only who hath no need to impoſe on any one, and ſuch only is the ſavage.

Illum non populi faſces, non purpura regum
Flexit et infidos agitans diſcordia fratres;
Non res Romanæ, perituraque regna. Neque ille
Aut doluit miſerans inopem, aut invidit habenti.

to prove in the ſeveral tracts I have publiſhed on the ſubject. I proceed now to the concluſions which I have deduced from them.

Science is not made for mankind in general. Human nature is inceſſantly erring in its reſearches; and if at any time it attains their end, it is almoſt always to its prejudice. Man is born to act and reſolve, not to reflect and ſtudy. Reflection ſerves only to make him unhappy without making him better or wiſer: it cauſes him to regret the good that is paſt, and prevents his enjoyment of the preſent: it preſents to him an happy futurity to ſeduce his imagination and torment his deſires; and a melancholy one to anticipate his diſtreſs. Study corrupts our morals, ruins our health, deſtroys our conſtitution, and often perverts the underſtanding: and though, indeed, it teaches us ſomething, the little knowledge thus acquired is very dearly obtained.

I confeſs that there are ſome few ſublime geniuſes, who can penetrate through thoſe clouds which envelop the truth; that there are ſome privileged minds capable of reſiſting the abſurdity of vanity, the meanneſs of jealouſy, and thoſe other paſſions, which are excited by a taſte for literature. The ſmall number of perſons, who have the happineſs to poſſeſs theſe qualities, are an honour to mankind; to theſe alone it belongs, for the good of the reſt, to apply themſelves to ſtudy; and this exception confirms the general rule; for if every individual of mankind were a Socrates, the ſciences would not be hurtful; but then there would be no occaſion for them.

All

All people who have morals, and of courſe pay a reſpect to the laws, and are averſe to innovations, ought carefully to guard againſt the ſciences, and particularly the profeſſors of them, whoſe ſententious and dogmatical maxims will ſoon teach them to deſpiſe their laws and cuſtoms; which no nation can ever do without ſinking into corruption. The leaſt change in a nation's cuſtoms, though in ſome reſpects advantageous, turns out always to the prejudice of their morals: for on theſe their morals depends; and when they ceaſe to pay a proper reſpect to theſe, they have no other rule of conduct but their own paſſions, and no other reſtraint than the laws, which may ſometimes keep the vicious within bounds, but will never make them virtuous. Beſides, when philoſophy hath once taught a people to deſpiſe their ancient cuſtoms, they will ſoon learn to elude the laws. I ſay, therefore, it is with the morals of a people, as with the reputation of an individual: it is a treaſure which muſt be carefully preſerved; for if it be once loſt, it is never to be recovered *.

But when a people are corrupted to a certain degree, whether the ſciences have contributed to

* I find in hiſtory one example, and that a ſtriking one, which ſeems to contradict this maxim. This is the circumſtance of Rome's being founded by a company of Banditti, whoſe deſcendants became, in a few generations, the moſt virtuous people that ever exiſted. It would not be difficult, however, to explain the fact, if this were the proper place; but I content myſelf with remarking here, that the founders of Rome were not ſo much men

to their corruption or not, ought thoſe ſciences to be baniſhed or cultivated, in order to render the people better, or prevent their growing worſe? This is another queſtion; in the diſcuſſion of which I have declared abſolutely in the negative. For in the firſt place, as a vicious people never return to virtue, the point is, not to make thoſe virtuous who are not ſuch, but to preſerve them from becoming otherwiſe who are ſo happy as to be ſuch. In the ſecond place, the ſame cauſes which have corrupted a people, ſometimes ſerve to prevent their farther corruption. Even as a man, who hath hurt his conſtitution by medicines, is obliged to have farther recourſe to medicines, in order to ſave his life: ſo when the arts and ſciences have given riſe to vices, they become neceſſary to prevent their degenerating into flagitious crimes. They deſtroy virtue in fact, but leave the external appearance * of it; which is ſtill pleaſing. They

men whoſe morals were corrupted, as men whoſe morals were not formed. They did not deſpiſe virtue, but they did not know what virtue was: for the words *virtues* and *vices* are complicated notions, which ariſe only from the frequent commerce of mankind. At the worſt, this objection cannot be brought in favour of the ſciences; for of the two firſt kings of Rome, who formed the republick, and inſtituted its manners and cuſtoms, the one employed himſelf only in war, and the other in religious ceremonies; the two things in all the world moſt foreign to philoſophy.

* This appearance is a certain candour of manners, which is often ſubſtituted in the place of their purity;

They introduce in its place, decorum and politeneſs; and inſtead of the fear of appearing vicious, they ſubſtitute the fear of appearing ridiculous.

My advice therefore is, and I have given it more than once, that we ſhould carefully maintain our preſent academies, colleges, univerſities, libraries, theatres, and all thoſe other amuſements, which may create a diverſion to the vicious diſpoſitions of mankind, and prevent their employing their leiſure hours in more pernicious exerciſes. For in a country where there ſhould be neither probity nor morality left; it would be ſtill better to live among knaves than among ruffians.

I come now to aſk, where is the inconſiſtency of my cultivating a taſte for thoſe arts and ſciences, the progreſs of which I approve? It were now a fruitleſs taſk to perſuade people to do good; all that can be done is, to prevent their doing ill. To this end, they muſt be engaged in puerilities to divert them from bad actions; they muſt be amuſed inſtead of documented. If my writings have edified the very few good people in the world, I have done them all the ſervice in my power; and

purity; a certain appearance of order, which prevents the moſt horrible confuſion; a certain admiration of *fine* things, which prevents the *good* from ſinking totally into oblivion. It is vice which aſſumes the maſk of virtue, not as hypocriſy, to deceive and betray; but to prevent, under that amiable and ſacred appearance, that horrour which it conceives at itſelf, when it beholds itſelf in its true image.

per-

perhaps it may alſo be of ſome ſervice to them, for me to throw out objects of amuſement to others, which may prevent their receiving any diſturbance from them. I ſhould think myſelf happy if I had a dramatic piece to be daily hiſſed off the ſtage; if by ſuch means I might reſtrain but for two hours the vicious deſigns of a ſingle ſpectator; if I might preſerve the honour of the daughter or wife of a friend, the ſecret of his confident, or the fortune of his creditor. When morality hath no longer any influence, nothing ſhould then be thought of but the police; and it is well known that muſick and the theatres form one of its moſt important objects.

If, after this, there remains any difficulty with regard to my juſtification, I will venture boldly to ſay, it reſpects neither my adverſaries nor the public, but myſelf alone. For it is only from ſelf-obſervation that I muſt be enabled to judge, whether I am to reckon myſelf among the ſmall number of the ſelect, and whether my mind is capable of ſuſtaining the weight of literary ſtudies. I have more than once perceived the danger, and more than once have I abandoned them, with a deſign never to reſume them more; thus renouncing their ſeductive charms, I ſacrificed to my peace of heart, the only pleaſures capable of engaging it. And now, if amidſt the languors of a feeble conſtitution, if at the cloſe of a tedious and painful life, I have ventured to ſooth my pains, by employing a few moments in the ſame purſuits, I conceive that I have neither ſhewed myſelf ſo much intereſted, or

ſo vain of my performances, as to merit in this reſpect thoſe reproaches which I have caſt on men of letters.

There wanted but one proof, to compleat the knowledge I wanted of myſelf; and this I made without heſitation. After having examined into the ſituation of my mind with reſpect to literary ſucceſs, it remained for me to examine its ſtate in caſe of the reverſe. I now know what to think of it there too, and ſet the publick at defiance. My piece had the fortune it deſerved, and I foreſaw; but excepting the uneaſineſs I felt at the repreſentation's having tired me, I went out of the theatre, much better and more juſtly ſatisfied with myſelf, than I ſhould have done, had it ſucceeded.

I adviſe thoſe, therefore, who are ſo ready to reproach me, to take the trouble to know my principles better, and alſo to obſerve my conduct more nearly before they tax me with contradiction and inconſiſtency. If they ever perceive me uſing little arts to obtain the ſuffrage and applauſe of the publick; if they find me vain of having compoſed pretty ſongs, aſhamed of having written bad comedies, or that I endeavour to detract from the reputation of my contemporaries, or that I affect to depreciate the great men of the age, in order to raiſe myſelf to their level; or if they find me aſpiring to academical honours, paying my court to women of faſhion, ſervilely offering incenſe to the Great; or that, unwilling to ſupport myſelf by the labour of my own hands, I am aſhamed of the profeſſion I have choſen, and am in the way of making a fortune;

tune; if they ever find, in a word, that the love of reputation makes me forget that of virtue, I beg of them to advertiſe me of it, and that publickly; when I promiſe them I will immediately throw my books and manuſcripts into the fire, and confeſs myſelf guilty of all the errours they are pleaſed to reproach me for.

In the mean time, I ſhall continue to write books, to make verſes, and to compoſe muſick, if I have abilities, time and inclination. I ſhall continue very frankly to ſpeak the bad opinion I have of letters, and of thoſe who cultivate them *; and ſhall think myſelf not

* I admire how the greateſt part of the literati are miſtaken in this affair. When they ſaw the arts and ſciences attacked, they thought they were themſelves perſonally intereſted; although, without any inconſiſtency, they might all have been of my opinion, that, although theſe things have been very prejudicial to ſociety, it is at preſent become eſſentially neceſſary to make uſe of them, as a remedy for the evil they have cauſed; even as we do ſome poiſonous animals, by bruiſing them to pieces, and applying them to the wound they have made. In a word, there is not one man of letters in the world, who, if he could but ſupport the preceeding article in his own conduct, might not ſay in his own favour, what I ſay in mine: and this manner of arguing appears to me very proper for men of letters in general; for, by the way, they care very little about the progreſs of the ſciences, provided the profeſſors of them are held in veneration: reſembling in this particular the prieſts of paganiſm, who inculcated their religion only to maintain their own importance.

the worſe for it. It is true, it may hereafter be ſaid, that this declared enemy of the arts and ſciences wrote, nevertheleſs, and publiſhed theatrical performances; and this, I confeſs, will be a bitter ſatire, not on me, but on the age in which I live.

NARCISSUS:

OR,

The SELF-ADMIRER.

A COMEDY.

PERSONS of the DRAMA.

MEN.

LISIMON, Father to Valentine and Lucinda, and Guardian to Leander and Angelica.

VALENTINE, the Self-Admirer.

LEANDER, brother to Angelica.

FRONTIN, ſervant to Valentine.

WOMEN.

ANGELICA.

LUCINDA.

MARTHA, Lucinda's woman.

Scene. The Apartments of Valentine.

The SELF-ADMIRER.

SCENE I.

LUCINDA and MARTHA.

LUCINDA.

I JUST now ſaw my brother walking in the garden: let us make haſte and lay his picture on his toilet before he returns.

MARTHA.

There it is, Madam, with the drapery ſo altered, that it cannot fail to make him ridiculous. Well, tho' he be one of the handſomeſt men in the world, he looks ſtill prettier in the dreſs of a woman.

LUCINDA.

My brother Valentine is indeed ſo delicate and affectedly nice in his dreſs, that he is a kind of woman in man's cloaths; ſo that his portrait thus metamorphoſed, ſeems rather his natural garb than a diſguiſe.

MARTHA.

Nay, where is the harm? If the women are now a days fond of coming as near as poſſible to the men, is it not proper the men ſhould meet them half way, and that one ſhould affect the airs of coquetry, while the other affect airs of conſequence? Thanks to the faſhion, the ſexes will thus ſoon be brought upon a level.

LUCINDA.

Well, I cannot bring myſelf to approve ſuch ridiculous faſhions. Perhaps our own ſex may be ſo happy as not to be leſs agreeable, tho' leſs reſpectable. But for the men, I lament their blindneſs and infatuation. What can the fooliſh young fellows mean by uſurping our privileges? Do they think to render themſelves more agreeable to the women by endeavouring to reſemble them?

MARTHA.

If they do, they are miſtaken; for the women hate one another too cordially, to like any thing that reſembles them. But as to this picture, madam; are not you afraid the Chevalier will be offended at the trick you are going to put on him?

LUCINDA.

Not at all, Martha, my brother is naturally good-natured; and ſetting aſide his particular foible, does not want ſenſe. He will readily ſee, by the ſilent reproach of his picture, that I only deſigned to cure him of a piece of folly, which is even diſagreeable to his miſtreſs Angelica, my father's ward, to whom he is juſt going to be married. It will be doing her at leaſt a piece of ſervice, to correct the faults of her lover, and you know how greatly I ſtand in need of the aſſiſtance of this kind friend, to break off the match my father intends for me with her brother.

MARTHA.

That young ſtranger then, I find, that Cleontes, whom you ſaw laſt ſummer at Paſſy, ſtill ſticks at your heart.

LUCINDA.

I do not deny it. I even fully depend upon his promiſe of ſeeing me again ſoon, and on that which Angelica hath made me to engage her brother to renounce me.

MARTHA.

Renounce you, madam! No, no. Believe me, your charms will have a greater influence to confirm that engagement, than Angelica will have to break it.

LUCINDA.

You are a flatterer, Martha, but I tell you, as Leander hath never ſeen me, it will be eaſy for his ſiſter to prepoſſeſs him againſt me, and to perſuade him that, as he cannot be happy with a woman whoſe heart is engaged to another perſon, he cannot do better than to diſengage himſelf by a decent refuſal.

MARTHA.

A decent refuſal! Can you think, madam, Leander can have the *decency* to refuſe ſuch a fine young lady as you are, with a fortune of forty thouſand crowns?—*(Aſide)* If ſhe knew that Leander and Cleontes were the ſame perſon, ſhe would not think ſuch a refuſal very *decent*.

LUCINDA.

Hark, Martha! What noiſe is that? Quick, quick, hide the picture. It is certainly my brother coming, and we have loſt an opportunity, by ſtanding to prattle here, of putting our project in execution.

MARTHA.

No, Madam, it is miſtreſs Angelica.

SCENE II.

ANGELICA, LUCINDA, MARTHA.

ANGELICA.

You know, my dear Lucinda, with what reluctance I gave into your project, when you cauſed the drapery of your brother's picture to be altered. And now I ſee you on the point of putting it into execution, I tremble to think how much he may be diſpleaſed with us, when he finds himſelf made a jeſt of. I beg of you, therefore, to give up this fooliſh deſign. I perceive I am not formed for diverting myſelf at the riſk of my repoſe.

LUCINDA.

What a timid creature! Valentine is too fond to take any thing amiſs from you, ſo long as you are only his miſtreſs. Remember you have but one day left to indulge yourſelf in following your own inclinations. His turn will come ſoon enough. Beſides, the intent is to cure him of a foible which expoſes him to ridicule; and this is properly the taſk of a miſtreſs. We may correct the faults of a lover; but alas! we muſt bear with thoſe of a huſband.

ANGELICA.

But in what, after all, do you find him ſo very ridiculous? As he is really amiable, is he ſo very wrong to think ſo? Don't we ſet him the example? He is deſirous of pleaſing; but if this be a foible, by what virtue more agreeable can a man recommend himſelf to ſociety?

MAR-

MARTHA.

Particularly the ſociety of the ladies. (*Aſide.*

ANGELICA.

In ſhort, Lucinda, if you will be ruled by me, we will conceal both the portrait, and this air of raillery; which may as well be taken for an inſult, as for a correction.

LUCINDA.

Oh! No. I will not throw away thus the fruits of my induſtry. However, I will myſelf run the riſk of its ſucceſs; you may be no accomplice in the affair, any farther than to ſtand by and look on.

MARTHA.

A mighty pretty diſtinction truly! (*Aſide.*

LUCINDA.

I ſhall be delighted to obſerve the looks of Valentine. It will be a charming ſcene to behold how he takes the deceit.

MARTHA.

True Ma'am. The pretence, I ſee, is the correction of Valentine, but the real motive is to laugh at his expence. This is the happy turn of the women. They often correct the ridiculous, in thinking only to amuſe themſelves.

ANGELICA.

Well, well, if you are reſolv'd on't; do: but remember, you ſhall be anſwerable to me for the event.

LUCINDA.

Be it ſo.

ANGELICA.

Mind, you have played me, ſince we have been together, a hundred unlucky tricks that I owe you payment for. If this affair ſhould

involve me in any ſcrape with Valentine, take care of yourſelf.

LUCINDA.

Yes, yes.

ANGELICA.

Think a little of your Leander.

LUCINDA.

Ah! my dear Angelica ——

ANGELICA.

Nay, nay, if you make me quarrel with your brother, I proteſt you ſhall marry mine.— *(In a lower tone to Martha.)* Martha, you have promiſed to keep the ſecret.

MARTHA.

You may depend on me.

LUCINDA.

Well then, I ——

MARTHA.

I hear the Chevalier's voice. Away, away, unleſs you intend he ſhould have a circle of women at his toilette.

LUCINDA.

Let us take care he don't ſee us. *(She lays down the picture on the table.)* There, now, the trap is baited.

MARTHA.

Now will I watch my gentleman, to ſee how ——

LUCINDA.

Huſh! Let us be going.

ANGELICA.

Well, I have an ominous notion of the ſucceſs of this buſineſs.

SCENE

SCENE III.

VALENTINE, FRONTIN.

VALENTINE.

Well, my *Frigidia*, to day will be a great day for you.

FRONTIN.

Frigidia! That is as much as to ſay, *Angelica*. Yes, yes, a wedding day is a great day indeed, that deviliſhly lengthens all thoſe that come after it.

VALENTINE.

What pleaſure it will give me to make Angelica happy?

FRONTIN.

Why, Sir, do you intend ſoon to leave her a widow?

VALENTINE.

Away with your unſeaſonable witticiſms—— You know how much I love her. Tell me now, what do you think can be wanting to her happineſs? With ſo much love, with ſome underſtanding, and ſuch a figure as you ſee; I think I am always certain to pleaſe.

FRONTIN.

Oh, Sir! the thing is indubitable; you have made the experiment firſt on yourſelf.

VALENTINE.

What I moſt regret in this affair is, that my marriage will make a number of others die with chagrin: they will be at ſuch a loſs to know where to beſtow their hearts elſewhere.

FRONTIN.

Oh! moſt certainly. Thoſe who love you, for example, will ſincerely hate your dear half.

And

And the others —— but where the devil ſhall we find any of them?

VALENTINE.

But it grows late. It is time to dreſs to go to Angelica. Come on. *(He ſits down to his toilette.)* What do you think of my looks to day? I am very pale, I don't ſeem to look ſo well as ordinary.

FRONTIN.

As ordinary! No. You are only as you are in ordinary.

VALENTINE.

This is a very vile cuſtom, this uſe of *rouge*; and yet I cannot do without it; I ſhould be undone by the want of it. Where is my patch-box? Ha! what's this? a picture!——Ah Frontin, what a charming object!——Where did you get this portrait?

FRONTIN.

I! Sir—May I be hang'd if I know any thing of the matter.

VALENTINE.

What! was it not you who put this picture upon my toilette?

FRONTIN.

No, Sir,—let me die if I did.

VALENTINE.

Who could it be then?

FRONTIN.

Faith, I can't tell. It could be only the devil or yourſelf.

VALENTINE.

Or ſomebody elſe. You are paid for your ſecreſy, I ſee.——Do you know that the ſight of this object is depreciating to Angelica?—Upon my honour it is the prettieſt figure I ever ſaw

ſaw in my life. What eyes are here! Frontin, I think they reſemble mine.

FRONTIN.

That is ſaying every thing.

VALENTINE.

And a good deal of my air too! Faith, ſhe's a charming creature; if her mind be anſwerable to her perſon. But her taſte is a proof of her underſtanding. The little rogue is a judge of merit.

FRONTIN.

What the devil is all this? Let me have the honour, Sir, to look upon this marvellous beauty.

VALENTINE.

There, look. But don't think me the dupe of your affected ſimplicity. I am no novice in adventures.

FRONTIN.

Am I not miſtaken? No. 'Tis even he; it is himſelf. How is he dreſſed up here with flowers and pompoons? This is, doubtleſs, ſome trick of Madam Lucinda's; in which Martha hath at leaſt her ſhare. But I ſhan't interfere with them, my indiſcretion hath already coſt me many a time too dear.

VALENTINE.

Well, doth Mr. Frontin know the original of that picture?

FRONTIN.

Poh! know her! Some hundred kicks on the breech, and as many repetitions of a box on the ear, which I have had the honour of receiving from her, have ſufficiently confirmed my remembrance of her.

VA-

VALENTINE.

A young lady give kicks on the breech! That is a little frolickſome truly.

FRONTIN.

Oh Sir! only the effects of a little domeſtic impatience, which with her paſs for nothing.

VALENTINE.

How! have you been in her ſervice?

FRONTIN.

Yes, Sir, and have even now the honour to be her very humble ſervant.

VALENTINE.

This is pleaſant enough, that there ſhould be a pretty woman in Paris, and I not know her.——Come, tell me ſincerely, is the original as handſome as the portrait?

FRONTIN.

As handſome, Sir! why, to be ſure, if any body hath any thing like your perfections, I know nobody capable of bearing a compariſon with you but her.

VALENTINE, *looking earneſtly on the portrait.*

My heart can no longer reſiſt ſuch attractions.——Frontin, tell me the name of this beauty.

FRONTIN. *Aſide.*

Ah! faith, now I am caught.

VALENTINE.

What is her name, I ſay? —— Speak.

FRONTIN.

Her name, Sir! —— Her name —— She has no name, Sir:—She is one of thoſe anonymous beauties, with which the town ſwarms.

VALENTINE.

Into what ſuſpicions and perplexity this raſcal throws me! Is it poſſible theſe charming features

features can be thoſe of a wench nobody knows?

FRONTIN.

Why not, Sir! Beauty often takes a pleaſure in ornamenting the faces of thoſe who have nothing elſe to boaſt.

VALENTINE.

And ſo this is ——

FRONTIN.

A little coquet, very fantaſtical, and very vain, without having any reaſon to be ſo: in a word, a true female petit-maitre.

VALENTINE.

Thus it is that theſe raſcally valets ſpeak of their maſters and miſtreſſes. I am reſolved, however, to ſee her. Where is her houſe?

FRONTIN.

Her houſe, Sir! do you think ſuch a little creature as that ever had a houſe?

VALENTINE.

Don't provoke me, raſcal. Tell me where ſhe lodges then.

FRONTIN.

Faith, Sir, without telling you a word of a lie, you know as much of her as I do.

VALENTINE.

How?

FRONTIN.

I'll be ſworn I know the original of that picture no better than you.

VALENTINE.

And it was not you that put it here?

FRONTIN.

Devil take me if it was.

VALENTINE.

How then could you give me ſuch ideas of her?

FRON-

FRONTIN.

You furniſhed me with them yourſelf. Can any thing in the world be more ridiculous!

VALENTINE.

What, ſhan't I diſcover where this portrait came from! The difficulty and the myſtery excite my curioſity ſtrangely; for I muſt confeſs that I am actually in love with the object.

FRONTIN *(aſide.)*

Well this is admirable! He is fallen in love with himſelf.

VALENTINE.

And yet Angelica, the charming Angelica! ——Well, in reality I know nothing of the ſtate of my heart; I muſt have a ſight of this new miſtreſs, before I determine abſolutely on my marriage.

FRONTIN.

How, Sir! You will not ſurely——I ſee you are in jeſt.

VALENTINE.

No, I tell you very ſeriouſly, that I cannot give my hand to Angelica; this uncertainty in my ſentiments would be an obſtacle to our mutual happineſs. I cannot marry her to day; that is a point reſolved on.

FRONTIN.

Yes, with you. But the good old gentleman, your father, hath alſo his little reſolutions apart, and is perhaps the laſt man in the world to give them up in complaiſance to others.

VALENTINE.

I muſt find her out, be the conſequence what it will. Come, Frontin, make haſte, let us make a thorough ſearch: we muſt find her.

FRONTIN.

FRONTIN.

Come, Frontin, make haſte; ay, fly I warrant ye. Let us take an inventory of all the pretty girls in Paris. A fine liſt we ſhall have, truly! The peruſal of ſuch a book would never ſet one to ſleep.

VALENTINE.

Come, come, make haſte and dreſs me.

FRONTIN.

Yes, ſir, but in the mean time, very opportunely here comes your father. Let him make one of the party.

VALENTINE.

Silence, you ſcoundrel. How unlucky is this!

SCENE IV.

LISIMON, VALENTINE, FRONTIN.

LISIMON.

Well, ſon.

VALENTINE.

Frontin, a chair for my father.

LISIMON.

I had rather ſtand. I have but a word or two to ſay.

VALENTINE.

Indeed, ſir, I cannot hear them till you pleaſe to be ſeated.

LISIMON.

But I don't chuſe to be ſeated. What the devil means the impertinent fop in ſtanding thus upon compliments with his father?

VALENTINE.

Sir, the reſpect which is due to——

LISIMON.

LISIMON.

The reſpect due to me ſhould conſiſt in being obedient, and not being troubleſome. But how is all this? What not dreſſed yet? and that upon your wedding-day? This is mighty pretty! What I ſuppoſe you have not yet viſited Angelica!

VALENTINE.

I ſhall juſt finiſh my head, and ſhall dreſs myſelf immediately to pay my reſpects to her.

LISIMON.

Does it require all this apparatus to tie up your hair and put on your coat? Zounds, when I was a young fellow, we made better uſe of our time; and inſtead of loſing three parts of the day in taking turns before the looking glaſs, had a better method of getting into the good graces of the ladies.

VALENTINE.

And yet, ſir, it ſeems to me that a perſon deſirous of being beloved, cannot take too much pains to render himſelf amiable, and that a lover attentive to pleaſe, ſhould never appear in the garb of a ſloven.

LISIMON.

Mere nonſenſe. A little negligence becomes a lover. The women are better pleaſed with our impatience than with our throwing away our time at the toilette; and without affecting ſo much delicacy in dreſs, we ought to have it in the heart. But all this is nothing to the purpoſe. I have a deſign to defer your marriage till the arrival of Leander, in order that he may have the ſatisfaction of being preſent, and that I might have the pleaſure of ſeeing you and your ſiſter married on the ſame day.

VALEN-

VALENTINE. (*Aſide to* Frontin.)
Frontin, is not this lucky?

FRONTIN.
Oh yes, ſir, the delay of marriage is always ſo much time gained on repentance.

LISIMON.
Well, Valentine, what ſay you? It appears to me not quite decent to marry the ſiſter without waiting for the brother, when he is on the road.

VALENTINE.
I ſay, ſir, it is moſt judiciouſly obſerved.

LISIMON.
And you are not diſpleaſed at this delay?

VALENTINE.
My readineſs to obey your commands, ſir, will overcome every kind of reluctance.

LISIMON.
It was out of fear of diſpleaſing you, however, that I did not propoſe it before.

VALENTINE.
Your will, ſir, is no leſs a rule for my inclinations than my actions.—(*Aſide to* Frontin.) What a good creature of a father!

LISIMON.
I am pleaſed to find you ſo tractable; and you ſhall have the merit of it at an eaſy rate; for by a letter I have juſt now received, Leander informs me that he will be here to-day.

VALENTINE.
How! Sir!

LISIMON.
Yes, ſon; and ſo nothing, you ſee, need be altered.

VALENTINE.
And would you marry him, ſir, the moment of his arrival?

FRONTIN.

FRONTIN.

Ay! Marry a man in his boots and ſpurs!

LISIMON.

Not ſo, altogether. Beſides as Lucinda and he have not as yet ſeen each other, it is neceſſary they ſhould have ſome little time to get acquainted. But he may be preſent at the marriage of his ſiſter; and I have not the cruelty to reſtrain any longer the impatient deſires of ſo obedient a ſon as you.

VALENTINE.

But, ſir——

LISIMON.

Fear nothing; I know and approve the warmth of your paſſion too much to deceive you.

VALENTINE.

But, my good father——

LISIMON.

Leave it to me, I ſay, I know very well what you are going to——

VALENTINE.

But my dear ſir—I—I—have reflected upon—

LISIMON.

Reflected! You reflect! I ſhould never have ſuſpected that. Well, ſir, and pray what has been the ſubject of your ſublime meditations?

VALENTINE.

The inconveniences of matrimony, ſir.

FRONTIN.

A very fertile ſubject, truly.

LISIMON.

A blockhead indeed may ſometimes reflect, but it is never till the folly is committed, and paſt remedy. Here again is my ſon Valentine.

VALEN-

VALENTINE.

How ſir! committed and paſt remedy! I am not yet married.

LISIMON.

True, Mr. Philoſopher, but you are to know that there is no difference between my will and my act. What I reſolve on, is as good as done. You ſhould have moralized when I firſt propoſed the match, and you were ſo eager for it. I ſhould then have willingly liſtened to your objections. For you know very well how good-natured I am.

FRONTIN.

Yes, yes, ſir, we are all ready to do you juſtice in that reſpect.

LISIMON.

But at preſent when every thing is ſettled, you are at liberty to ſpeculate at leiſure; you may indulge your reflections without any prejudice to your marriage.

VALENTINE.

My apprehenſions, ſir, increaſe my reluctance. Think of the importance of the affair, I entreat you, and delay it a few days.

LISIMON.

Good day to you, Valentine, you will be married this evening, or —— you underſtand me. How was I duped by the pretended obedience of this equivocating raſcal! [*Exit.*

SCENE V.

VALENTINE, FRONTIN.

VALENTINE.

Heavens! How his obſtinacy diſtreſſes me.

FRONTIN.

FRONTIN.

Yes, ſir, 'tis even ſo: married or diſinherited. You muſt either be tied to poverty or a woman. To be ſure the preference is doubtful.

VALENTINE.

Doubtful! No. My choice was before uncertain, but my father's inflexibility hath determined me.

FRONTIN.

In favour of Angelica.

VALENTINE.

No. To the contrary.

FRONTIN.

I congratulate you, ſir, on ſo heroic a reſolution. You are determined then to ſtarve a worthy martyr to liberty. But if you were required to marry the original of the portrait, I ſuppoſe matrimony would not appear quite ſo terrible, ha!

VALENTINE.

No. But if my father pretends to compell me, I believe I ſhall reſiſt his importunity with equal obſtinacy. And yet I perceive my heart would bring me back to Angelica, if it were attempted to force me from her.

FRONTIN.

Very tractable indeed! I ſee, whether you inherit your father's fortune or no, you will inherit at leaſt his virtues.

(He looks earneſtly at the picture, and gives a loud ſigh.) Ah!

VALENTINE.

What's the matter?

FRONTIN.

Since our diſgrace, this portrait ſeems to me

to

to have aſſumed a kind of family countenance; a certain chop-fallen——

VALENTINE.

'Tis throwing away time to liſten to this impertinence. We ſhould by this time have been all over Paris. *Exit haſtily.*

FRONTIN.

Ay, keep up to that pace and you'll ſoon be the whole town over. I will go and wait the iſſue in the ſnug corner of ſome tavern; that he may think I have been upon the ſearch too.

SCENE VI.

ANGELICA, MARTHA.

MARTHA.

Ha! ha! ha! What a diverting ſcene! Who could have thought it? O madam, what have you loſt by not being on the watch with me, to have ſeen him ſo enamoured with his own charms!

ANGELICA.

He ſaw them doubtleſs with my eyes.

MARTHA.

And can you have ſtill the weakneſs to entertain a paſſion for a man capable of ſuch extravagance?

ANGELICA.

It appears to you then very criminal! But what can he be reproached with more than the common vice of his age? Think not however that I am inſenſible of this injuſtice done me by the Chevalier; I am afflicted that he ſhould thus prefer the firſt agreeable face that preſents itſelf; and have too much love not to have

ſome delicacy. Nay Valentine ſhall either make a ſacrifice of his follies to me to-day, or I ſhall make a ſacrifice of my paſſion to the dictates of reaſon.

MARTHA.

I am afraid, madam, the one will be juſt as difficult as the other.

ANGELICA.

Here is Lucinda. My brother is expected to-day. Take care that ſhe does not ſuſpect him to be her *incognito* till every thing be ripe for the diſcovery.

SCENE VII.

MARTHA.

I'll lay you a wager, madam Lucinda, you will never gueſs what has been the effect of our ſcheme. You will laugh moſt immoderately at the ſucceſs of the picture.

LUCINDA.

Oh! Martha, I cannot trouble my head about the portrait now. I have other things to mind. My dear Angelica, I am diſtracted, ruined and undone. Now is the time I ſtand in need of all your aſſiſtance. My father hath juſt informed me of the arrival of Leander; inſiſting upon my receiving him as a ſuitor to-day, and to give him my hand in a week's time.

ANGELICA.

And what is there ſo terrible in all this?

MARTHA.

Not terrible ma'am! What, to marry a fine young lady of eighteen, to a handſome, rich young

young fellow of twenty-two! Bleſs me, it is enough to make one tremble all over; and I am ſure there is not a young girl in all Paris come to years of diſcretion, whom the very notion of ſuch a marriage would not throw into a fever.

LUCINDA.

I will conceal nothing from you, Angelica. I have at the ſame time juſt received a letter from Cleontes, whom I expect every moment from Paris, to make propoſals to your father. He conjures me to delay my marriage; in ſhort, he ſtill loves me. Oh, my dear friend, can you be inſenſible to the agitation of my heart? By that friendſhip which you have ever profeſſed——

ANGELICA.

The more value I ſet on that friendſhip, the more I wiſh to confirm it by your marriage with my brother. However, your happineſs, Lucinda, is the firſt object of my wiſhes; which are more conformable to yours than you may imagine.

LUCINDA.

Recollect your promiſes then, Lucinda, and give Leander to underſtand that my heart never can be his; that——

MARTHA.

Nay, madam, make no raſh declarations. The men have ſo many arts, and the women ſo much inconſtancy, that, if Leander ſhould take it into his head to make love to you, I'd lay a wager he'd carry his point, in ſpite of your teeth.

LUCINDA.

Pray, Mrs. Martha——

MARTHA.

I would not give him above two days to ſupplant your incognito, and that without cauſing you the leaſt regret.

LUCINDA.

Prithee, mind your own affairs——It is on you, my dear Angelica, I rely in the midſt of this trouble. I ſhall uſe all my influence with my father, to defer, if poſſible, a marriage, which the pre-engagement of my heart makes me look upon with horrour. [*Exit.*

ANGELICA.

Now ſhould I prevent her going to her father; but I know Liſimon is not a man to be moved by the ſolicitations of his daughter; whoſe entreaties will only ſerve to render him the more determined on a marriage which ſhe as much wiſhes for as ſhe ſeems to dread. If I divert myſelf a little with her preſent uneaſineſs, it is only to render the event more agreeable, when ſhe is undeceived. Indeed this is all the revenge our friendſhip will permit.

MARTHA.

I'll follow her, however, madam, to prevent her, if poſſible, doing any thing ridiculous, without betraying your ſecret.

SCENE VIII.

ANGELICA, *ſola.*

What an inſenſible creature am I, to amuſe myſelf thus, when I have ſo many things that lie at my heart! Perhaps even now Valentine is repeating his infidelity. Or perhaps, he hath diſcovered the impoſition, and out of reſent-

ment

ment makes an offer of his heart to ſome other object. For men are ſuch ſtrange creatures, that they never reſent any thing ſo much as when they are in the wrong. But here he comes; taken up in contemplation of his portrait.

SCENE IX.

ANGELICA, VALENTINE.

VALENTINE. (*Not ſeeing* Angelica.)

I ramble about without knowing where to look for this charming object. Oh! that love would direct me in the ſearch!

ANGELICA. (*Aſide.*)

Ungrateful creature! He directs you but too well.

VALENTINE.

Thus love is always attended with its diſquietudes; and becauſe I am not under the ſolicitude of making myſelf beloved, I muſt ſuffer the torment of looking in vain for a beloved object.

ANGELICA. (*Aſide.*)

What ſtrange impertinence! How, is it poſſible to be at once ſo amiable and ſo ſilly!

VALENTINE.

I muſt ſtay for the return of Frontin. He may poſſibly have been more ſucceſsful. But at the worſt, Angelica loves me.

ANGELICA. (*Aſide.*)

Ah, traitor! You are but too ſenſible of my weakneſs.

VALENTINE.

After all, I ſhall ſtand no bad chance with her; her goodneſs of diſpoſition, her charms—

ANGELICA. *(Aſide.)*

He does me the honour to take up with me at the worſt.

VALENTINE.

How unaccountable are my ſentiments! I renounce the poſſeſſion of a charming object, to which I find my heart at bottom ſincerely devoted. I expoſe myſelf to the reſentment of my father, to run after a miſtreſs, perhaps unworthy of my ſolicitude, perhaps merely imaginary, and that ſolely at the inſtigation of a portrait dropt from the clouds, and no doubt a flattering one. What caprice! What folly! But then theſe caprices and follies are an amuſement, a relief to an agreeable man. *(He looks at the portrait.)* What graces!—What features!—How enchanting! How divine! No, no, Angelica muſt not flatter herſelf that ſhe can bear any compariſon with ſuch beauty.

ANGELICA. *(Snatching the portrait out of his hand.)*

To be ſure I ſhall not pretend to it. But pray let me ſhare in your admiration of it. A ſenſe of the charms of my rival, will mitigate at leaſt the diſgrace of my defeat.

VALENTINE.

O Heavens!

ANGELICA.

Well, ſir, what have you to ſay? You ſeem confounded. I did not think a petit-maitre could have been ſo eaſily put out of countenance.

VALENTINE.

Cruel Angelica! But you know the aſcendant you have over me, and therefore may inſult me without reply.

ANGELICA.

ANGELICA.

To be ſure I am greatly in the wrong: and of right doubtleſs, you ſhould reproach me. Come, ſir, I will have pity on your embaraſſment. There is your portrait; and I am the leſs diſpleaſed to find you are in love with the original, as my ſentiments are in that reſpect perfectly agreeable to yours.

VALENTINE.

How! Do you know the perſon of the original?

ANGELICA.

I not only know, but can aſſure you I love that perſon better than any other in the world.

VALENTINE.

Indeed! That's new to me, and the language ſomething ſingular too in the mouth of a rival.

ANGELICA.

I know nothing of that; but what I ſay is very ſincere.——If he is piqued, I triumph. *(Aſide.)*

VALENTINE.

She has then a great deal of merit, you ſay.

ANGELICA.

It depends only on herſelf to have an infinite deal.

VALENTINE.

What! No faults at all!

ANGELICA.

Oh! yes, a great many. It is a little, whimſical, capricious, fickle, flighty thing; whoſe vanity is inſupportable. But what of that? She is amiable notwithſtanding all this; and I can foretell already that you will love this giddy creature as long as you live.

VALENTINE.

And you conſent to it—Ha!

ANGELICA.

Yes.

VALENTINE.

And are not diſpleaſed at it?

ANGELICA.

No.

VALENTINE. *(Aſide.)*

Her indifference diſtracts me.——*(To* Angelica *aloud.)* And may I flatter myſelf you will renew your acquaintance with her in my favour?

ANGELICA.

I deſire nothing more ardently.

VALENTINE. *(in a tone of anger and reſentment.)*

You ſay all this with a tranquillity that charms me.

ANGELICA.

How! You juſt now complained of my raillery, and now are angry at my indifference. There is no knowing how to deal with you.

VALENTINE. *(Aſide.)*

I ſhall burſt with ſpleen.——*(Aloud to* Angelica.) Will you do me the favour, madam, to bring me acquainted with the lady?

ANGELICA.

This is not a piece of ſervice I am ſure you expected of me; but I will be better than your expectations for once, and promiſe you I will.

VALENTINE.

It muſt be in a ſhort time.

ANGELICA.

Perhaps this very day.

VALENTINE.

I can no longer contain myſelf. *(Going out.)*

ANGELICA. *(Aſide.)*

This is a good omen: he hath too much anger not to have more love. *(Calling after him.)* Where are you going, Valentine?

VALENTINE.

I ſee my company is diſagreeable, madam, and therefore was going out.

ANGELICA.

Oh! no, I am juſt going myſelf; it is not fair to drive you out of your own apartments.

VALENTINE.

Go then, and remember that thoſe who have no love themſelves, deſerve not to be loved by others.

ANGELICA.

And yet it is better to have no love at all, than to be in love with one's ſelf.

SCENE X.

VALENTINE, *ſolus.*

In love with one's ſelf! Is it a crime to ſet a juſt value on one's own accompliſhments? I am however greatly mortified. Is it poſſible for her to give up ſuch a lover as I am without concern? One would think ſhe looks upon me as an ordinary perſon. It is in vain to diſguiſe the trouble I feel, and indeed I am almoſt afraid to love her after this proof of her inconſtancy. But—No—my whole heart is at preſent taken up in the contemplation of this charming object. I will renew my ſearch, and to the care of enſuring my own happineſs, add that of ex-

citing the jealouſy of Angelica. Oh! here is Frontin.

SCENE XI.

VALENTINE, FRONTIN, *drunk.*

FRONTIN.

What the devil, can't I walk upright yet? Come, chear up.

VALENTINE.

Well, Frontin, have you found——

FRONTIN.

Oh! yes, ſir.

VALENTINE.

Heav'ns! is it poſſible?

FRONTIN.

But I have taken a world of trouble.

VALENTINE.

Well, come, tell me—where?

FRONTIN.

I have run about among all the taverns in this part of the town.

VALENTINE.

The taverns!

FRONTIN.

But I have ſucceeded beyond my expectations.

VALENTINE.

Tell me then; how was it?

FRONTIN.

It was a—a—a—

VALENTINE.

What the devil is this vile animal muttering about?

FRONTIN.

FRONTIN.

Stay, ſir, ſtay; let me tell you in method and order.

VALENTINE.

Silence, you drunken raſcal; or give me a direct anſwer about the original of the portrait.

FRONTIN.

Oh, ay, the original. True. Rejoice, Sir, rejoice, good news I ſay.

VALENTINE.

Well.

FRONTIN.

It was neither at the White-Croſs, nor at the Golden Lion, nor at the Pine-Apple, nor —

VALENTINE.

When will you ſpeak to the purpoſe, raſcal?

FRONTIN.

Patience, Sir, patience; as it was not there, it muſt of courſe be elſewhere; and——Oh, never fear but I ſhall come to it—I ſhall come to it.

VALENTINE.

I have a good mind to knock the fellow on the head. I cannot bear him any longer.

SCENE XII.

FRONTIN, *ſolus*.

To be ſure, I am a very pretty fellow.—— This floor is deviliſh rough.—— Where was I? Faith I am quite out. Ah! if I did but——

SCENE XIII.

LUCINDA, FRONTIN.

LUCINDA.

Frontin, where is your maſter?

FRONTIN.

Gone in ſearch of himſelf.

LUCINDA.

In ſearch of himſelf!

FRONTIN.

Ay, to be married to himſelf.

LUCINDA.

What's the meaning of this nonſenſe?

FRONTIN.

Nonſenſe! What you don't underſtand it then?

LUCINDA.

No, truly.

FRONTIN.

Faith nor I neither; I will explain it to you, however, if you pleaſe.

LUCINDA.

What will you explain what you don't underſtand yourſelf?

FRONTIN.

Oh! Madam, I have been at college.

LUCINDA.

You have been at the tavern I believe. He's certainly drunk. Come, Frontin, collect your ſenſes a little; and endeavour to make yourſelf underſtood.

FRONTIN.

Nothing in the world is more eaſy. Stay.

The

The portrait that you metamor—no, not metamor——yes, metamorphoſed. That is to ſay my maſter,——that is I mean a young lady,—between whom you made ſuch a mixture——I found it all out—you could not impoſe upon me. Ha!—Can any body ſpeak more plainly?

LUCINDA.

Oh no, 'tis impoſſible.

FRONTIN.

Every body elſe but my maſter can underſtand me: but he is fallen in love with his own picture.

LUCINDA.

What! without knowing it.

FRONTIN.

Yes, and that is what makes it ſo extraordinary.

LUCINDA.

I comprehend all the reſt. But who could foreſee that? Run quickly, good Frontin, fly, and find out your maſter: tell him I have ſomething of the utmoſt conſequence to communicate to him. But take particular care not to let him know any thing of your ſuſpicions. Hold: there's ſomething for you——

(Gives him money.)

FRONTIN.

To drink, Madam; is it not?

LUCINDA.

Oh, no, you have no occaſion for drink.

FRONTIN.

By way of huſh-money, then.

SCENE

SCENE XIV.

LUCINDA, *ſola.*

I will not heſitate a moment, but confeſs the whole, whatever be the conſequence; I cannot bear a brother ſo dear to me ſhould make himſelf ridiculous, by the very means that were employed to cure him. How unhappy am I? I have diſobliged my brother; my father, irritated by my reluctance to be married, is only the more abſolute: my lover is abſent, and in no condition to relieve me. I am afraid of being betrayed by my friend, and the ſtratagems of a man I cannot bear; for I certainly hate Leander, and ſhould prefer death to being married to him.

SCENE XV.

ANGELICA, LUCINDA, MARTHA.

ANGELICA.

Come, come, comfort yourſelf, Lucinda; Leander will do you no great hurt. I muſt confeſs, however, that he was deſirous of ſeeing you without your knowing it.

LUCINDA.

Alas! ſo much the worſe.

ANGELICA.

But do you know that his behaviour was none of the moſt civil on the occaſion?

MARTHA.

Oh only a little vein of family humour.

LUCINDA.

Good God! how provoking you are! well, after he ſaw me, what did he ſay?

ANGELICA.

He ſaid he ſhould be very ſorry to have you againſt your conſent.

MARTHA.

He even ſaid your repugnance to him gave him ſome pleaſure. But he ſaid this with a comical air ——

LUCINDA.

This mode of obedience is certainly not very polite.

MARTHA.

To be polite with other women, it is not neceſſary to be always ſo very obedient.

ANGELICA.

The only condition of his renunciation is, that you receive his viſit of leave.

LUCINDA.

Oh no. I ſhall excuſe him that ceremony.

ANGELICA.

Nay, but you cannot refuſe him that. Beſides, I engaged for you that you ſhould do it. And indeed I muſt acquaint you, in confidence, that he depends greatly on the ſucceſs of that interview; flattering himſelf that, when you have ſeen him, you will have no objection to his alliance.

LUCINDA.

He muſt have a conſiderable ſhare of vanity, then.

MARTHA.

He conceives he ſhall be able to captivate you.

ANGELICA.

And it is in conſequence of this expectation that

that he has conſented to the treaty I propoſed.

MARTHA.

I'll anſwer for it he would not have accepted the bargain, but that he was very ſure you would not take him at his word.

LUCINDA.

He muſt be ſurely an inſupportable blockhead. Well, he need but make his appearance; I long to ſee how he will diſplay his charms: and I will give you my word it ſhall be with an air——Let him come; let him come; he wants a lecture, and depend upon it he ſhall receive an inſtructive one.

ANGELICA.

Well we ſhall ſee, my dear Lucinda, but we do not always abide by our reſolutions; I would venture to lay a wager he will ſoften you.

MARTHA.

Ah! theſe men are monſtrouſly artful; you will ſee he will win upon you.

LUCINDA.

Make yourſelf eaſy about that.

ANGELICA.

Well, look to yourſelf. You cannot ſay we did not caution you.

MARTHA.

Ay, it is not our fault, if you ſuffer yourſelf to be ſurpriſed.

LUCINDA.

Well, really I believe you will make me crazy between you.

ANGELICA, *(to Martha.)*

We have worked her up to the pitch.—— *(Aloud to Lucinda.)* Well, ſince you will have it ſo, MARTHA will go and introduce him.

LUCINDA.

What's that?

MARTHA.

We only left him in the anti-chamber, Madam. He will be here in a moment. *(Exit.*

LUCINDA.

Oh! that my dear Cleontes were here, that he might ſee in what manner I receive his rival!

SCENE XVI.

ANGELICA, LUCINDA, MARTHA, LEANDER.

ANGELICA.

Come in, Leander, and know Lucinda's ſentiments from herſelf. She imagines ſhe hates you, and is doing herſelf violence to give you a bad reception: but I will anſwer for it, that all thoſe appearances of hatred are in fact ſo many proofs of her love for you.

LUCINDA *(turning her head away from Leander.)*

On that ſuppoſition, he muſt be highly in favour indeed. Contemptible!

ANGELICA.

Lucinda! Doth your reſentment get the better of your manners, child? Don't you look at the gentleman?

LEANDER.

If it be my paſſion which excites your reſentment, behold a criminal indeed. *(Falling on his knees to Lucinda.)*

LUCINDA.

Ah! Cleontes! Provoking Angelica!

LE-

LEANDER.

Leander hath diſpleaſed you too much for me to hope, to receive under that name, the favours I experienced under that of Cleontes. But, if the motive of my diſguiſe may juſtify the effect of it, you will pardon the delicacy of an heart, whoſe weakneſs was the deſire of being beloved ſolely for its own ſake.

LUCINDA.

Riſe, Leander. An exceſs of delicacy can offend only thoſe who are themſelves deſtitute of it. Mine is fully ſatisfied with this proof of yours, as yours ought to be with its ſucceſs. But, as for you, my dear Angelica, how could you have the cruelty thus to amuſe yourſelf with my diſtreſſes?

ANGELICA.

You, certainly, have great reaſon to complain. You are both happy, while I am ſubjected to a thouſand anxieties.

LEANDER.

And have you, my dear ſiſter, been labouring for my happineſs, while your own hath been at ſtake? This is ſuch goodneſs as I ſhall never forget. *(He kiſſes her hand.*

SCENE XVII.

LEANDER, VALENTINE, ANGELICA, LUCINDA, MARTHA.

VALENTINE, *obſerving Leander and Angelica.*

So—So—Nay, let not my preſence lay you under any reſtraint. I find, I did not know, Madam, the full extent of your conqueſts. I

was

was a ſtranger to the happy object of your preference; and ſhall have the mortification to remember that after having been ſo long your faithful votary, Valentine hath been the perſon moſt injured.

ANGELICA.

It will be better ſo than you imagine; in fact, you ſtand in need of a leſſon or two of modeſty.

VALENTINE.

How, Madam, do you join raillery to inſult? Have you the effrontery to applaud yourſelf for what you ought to bluſh at?

ANGELICA.

Oh, Sir, if you are angry, I leave you: I am not fond of being abuſed.

VALENTINE.

No, Madam, you ſhall ſtay if you pleaſe; I will have the ſatisfaction of being witneſs to your confuſion.

ANGELICA.

Well, Sir, enjoy that ſatisfaction.

VALENTINE.

For I hope you have not the aſſurance to attempt your juſtification.

ANGELICA.

You need not fear it.

VALENTINE.

And that you don't flatter yourſelf, I retain the ſmalleſt ſentiments in your favour.

ANGELICA.

My opinion on that ſubject will make no difference in the thing.

VALENTINE.

I proteſt to you, I am determined for the future to hate you.

AN-

ANGELICA.

Very well, Sir.

VALENTINE, *(taking out the portrait.)*

And this ſhall be the only object of my affection.

ANGELICA.

You are much in the right of it, Sir; and I proteſt to you, that I have an attachment to this gentleman *(turning to her brother)* by no means inferior to yours for the original of that portrait.

VALENTINE.

Ungrateful woman! Death is then my only refuge.

ANGELICA.

A word with you, Valentine. I really pity your ſituation. But you muſt confeſs that you are the moſt unjuſt of mankind, to take fire at an apparent inconſtancy; of which you yourſelf have ſet me the example: but my good nature is ſtill greater than your extravagance.

VALENTINE.

You will ſee, ſhe will do me the favour to forgive me?

ANGELICA.

Why really you do not deſerve it. I will tell you, however, upon what conditions I may be brought to do it. You have heretofore profeſſed ſentiments for me, to which I made too tender a return for ſuch ingratitude. You have, nevertheleſs, injured me by conceiving an extravagant and fantaſtical paſſion, at ſight of a mere picture; with all the levity, and I will add folly, of your age and character. We are not now to examine whether I ought to have imitated your behaviour, nor does it become

come you who are guilty, to cenſure my conduct.

VALENTINE.

Not become me! Good God! But let us ſee what all this fine diſcourſe tends to.

ANGELICA.

It tends to this. I told you I knew the object of your new paſſion, and that was true. I added that I loved that object tenderly, and this was but too true. In avowing its merit, I did not diſguiſe its faults. I did more; I promiſed to bring you acquainted with that object. And I now give you my word to do it this very day, even this very hour: for I can aſſure you, it is much nearer you than you imagine.

VALENTINE.

What am I to underſtand by all this?

ANGELICA.

Pray, don't interrupt me. The truth, in fine, obliges me to ſay again that perſon ardently loves you, and I can anſwer for ſuch attachment as well as for my own. It is now your buſineſs to make choice between that object and me, of the perſon on whom you are determined to beſtow all your tenderneſs. Chuſe, Chevalier, but chuſe immediately, and that for ever.

MARTHA.

A pleaſant alternative this! How deviliſhly my gentleman is embarraſſed! Be ruled by me, Sir, take the portrait, and you will be ſure to have no rivals.

LUCINDA.

Oh! Valentine, is it neceſſary to heſitate ſo long, to follow the dictates of your heart?

VALENTINE, *(throwing the picture away, and kneeling to Angelica.)*

The

The conflict is over—you have conquered, my dear Angelica, and I feel how much inferiour the ſentiments which ariſe from caprice are to thoſe which are inſpired by a love for you. (*Martha picks up the portrait, and gives it to Angelica.*) But alas! tho' my heart returns to you, may I flatter myſelf it will recover yours?

ANGELICA.

You may judge of my acknowledgments by the ſacrifice you have made me. Riſe, Valentine, and contemplate theſe features.

(*Holding out the portrait.*)

LEANDER, (looking alſo on the portrait.)

Sure I ſhould know that face!——Hold——Yes, faith it is—— it is he himſelf.

VALENTINE.

He! who? You mean ſhe. It is a woman, whom I renounce together with the whole ſex, and that for ever in favour of Angelica.

ANGELICA.

Yes, Valentine; it has been a mere woman hitherto: but I hope for the future to find him a man, ſuperiour to all thoſe little foibles which degrade his ſex and character.

VALENTINE.

You ſurprize me ſtrangely.

ANGELICA.

You ought the leſs to be ignorant of this object, as you have had the moſt intimate connection with it, and certainly cannot be accuſed of having neglected it. Take away but that effeminate drapery, by which your ſiſter hath diſguiſed it, and you will ſee it is——

VALENTINE.

Myſelf?—Heavens! what do I ſee?

MARTHA.

Is it not plain? You here ſee the portrait, and there the original.

VALENTINE.

I ſhall die with ſhame.

MARTHA.

You are the firſt perſon of the character, perhaps, that ever knew what ſhame was. *(Aſide.)*

ANGELICA.

Ungrateful man! Was I wrong to ſay I loved the original of this picture?

VALENTINE.

I will love it for the future, only becauſe it loves you.

ANGELICA.

To confirm our reconciliation, I am ſure, you will have no objection to my preſenting to you my brother Leander.

LEANDER.

Permit me, Sir ———

VALENTINE.

Oh heavens! this is the ſummit of felicity; and was not Angelica falſe when I was ungrateful?

LUCINDA.

In taking part with your happineſs, brother, my own is augmented.

SCENE XVIII.

LISIMON, FRONTIN, *with the perſons of the foregoing ſcene.*

LISIMON.

Hah! I ſee you are all met together very op-

opportunely. You, Valentine and Lucinda, having refuſed to marry agreeable to my inclinations, I at firſt intended to compel you; but I have reflected that it is ſometimes neceſſary to act the part of a good father, and that conſtraint does not always make happy marriages. I have, therefore, determined to break off all the former connections, and to enter upon new ones. I will marry Angelica myſelf. Lucinda ſhall go into a convent; Valentine ſhall be diſinherited: and as to you, Leander, you muſt have patience.

MARTHA.

Excellently well determined! faith!

LISIMON.

How's this? You all look confounded.

FRONTIN.

I'll be hang'd if any of them can open their lips. Plague take all fooliſh lovers, I ſay.

LISIMON.

Come, come, now you know my mind, and have nothing to do but to conform to it.

LEANDER.

Hold, Sir, hold; condeſcend to delay your ſentence a little. Don't you read repentance in the looks and perplexity of the offenders? And would you involve the innocent in the ſame puniſhment?

LISIMON.

Well, I will be ſo weak as to make another trial of their obedience. Let us ſee. Come, Mr. Valentine, do you ſtill make your reflections on matrimony?

VALENTINE.

Yes, Sir. But inſtead of its inconveniences, I ſee nothing in that ſtate but happineſs.

LISIMON.

Oh ho! You have chang'd your note, I ſee. And you Mrs. Lucinda, are you ſo fond of liberty ſtill?

LUCINDA.

I am ſenſible, the loſs of it, Sir, muſt be pleaſing, when our duty requires it to be given up.

LISIMON.

Ay, now you talk like reaſonable creatures. Now you give me pleaſure. Let me embrace my children; come, we will haſten to the celebration of your happy nuptials. A little exertion of authority, I ſee, is ſometimes very proper.

VALENTINE.

Well, my fair Angelica; you have cured me of a foible, which was the diſgrace of my youth: and for the future I hope to experience in your ſociety, that when we truly love another, we ceaſe to be fond of ourſelves.

THE END.

THE

VILLAGE CONJURER.

AN INTERLUDE.

Repreſented before his Majeſty at Fontainebleau, on the 18th and 24th of October 1752. And at Paris, by the Royal Academy of Muſick, on Thurſday the firſt of March, 1753.

TO

MR. DU CLOS,

Hiſtoriographer of France, one of the Forty Members of the French Academy, and Member of the Academy of Belles Lettres.

PERMIT me, Sir, to place your name at the head of a work, which, without your patronage, had never been repreſented or made public. May this my firſt and only Dedication, do as much honour to you as it does to myſelf.

I am, Sir,

Your very humble

and moſt obedient Servant,

J. J. ROUSSEAU.

PERSONS of the DRAMA.

COLIN,	Mr. Jelyote.
COLINET,	Mademoiſelle Fel.
The CONJURER,	Mr. Cuvillier.

Young Villagers of both Sexes.

THE VILLAGE CONJURER.

AN INTERLUDE.

The Theatre repreſents, on one Side, the Houſe of the Conjurer: On the other, Trees and Fountains. A View of a Hamlet in the Front.

SCENE I.

Enter COLINET, *ſighing and wiping her eyes with her Apron.*

ALAS! inconſtant Colin's flown,
And in tears hath left to moan
Unhappy Colinet!

Bewail I muſt the fickle youth,
Whom loſt to me, to love and truth,
I would, but can't forget.

Yes, inconſtant Colin's flown,
And in tears hath left to moan
Unhappy Colinet.

He lov'd me once, unhappy me!
But now ſome fairer maid prefers;
Who like myſelf will ſlighted be;
And my complaint in turn be hers.

But about my wretched fate
Wherefore ſhould I thus debate,
Since it only makes me fret?
Yes, inconſtant Colin's flown,
And in tears hath left to moan
Unhappy Colinet.

I ought to hate him —— and I will ——
But perhaps he loves me ſtill:
For why ſhould now the lover fly,
Who was once for ever nigh?

I'll aſk the cunning man who here doth dwell;
He reads the ſtars, and can my fortune tell—
Oh! here he comes alone—that happens well.

SCENE II.

The CONJURER and COLINET.

While the Conjurer *ſlowly advances forward,* Colinet *counts out ſome money into her hand, then wraps it up in a piece of paper, and going up to him, offers it with much heſitation.*

COLI-

COLINET, *with an air of great timidity.*

Say, will Colin always fly!
Tell me if I'm doom'd to die.

The CONJURER, *with an affected ſolemnity.*

I Colin's heart and alſo thine have read.

COLINET.

Oh! Heavens!

CONJURER.

Have patience.

COLINET.

What, when Colin's fled?

CONJURER.

Colin unfaithful ——

COLINET.

Colinet will kill.

CONJURER.

And yet, believe me, Colin loves you ſtill.

COLINET, *eagerly.*

How ſay you? what ——

CONJURER.

Our Manor-lady's charms.
An artful woman ——

COLINET.

Wins him from my arms.

CONJURER.

Already I've declar'd he loves you ſtill.

COLINET, *ſorrowfully.*

And yet he ſhuns me.

CONJURER.

Truſt my magic ſkill.
I the rover will reclaim,
Whoſe vanity's alone to blame;
Gaudy dreſs and rich attire
Set his giddy heart on fire.

But his love ſhall ſoon repair
All your wrongs, and ſooth your care.

COLINET.

Had not I to the youth of the city,
So proud all around me to bow,
Been deaf when they ſaid I was pretty,
I ſhould have had ſuitors enow.

Bedizen'd in richeſt array,
With ribbands, and flounces, and lace,
I might have gone gallant and gay,
As fine as the beſt in the place.

But I, for a falſe-hearted ſwain,
Have all their fine offers deſpis'd;
Leſs handſome content to remain,
To be true to the man that I priz'd.

CONJURER.

His heart ſhall be reclaim'd: that taſk is mine;
The better to preſerve it, muſt be thine.

If his paſſion you'd augment,
You muſt feign your own declines;
Love decays beneath content,
And increaſes as it pines.
Hence the nymph's coquetiſh vein
Conſtant makes the roving ſwain.

COLINET.

By your advice I'm led, now wiſer grown.

CONJURER.

Aſſume with Colin, then, a different tone.

COLINET.

COLINET.

I will; and by his conduct guide my own.

CONJURER.

Not ſo in fact, but ſo that he
The quaint deception may not ſee.
But, hold; my art informs me Colin's near;
Be thou at hand, and when I call, appear.

SCENE III.

CONJURER, *ſolus.*

Theſe lovers in ſimplicity impart
What they conceive I gather from my art;
And then admiring ſtand, while I unfold,
With ſkill profound, what they before have told.
I, by their means, my full revenge will take;
Colin his haughty lady ſhall forſake;
Who, ſeeing him to Colinet return,
With jealous rage and ſhame, in vain, will burn.

SCENE IV.

CONJURER, and COLIN.

COLIN.

Love and your good advice have made me wiſe;
For Colinet, I all the world deſpiſe.
She lov'd me when a ſhepherd's frock I wore;
And in embroider'd ſuits what can ſhe more?

CONJURER.

Colin, 'tis now too late, for Colinet
Hath quite forgot you ——

COLIN.

Heav'ns! and can ſhe change?

CONJURER.

No woman young and pretty fail'd e'er yet,
On an inconſtant ſwain to take revenge.

COLIN.

If my Colinet deceive me,
Plighted were my vows in vain;
No, ſhe never ſure can leave me,
Never love another ſwain.

CONJURER.

True, Colinet prefers no other clown;
But ſome fine lord or gentleman from town.

COLIN.

Who told you this?

CONJURER.

——My art hath found it out.

COLIN.

Then of the truth, alas! there is no doubt.
How dear my late inconſtancy will coſt,
If Colinet I have for ever loſt!

CONJURER.

Doubtleſs, it ſomething coſts to go ſo fine:
But love and riches different ways incline.

COLIN.

COLIN.

Let me intreat you then the means impart
To ſhun my ruin ——

CONJURER.

I'll conſult my art.

The conjurer takes a book out of his pocket, and with his wand makes a circle. While he is thus employed, the young peaſants come in to conſult him; but, affrighted at his contorſions, let fall their preſents and run away.

CONJURER.

The charm is done: and Colinet is near.
Wait till ſhe comes.

COLIN.

Alas! but will ſhe hear,
If I ſhould ſue to ſoften her diſdain?

CONJURER.

A faithful heart may favour hope to gain.
But now, young ſhepherd, I muſt leave ye.
(Aſide.) To prepare her to receive ye.

SCENE V.

COLIN, *ſolus.*

Now my dream of grandeur's o'er,
Riches ſhall ne'er tempt me more;
Let but Colinet be true,
Welcome her, and wealth adieu;

If my tears and ſighs may move
Colinet again to love,
All the joys I knew before
She to Colin will reſtore.

When love we can feel and impart,
'Tis all that is wanting below;
Then, Colinet, give me thy heart,
For Colin's was thine long ago.

My pipe, crook, and ſcrip by my ſide,
My whole future grandeur ſhall be;
My Colinet's favours my pride,
And her ſmiles worth a kingdom to me.

To lords and fine folks of the town
If ſhe but thoſe favours deny,
In ſpite of their wealth and renown,
They'll not be ſo happy as I.

SCENE VI.

COLIN, COLINET *gaily dreſſed.*

COLIN, *aſide.*

I ſee her coming; but I dread to ſtay,
And yet I loſe her, if I ſlink away.

COLINET, *aſide.*

He ſees me — how my flutt'ring heart doth beat!

COLIN, *aſide.*

What ails me!

COLI-

COLINET, *aſide.*

How! ſo near! I can't retreat.

COLIN, *aſide.*

I cannot ſhun her, and muſt therefore meet.

He ſpeaks to Colinet *in a pathetic tone, half ſmiling, yet embarraſſed.*

COLIN.

Ah! why from Colin turn with ſuch diſdain?
Hath not my ſhepherdeſs one look for me?

COLINET.

No. Colin lov'd and was a faithful ſwain;
I look on you, but ah! you are not he.

COLIN.

My heart is ſtill the ſame, tho' led aſtray,
By ſome bewitching and malicious ſpright;
Whoſe charm our good magician taught to ſway;
I'm Colin ſtill, and you my ſole delight.

COLINET.

I, in my turn, by magick too am ſway'd,
Above his art ——

COLIN.

Then I am wretched made:

COLINET.

My new admirer's conſtant ——

COLIN.

Oh! 'tis death!
Your falſehood ——

COLI-

COLINET.

Nay forbear this waſte of breath.
Shepherd, give complaining o'er,
I can never love you more.

COLIN.

Who by force your hand can take?
Better, then, conſult your heart;
For if mine be doom'd to break,
Thine will feel as grievous ſmart.

COLINET.

No. No. Alas! you've once deceiv'd,
And never more can be believ'd.

COLIN.

Is't then determin'd you would have me die?
Far from this hamlet will poor Colin fly.

(Colin *moves ſlowly away, on which* Colinet *calls him back.)*

COLINET.

Colin ——

COLIN.

Well!

COLINET.

Go you hence?

COLIN.

What ſhall I ſtay,
To ſee you to another lover ſtray?

COLINET.

When Colin I knew how to pleaſe,
I look'd on my fortune as bleſt.

COLIN.

While my ſhepherdeſs lov'd, at my eaſe
I liv'd, and my heart was at reſt.

COLINET.

But ſoon as my love he deſpis'd,
I favour'd a faithfuller ſwain;

COLIN.

Since broken the fetters I priz'd,
No joys for poor Colin remain.
(In a pathetic tone.)
Ah! Colinet! and muſt we part?

COLINET.

I dread a wild, inconſtant heart.

Both together.

Come then, diſengag'd and free,
Let us mutually agree,
To forget, if that can be,
I lov'd you, or you lov'd me.

COLIN.

And yet, tho' wealth and beauty join'd,
Lately tempting, wak'd my pride;
To Colinet my heart inclin'd,
I all the world deſpis'd beſide.

COLINET.

Tho' to day a noble youth
Vow'd and ſwore eternal truth,
Colin I preferr'd by far
To his ribband and his ſtar.

COLIN, *pathetically.*

Ah Colinet!

COLI-

COLINET, *ſighing.*

Ah! roving ſwain!
Muſt my heart ſtill yours remain?

(Colin *kneels at the feet of* Colinet, *who pointing to a gaudy ribband which the lady had put in his hat; he ſnatches it out, and throws it away with diſdain.* Colinet *then gives him a plain one, which ſhe herſelf wore, and which he receives with tranſport.)*

Both together.

Oh! let the prieſt our hands unite;
While our mutual troths we plight,
From each other ne'er to ſtray,
But the laws of love obey.

SCENE VII.

COLIN, COLINET, CONJURER.

CONJURER.

Thus freed from cruel charms, confeſs my ſkill,
And ſpite of envy, love each other ſtill.

COLIN, *(while both the lovers offer the Conjurer money.)*

What preſent, for ſuch ſervice, can be made?

CONJURER.

If you are happy, I am well repaid.

Hither,

Hither, lovely nymphs and ſwains,
Come, and join this happy pair;
Celebrate, in ſprightly ſtrains,
Joys, yourſelves ſhould learn to ſhare.

SCENE VIII.

CONJURER, COLIN, COLINET, *young lads and laſſes of the village.*

CHORUS of Villagers.

Let us celebrate Colin's return
To his Colinet faithful and true;
May both with their old paſſion burn,
And every day think it new.

Let us ſing of our Conjurer's art,
Who knows to reclaim by his ſkill
The wild and inconſtant of heart,
And make lovers happy at will.

COLIN.

Tho' dark is my cottage and low;
While open to weather and care,
To the ſun and the wind and the ſnow,
It often calls out for repair;

Yet there if my ſhepherdeſs deigns
To reſide, I ſhould feel no regret,
But Colin the happieſt of ſwains
Will be bleſt with his dear Colinet.

In the fields and the meadows all day,
With pleaſure returning at eve,
I'll meet her with joy on the way,
And with kiſſes her welcome receive.

Till the ſun ſhall be up in the morn
I will ſing of our loves with delight,
Old care and rough weather will ſcorn,
While in raptures we ſpend all the night.

Here a dance.

CONJURER.

While the nymphs and ſwains advance,
Vying in the ſprightly dance;
I, who cannot boaſt ſuch eaſe,
Have a ſong, perhaps may pleaſe.

He takes a ballad out of his pocket, and ſings.

I.

Love may help receive from art,
Tho' alone it wins the heart;
Thus fine folks that lovelier be,
Love not half ſo well as we.

Love is peeviſh oft and wild,
And while here and there it runs,
Knows not what it ſeeks or ſhuns;
For alas! 'tis but a child,——
Love is nothing but a child.

COLIN, *repeats the burthen.*

Love is peeviſh oft and wild, &c.

(*Looking*

(Looking at the ballad.)
That's not the end, ſome other couplets ſee.

COLINET, *eagerly.*

Ay, come, I'll ſing them; Colin, give it me.

II.

Here doth love, and only here,
In ſimplicity appear;
While in borrow'd charms array'd
'Tis in towns and courts diſplay'd.

Love is peeviſh oft and wild, &c.

(This verſe repeated at the end of each Stanza.)

CHORUS.

Love is nothing but a child.

COLIN.

III.

Often is the tender flame
Cheriſh'd in the faithful breaſt,
Oft coquetry muſt reclaim
Roving hearts to make them bleſt.
Love is peeviſh oft and wild, &c.

CONJURER.

IV.

Love diſpoſes of mankind
As beſt ſuits its fickle mind,
Makes us often jealous grow,
And torments for being ſo.
Love is peeviſh oft and wild, &c.

While

COLIN.

V.

While from fair to fair we range,
Oft we ſuffer by the change.
And as oft th' inconſtant's priz'd,
While the conſtant is deſpis'd.
Love is peeviſh oft and wild, &c.

COLINET.

VI.

Subject to its ſtrange caprice,
Now we laugh and now we cry;
At our—— At our ——
(COLIN *aſſiſts her to read.*)
At our frowns it will decreaſe,

COLINET.

And ev'n from our ſmiles will fly.

Together.

Love is peeviſh oft and wild;
And while here and there it runs,
Knows not what it ſeeks and ſhuns,
For, alas! 'tis but a child,
Love is nothing but a child.

CHORUS.

Love is nothing but a child.

After a dance Colinet *advances.*

COLINET.

Sure the object of my heart
Nought but pleaſure can impart;
While his ſmiles reward my ſong
Ev'ry day, and all day long.

Life

Life is like a joyous dream,
When our days are paſs'd in love,
Gliding like a winding ſtream
That through flowery meads doth rove.

Another dance.

COLINET.

Come, beneath the green-wood tree,
Chear up nymphs, and dance away;
Join'd in mirth and jollity,
Shepherds take your pipes and play.

With your lovers dance and ſing
Joyous catches o'er and o'er,
Hand in hand make up the ring,
Nor alone e'er wander more.

CHORUS.

Come, beneath the green-wood tree, &c.

COLINET.

Among the fine folks of the city and court,
Who ſo bleſt in their love, or ſo gay in their ſport?
While ſtrangers to art,
We ſpeak from the heart,
They never can be
So happy as we:
And tho' ſimple our muſick, much better our ſport
Than the concerts afford of the city or court.

CHORUS *of Laſſes.*

Come, beneath the green-wood tree, &c.

THE END.

EXTRACT of a LETTER

FROM

Mr. ROUSSEAU to a FRIEND.

Written from Montmorency the 5th of April 1749, in regard to Mr. ROUSSEAU's Freedom of entry at the Opera; which was given him for his VILLAGE CONJURER; was taken from him, on account of his *Letter on the French Muſick*; and was offered to be returned him again, after he had quitted Paris.

AFTER having deprived me of the freedom of the Opera-houſe when I reſided at Paris, to offer it me when I am no longer there, is to add raillery to inſult. Do not thoſe people very well know that I have neither the means nor intention to profit by their offer? Why the devil ſhould I go ſo far to hear their opera, when I have at my very gate all the rooks and ſcrecch owls of the foreſt of Montmorency?

They do not refuſe, Mr. D—*—* ſays, to reſtore me the freedom of their houſe. I un-

derſtand them very well. Yes, they will reſtore it to me to day, in order to have the pleaſure of giving me a ſecond affront, by taking it away again to morrow. As no dependance is to be made upon the word and aſſurances of theſe people, who is to anſwer to me for them and their intentions? It muſt certainly be very agreeable to me to preſent myſelf at the door of the opera, only in the expectation of having it a ſecond time ſhut againſt me. You will ſay, perhaps, They will, for the future, have no pretext. Pardon me, Sir, they will never want a pretext of ſome kind or other. For whenever it be neceſſary to admire the opera, I muſt be ſent about my buſineſs. Why did they not propoſe that admirable condition in their bargain? They ſhould not then have murdered my poor *Conjurer*. When they have a mind to pick a quarrel with me, is it poſſible they will want a pretence? Lying is a fertile and never-failing reſource. Have they not charged me with making a diſturbance in the theatre, and thence pretended that my excluſion was neceſſary for the preſervation of the public peace?

In the firſt place, they lie. I can call to witneſs the pit, and indeed the whole audience then preſent. I never amuſed myſelf in my life in clapping or hiſſing a parcel of buffoons; and I could neither laugh nor prattle at the French opera; for I never could have the patience to ſtay there. My ears were no ſooner ſaluted by their mournful pſalmody, than I immediately took refuge in the Corridors. No, if they could but have found me at fault in this particular, they would have taken ſufficient

care

care I ſhould not repeat it. Every one knows how particularly I was pointed out and recommended to the ſentinels. A ſingle word or motion, would have been ſignal enough for them to apprehend me; in the mean time, the moment I came into the pit, I was ſurrounded by gad-flies, who endeavoured to provoke me. I leave you to imagine if ſome prudence was not neceſſary to prevent their taking any hold of me. All their efforts, however, were in vain; for I have long ſince ſaid to myſelf; "John James, as you have undertaken the dangerous employ of defending the truth, be conſtantly attentive to yourſelf; ſubmit to all laws and rules; that when people are deſirous of ill-treating you, they may be ever in the wrong." Would to God, I may be able to obſerve this precept to the end of my life, as well as I have done hitherto!

Thus, my good friend, I ſpeak reſolutely, and fear nothing. I am ſenſible there is not a man upon earth who can juſtly do me harm; and with reſpect to injuſtice, it is what nobody in the world is ſecured from. I am, indeed, the moſt feeble of human beings; and every one may inſult me with impunity. I experience that this is well known, and the inſults of the directors of the opera reſemble, with regard to me, the aſs kicking the ſick lion. As nothing of all this depends on myſelf; what can I do in it? But it is my buſineſs to ſee that every one who does me harm, hath not juſtice on his ſide; and for this I will take upon me to anſwer.

In the firſt place, then, I ſay again, they lie; and, in the ſecond place, ſuppoſing they had

not lied, they would have been in the wrong. For, whatever harm I might be able to ſay, write, or do againſt them, they ought not to have deprived me of the freedom of their houſe: for ſince they were ſtill in poſſeſſion of my work, they ought to pay the price agreed on. What then ſhould they have done? Arreſt me, traduce me before the courts; proſecute me; hang, draw, quarter me, if I had deſerved it; any thing but deprive me of the freedom of the houſe. And by the way, if I were impriſoned or hanged, it is very certain I ſhould not go to make a diſturbance at the opera. But they ſay farther, "What harm have we done Mr. Rouſſeau, in taking from him the freedom of our theatre, when he does not like our performances?" I anſwer, they have done me wrong, have committed violence, injuſtice and inſult; all which are harm. What, becauſe my neighbour does not chuſe to employ his money, is that a reaſon why I ſhould go and cut his purſe?

In whatſoever light I conſider this thing, and to whatever rule of juſtice I apply it, I cannot help conceiving that, if the cauſe were brought before any tribunal on earth, the directors of the opera would be immediately condemned to reſtore my piece, with reparation of damages and coſts of ſuit. But it is clear that I am in the wrong, becauſe I cannot obtain juſtice; and that they are in the right, becauſe they are more powerful than I am. I defy the whole world to allege any thing farther in their favour.

I muſt now ſpeak to you of my bookſellers; to beg n with Mr. P.——I am ignorant whether

ther he is a gainer or loſer by me: every time I aſked him if my pieces ſold well, he as conſtantly anſwering *tolerably*; without my ever being able to get any thing farther out of him. For my firſt diſcourſe, he did not give me a ſingle penny, nor ever made me any kind of preſent, except a few copies for my friends. I agreed with him for the engraving of the *Village Conjurer*, at five hundred livres; half to be paid in books, and the other half in money, which he laid himſelf under an obligation to pay me at ſeveral times, and in certain payments. He did not keep his word reſpecting any one, and I was long obliged to run after my two hundred and fifty livres.

With regard to my bookſeller in Holland, I have found him in every reſpect, a careful, exact and honeſt man. I aſked him twenty five guineas for my *Diſcourſe on the Inequality of Mankind*; he gave me the ſum immediately, and beſides, made a preſent of a gown for my governante. I aſked him thirty guineas for my *Letter to Mr. d'Alembert*, and he gave me them immediately; but ſent no preſent on that occaſion, either to me or my governante: indeed he ought not, but he gave me a pleaſure which I never received from Mr. P——, in declaring ingenuouſly that he had reaſon to be ſatisfied with our connections.

This, my friend, is the true ſtate of the caſe. If any one informs you otherwiſe, their information is not true.

If thoſe, who accuſe me of wanting diſintereſtedneſs, mean that I cannot with pleaſure ſee myſelf deprived of the little I earn for my ſubſiſtence, they are in the right; and it is evi-

dent I ſhall never appear diſintereſted in their eyes, till I ſuffer myſelf to be ſtarved to death. If they mean that all kind of reſources are equally indifferent to me, and that provided I get money, I trouble myſelf very little whence it comes; I conceive they are miſtaken. If I were leſs ſcrupulous about the means of acquiring money, it would be leſs painful to loſe it; and it is well known that no people are ſo prodigal as robbers. But when I am unjuſtly ſtripped of what belongs to me; when the moderate produce of my labour is taken from me, the injury is ſuch as is not eaſily repaired; and it is very hard to be denied the liberty of complaining. The good people of Paris have long ſince formed a John James after their own imagination, and have liberally loaded him with preſents, which the real John James of Montmorency never had a ſight of. Infirm and ſick for three quarters of the year, it is neceſſary for me to earn, by the labour of the other quarter, as much as will provide ſubſiſtence for the whole. Thoſe who get their bread by honeſt means, know the value of it, and will not be ſurprized that I cannot be very laviſh of mine. Believe me, you will have too much to do, if you undertake to defend me in publick. It is ſufficient that you yourſelf are not abſurd on my account, and that I ſtill preſerve your friendſhip and eſteem.

I have at Paris, as well as elſewhere, ſuch ſecret enemies as will never forget the injuries they have done me; for though the perſon offended may ſometimes forgive, the offender never does. You ſhould reflect how unequal the party is between us. They, diſperſed through-

out

out the world, can ſpread what reports of me they pleaſe; without my being capable of knowing them, or defending myſelf. And is it not well known, the abſent are always to blame? Beſides, I am ſo blunt and frank, as to break openly and immediately with ſuch people as have deceived me.

In declaring aloud and plainly, that the perſon, who calls himſelf my friend, is not ſo, and that I am no longer his, I advertiſe the public to be cautious of what I may ſay againſt him. As to my adverſaries, they are not ſo artleſs as this. The decorum with which they varniſh over their proceedings is really curious; while they gratify their malice at their eaſe, and wreak their vengeance in making a diſplay of their generoſity. Their poinard is conveniently hid under the cloak of friendſhip, and they are artful enough to cut one's throat while they pretend to pity one. "Alas! poor citizen! Yet, at the bottom, he is not a bad man; he has only a bad head which conducts him as ill, as if he had a bad heart." Thus ſome obſcure words are dropt, which are preſently picked up, commented on, and diſperſed by our puny philoſophers; whilſt the poiſon is prepared in ſecret corners, which they undertake to diffuſe among the public.

One hath the greatneſs of mind to ſay a thouſand good things of me, after having taken meaſures to prevent any body's believing them. Another defends me from the evil of which I am accuſed, after having done every thing to put the charge out of doubt. And this is imputed to abilities? What would you have me do againſt it? Can I hear, in my retreat, the

converſation which is held in polite circles? And if I did hear of it, can I go thither to diſprove it, to reveal the ſecrets of friendſhip even after it is extinct? No, my dear Nieps, one may repel the aſſaults of our enemies; but when one ſees, among the aſſaſſins, the poniard in the hand of a friend, nothing is to be done but to hide one's head, and avoid or ſuffer the blow.

A LETTER

A

LETTER

FROM

Mr. ROUSSEAU,

TO

Mr. De VOLTAIRE.

Aug. 18th, 1756.

YOUR two laſt poems, Sir, reached me in this ſolitude; but, though all my friends are acquainted with the paſſion I have for your writings, I know not from whom theſe pieces could come, unleſs from yourſelf. I have found in them both pleaſure and inſtruction, and diſcovered the hand of a maſter; thinking myſelf indebted to you, at once, for the copy and the work. I cannot ſay that every part appears to me equally good; but the things which diſpleaſe me, ſerve only to make me place greater confidence in thoſe which give me delight. It is not without pain I ſometimes arm my reaſon againſt the charms of your poeſy; but it is with

a view to render my admiration more worthy of your works, that I thus endeavour not to admire them indiſcriminately.

I will do more, Sir, I will tell you ingenuouſly, not the beauties which I think I perceive in your two poems; the taſk is too great for my indolence; nor even the faults, which it is poſſible perſons of greater judgment than I, may find in them: but the diſpleaſure which at preſent affects the taſte I have for your leſſons; and I will tell it you, while I am ſtill moved by a firſt peruſal, in which my heart liſtened attentively to yours; loving you as a brother, honouring you as my maſter, flattering myſelf, in fine, that you will diſcover in my intentions the frankneſs of an ingenuous mind, and in my diſcourſe, the voice of a friend to truth who is ſpeaking to a philoſopher. Beſides, the more your ſecond poem enchants me, the more freely can I take part againſt the firſt. For if you have not been afraid to oppoſe yourſelf, why ſhould I be afraid of being of your opinion? I ought not to think you can make any great dependence on ſentiments you have ſo well refuted.

The whole cauſe of my complaint is in your poem on the fatal diſaſter which hath befallen Liſbon; becauſe I expected from it effects more worthy of that humanity with which you ſeem to have been inſpired. You reproach Pope and Leibnitz with inſulting mankind under their misfortunes, by maintaining that every thing is good, and expatiate ſo amply on the picture of our miſeries, that you aggravate the ſenſe of them. Inſtead of the conſolation I hoped for; you have only given me affliction.

One

One would think you were afraid I ſhould not ſufficiently feel my own unhappineſs; and ſeem to think you give me much tranquillity in proving that every thing is evil.

Be not miſtaken, Sir, the very contrary happened to what you ſeem to have propoſed. That optimiſm, which appears to you ſo cruel, conſoles me, under the very miſeries which you deſcribe as inſupportable.

Mr. Pope's poem alleviates my evils, and induces me to patience; yours embitters my ſorrows, excites my complaints, and, depriving me of every thing but a doubtful hope, reduces me to deſpair.

Amidſt this ſtrange oppoſition which ſubſiſts between what you lay down and what I experience, calm the perplexity with which I am agitated, and tell me who is miſled either by ſentiment or reaſon. "Man, have patience," ſay Pope and Leibnitz: "The evils you experience are the neceſſary effect of your nature, and the conſtitution of the univerſe. That benevolent and eternal Being which governs, will protect you. Of all poſſible ſyſtems, he hath choſen that which contains the leaſt evil with the greateſt good; or (to ſay the ſame thing more crudely, if it be neceſſary) if he hath not done better, it was becauſe it was out of his power."

Now what ſays your poem? "Continue, unhappy wretch, to ſuffer. If there be a God, who hath created you, he is, without doubt, omnipotent; he could have prevented all the evils you ſuffer. You muſt not hope, therefore, they will ever have an end; for we can-

not ſee why you exiſt, except to ſuffer and to die." I do not know what ſuch a doctrine can contain more conſolatory than optimiſm, or even fatality itſelf. For my own part, I confeſs it appears ſtill more cruel than Manicheiſm. If the difficulty attending the origin of evil obliges you to alter any of the perfections of the Deity, why would you juſtify his power at the expence of his goodneſs? Were I to chuſe between the two errours, I ſhould certainly prefer the former.

You would not have your work looked upon as a poem againſt Providence; and I ſhall beware of calling it ſuch, although you have called a performance, in which I pleaded the cauſe of mankind againſt themſelves, a book written againſt mankind. I am not to learn that a diſtinction is neceſſary to be made between the intentions of an author, and the conſequences which may be deduced from his doctrines. The juſt defence of myſelf, obliges me only to obſerve to you, that my end, in deſcribing the miſeries of mankind, was, in my opinion, excuſable and even commendable: for I ſhewed in what manner men brought their own misfortunes on themſelves, and conſequently how they might avoid them.

I ſee not where we muſt look for the ſource of moral evil, except in man, a free, improved and yet corrupted Being; and as to phyſical evils, if matter cannot be at once ſuſceptible and impenetrable, as it appears to me it cannot, they muſt be unavoidable in every ſyſtem of which man conſtitutes a part: and then the queſtion is not, "Why is not man perfectly happy?"

happy?" but, "why does he exiſt?" Again, I think I have ſhewn that, death excepted, which can be called an evil only from its preceeding preparatives, the greater part of our phyſical evils are our own work. Without quitting the ſubject of Liſbon, you muſt agree, for example, that nature never aſſembled there twenty thouſand houſes of ſix or ſeven ſtories high; and that, if the inhabitants of that great city had been more equally diſperſed, and more lightly lodged, the damage would have been much leſs, and perhaps none at all. Every body would have taken flight at the firſt ſhock, and would have been ſeen the next day twenty leagues off, as gay as if nothing had happened. But as it was, every one was obliged to ſtay, obſtinately determined to remain near the ruins, expoſed to new ſhocks, becauſe what they muſt leave was worth more than what they could take away. How many unhappy perſons muſt have periſhed in that diſaſter, merely from perſiſting, ſome to take their cloaths, ſome their papers, and others their money! Is it not well known that the perſon of a man is become the leaſt part of him, and that there is hardly any trouble in ſaving that, when he has loſt every thing elſe?

You could have wiſhed (and who would not have wiſhed the ſame?) that the earthquake had happened rather in the middle of a deſart than in Liſbon. Can it be doubted that earthquakes happen alſo in deſarts? But no notice is taken of them, becauſe they do no harm to the gentry of the cities, the only perſons of whom any account is made. Not that they do much even to the animals and ſavages diſperſed throughout

throughout thoſe ſolitary wilds, who are neither afraid of the falling of tiles, nor the tottering of houſes. But what ſignifies ſuch a privilege? Will it therefore be ſaid, that the order of things ought to be changed agreeably to our caprices; that nature ought to be ſubmitted to our laws; and that, we have nothing more to do than to build a city on a certain ſpot, to ſecure it for ever from earthquakes?

There are many events which ſtrike us more or leſs, according to the light in which they are ſeen; and which become much leſs horrible than they at firſt appeared, when they are examined more nearly. I have learned from Zadig, and nature daily confirms the truth of it, that an untimely death is not always a real evil, and may ſometimes paſs for a relative good. Among the number of thoſe who periſhed under the ruins of Liſbon, many of them, doubtleſs, avoided greater misfortunes; and notwithſtanding the occaſion which ſuch a ſubject affords for pathetic and poetic deſcription, it is not certain that any one individual of thoſe unfortunate perſons actually ſuffered more than he might have done, if, according to the ordinary courſe of things, he had received the ſtroke of death through the lingering anguiſh of diſeaſe. In a word, could their end be more lamentable than that of a dying man, tormented by fruitleſs ſolicitudes; whom his heirs and their lawyers will hardly permit to breathe; whom the phyſicians murder in his bed at their eaſe; and to whom the barbarous prieſts adminiſter the bittereſt potion of death, and artfully make the patient taſte it drop by drop, even to the very dregs? For my part, look which way I will,

I ſee

I ſee that the evils, to which we are expoſed by nature, are much leſs cruel than thoſe which we unneceſſarily add to them.

But how ingenious ſoever we may be in fomenting our miſeries by dint of curious inſtitutions, we have not been able as yet to improve ourſelves to ſuch a degree, as to make life a burthen, and to cauſe us generally to prefer annihilation to exiſtence: which if we did not do, diſcouragement and deſpair would ſoon take off the greater part of mankind, and the human race could not long ſubſiſt. Now, if it be better for us to be than not to be, this would be ſufficient to juſtify our exiſtence, even if we had no indemnification to expect for the evils we are to endure, and if thoſe evils were as great as you deſcribe them. But, it is difficult to find men ſincere, or philoſophers good calculators, on this ſubject. Becauſe the one, in making an eſtimate of the good and ill of human life, always forget the delightful conſciouſneſs of exiſtence, which is independent of every other ſenſation; and becauſe the vanity of deſpiſing death, induces the others to undervalue life; juſt as thoſe fluttiſh women, who having dirty gowns and a pair of ſciſſars at hand, pretend to love holes better than ſpots.

You think, with Eraſmus, that there are very few people in the world who would wiſh to live their lives over again; but a man may ſet an high price upon a commodity, and yet be glad to bate a good deal, on a fair proſpect of concluding the bargain. Beſides, Sir, whom am I to ſuppoſe you have conſulted on this head? The rich, perhaps, ſated with falſe

pleaſures, but ignorant of the true; always weary of life, yet always fearing to loſe it? Or men of letters perhaps, who of all ranks of men are the moſt ſedentary, unhealthful, thoughtful, and of courſe unhappy. Would you find men of better conſtitution, or at leaſt generally more ſincere, and who forming the majority of the people, ought to be heard in preference to the former? Conſult an honeſt tradeſman who hath paſſed his life in obſcurity and tranquility, free from projects or ambition; a good artizan who lives well by his buſineſs; or even a peaſant; not indeed in France, where it is pretended neceſſary to ſtarve the peaſants in order to enable us to live; but in the country where you now reſide, and almoſt in every other free country. I will venture to lay it down as a fact, that there is not in the higher Valais, a ſingle mountaineer diſcontent with his almoſt mechanical exiſtence, and who would not readily accept, even in exchange for the raptures of paradiſe, a perpetual regeneration in this life: fully ſatisfied to vegetate thus for ever. It is this palpable difference which makes me believe that it is often the abuſe we make of life, which makes it burthenſome to us; and I have a much leſs good opinion of thoſe who regret their having been born, than of him who ſhould ſay, with Cato, "Nec me vixiſſe pœnitet, quoniam ita vixi, ut fruſtra me natum non exiſtimem." This does not prevent the ſage, however, from ruſhing voluntarily on death, when nature or fortune bring him a very diſtinct order for his departure. But, according to the ordinary courſe of things, whatever evils are interſperſed throughout human life, it is

not,

not, on the whole, a bad preſent; and if it be not always an evil to die, it is very ſeldom one to live.

Our different manner of thinking upon all theſe articles, ſufficiently informs me why ſo many of your arguments appear to me inconcluſive. For I am not ignorant that human reaſon takes more eaſily the form of our opinions than that of truth, and that when two people are of contrary notions, what appears demonſtrated to the one is often mere ſophiſtry to the other. Thus for example, when you attack the chain of beings, ſo well deſcribed by Pope, you ſay it is not true, that if a ſingle atom were taken from the univerſe, the world could not ſubſiſt. On this head, you quote M. de Crouzas; to whoſe authority you add that nature is not confined to any preciſe meaſure or form; that none of the planets move in orbits abſolutely regular; that no known created being is of any preciſe mathematical figure; that no preciſe quantity is required for any phyſical operation; that nature never acts rigorouſly exact; ſo that we have no reaſon to affirm that the loſs of an atom would be the deſtruction of the whole earth. I muſt confeſs, Sir, that I am much more ſtruck with the force of the aſſertion than with that of the proofs, and that on this occaſion I ſhould ſooner concede to your authority than your argument.

With regard to Mr. de Crouzas, I never read his performance againſt Pope, nor am I capable perhaps of underſtanding it; but this is very certain, that I ſhall not give up to him what I diſpute with you, and that I place as little confidence in his arguments as in his authority.

thority. I am indeed ſo far from thinking that nature is not confined to preciſion in regard to figure and quantity, that I believe, on the contrary, nature alone follows that rigorous preciſion; becauſe nature alone is capable of making an exact compariſon between the end and the means, and of adjuſting the proportion between force and reſiſtance. As to thoſe pretended irregularities you ſpeak of, can it be doubted that they have all their phyſical cauſe, and are we authorized to deny the exiſtence of ſuch cauſe, merely becauſe we cannot perceive it? Thoſe apparent irregularities ariſe, without doubt, from ſome laws, of which we are ignorant, and which nature follows as conſtantly as ſhe does thoſe we are acquainted with; from ſome agent which we do not perceive, the meaſures of whoſe oppoſition or concurrence are fixed in all its operations: otherwiſe we muſt flatly aſſert that there are actions that have no principle, and effects that have no cauſe, which is repugnant to all philoſophy.

Let us ſuppoſe that two weights are in equilibrio, and that they are nevertheleſs unequal; if to the ſmalleſt be added their quantity of difference, either they would remain ſtill in equilibrio, and we ſhould have a cauſe without effect, or their equilibrium would be broken, and we ſhould have an effect without a cauſe. But if the weights were of iron, and a ſmall magnet ſhould be concealed under one of them, the actual preciſion of nature would take away the apparent preciſion, while it would ſeem to want exactneſs even from its exactneſs. There is not a figure, not an operation, not a law in the phyſical world, to which one may not apply

apply ſome example ſimilar to this which I have propoſed in the caſe of Gravity.

You ſay, that no known being is of a preciſe mathematical figure. I aſk you, Sir, if it is poſſible there ſhould be a figure which is not ſo, and whether the moſt apparently irregular curve be not as regular in the eyes of nature, as a perfect circle is to ours. As for the reſt, I conceive that if any body can poſſeſs that apparent regularity, it can be only the univerſe itſelf, ſuppoſing it a plenum and limited: for mathematical figures being only abſtractions, they have no relation to any thing but themſelves; whereas all thoſe of natural bodies are relative to other bodies, and to the motions by which they are modified. To that all this proves nothing againſt the preciſion of nature, even though we were agreed about what we mean by preciſion.

You diſtinguiſh events that are attended with effects from thoſe which are attended with none. I doubt much if this diſtinction be well founded. Every event appears to me to have neceſſarily ſome effect either moral or phyſical, or compounded of both, but which is not always perceived, becauſe the connection of events is ſtill more difficult to follow than that of men; as in general we ought not to ſeek for effects more conſiderable than the events they produce, the inſignificance of cauſes often renders the examination ridiculous, although the effects are certain, and often it is found that a number of effects almoſt imperceptible, are united to produce a conſiderable event. Add to this, that every effect takes place, although it may poſſibly act out of the body which pro-

produced it. Thus the duſt, raiſed by a chariot wheel, certainly has no effect on the motion of the carriage, nor influence on that of the world; but as nothing is foreign to the univerſe, every thing that acts in it neceſſarily acts on the univerſe itſelf.

Thus, Sir, your examples appear to me more ingenious than convincing. I ſee a thouſand plauſible reaſons why it was not indifferent perhaps to the fate of Europe, that on a certain day the heireſs of the houſe of Burgundy had her head well or ill dreſſed; nor to the deſtiny of Rome, that Cæſar turned his head to the right or the left, or that he ſpit on one ſide or the other, in going to the ſenate where he met his puniſhment. In a word, when I recollect the grains of ſand cited by Paſchal, I am in ſome reſpects of the opinion of your Bramin; and in what light ſoever I conſider things, it ſeems to me that if all events have not apparent effects, they have inconteſtibly real ones; the chain of which is not eaſily purſued by the human mind, but which are never confounded by nature.

You ſay it is demonſtrated that the heavenly bodies revolve in a non-reſiſting ſpace. It was certainly a fine thing to demonſtrate this; but, for my part, according to the cuſtom of the ignorant, I put very little confidence in demonſtrations that ſurpaſs my comprehenſion. I ſhould imagine that in the deduction of this, the logician muſt have reaſoned nearly in the following manner.

A certain force acting according to a certain law, would give the planets ſuch a certain motion in a non-reſiſting medium: now the planets

planets have exactly ſuch a motion, therefore they move in a non-reſiſting ſpace.—But who can tell whether there may not be a million of other poſſible laws, without hitting upon the true, according to which the ſame motions may be better explained by means of a fluid, than as they now are by means of a void? Did not the abhorrence of a vacuum long ſerve to explain moſt of thoſe effects, which have been ſince attributed to the action of the air? Did not ſucceeding experiments deſtroy this abhorrence of a vacuum, and the univerſe again become a plenum? Have not new calculations again reſtored the vacuum? And who is to anſwer for it, that a new ſyſtem ſtill more exact, will not deſtroy it again? Let us paſs over the innumerable difficulties which a phyſiologiſt would raiſe about the nature of light and enlightened ſpace; but do you really believe that Bayle, whoſe ſagacity and reſerve in matters of opinion I admire, as well as yourſelf, thought yours in this particular demonſtrated? It ſeems in general, that the ſceptics forget themſelves a little, whenever they aſſume a dogmatical tone, and that they, of all people, ought to be particularly cautious, how they uſe the word *demonſtrate*. When people make a boaſt of knowing nothing, how do they think to be believed, in affirming ſo many things!

As for the reſt, you have certainly made a juſt correction of the ſyſtem of Pope, in obſerving that there can be no proportional gradation between the creatures and their Creator; and that if the chain of created beings reaches

up

up to God, it is becauſe he holds that chain, not becauſe he terminates it.

With regard to the good of the whole, in preference to that of a part, you make man ſay, "I ought ſurely to be as dear to my maſter; I, who am a ſenſible thinking being, as the planets, which probably do not think." Doubtleſs the material univerſe ought not to be more dear to its author, than a ſenſible thinking being. But the ſyſtem of that univerſe, which produces, preſerves and perpetuates all ſenſible and thinking beings, ought ſurely to be more dear to him than any ſingle individual of thoſe beings: he may, therefore, notwithſtanding his goodneſs, or rather out of that very goodneſs, ſacrifice ſomething of the happineſs of individuals to the preſervation of the whole. I believe, and hope, that I am more eſtimable in the eyes of God than the earth, or mere material ſubſtance of a planet; but if the planets are all inhabited, as is very probable, why ſhould I be more eſtimable in his eyes, than all the inhabitants of Saturn? Theſe notions, it is true, may be turned into ridicule; but it is certain, that ſuch population is ſupported by analogy, and that nothing but human pride is againſt it. Now this population ſuppoſed, the preſervation of the univerſe ſeems, even with regard to the Deity, to be a moral object, which is multiplied by the number of habitable worlds.

That the dead body of a man affords nouriſhment for worms, for wolves, or plants, is not, I confeſs, an indemnification for the death of that man; but if, in the general ſyſtem of the univerſe, it be neceſſary to the preſervation of the human ſpecies, that there ſhould

ſhould be a circulation of ſubſtance between men, animals, and vegetables, the particular inconvenience to the individual, contributes to the good of the whole. I die, I am eaten by worms; but my children, my brothers live as I have lived; and I only do that by the order of nature, for all mankind, what Codrus, Curtius, Decius, and a thouſand others have done voluntarily, for a ſmall part of it.

To return, Sir, to the ſyſtem you have attacked; I conceive it cannot be conveniently examined, without carefully diſtinguiſhing that particular evil, the exiſtence of which no philoſopher ever denied, from that general evil which is denied by the optimiſt. The queſtion is not whether individuals ſuffer; but whether the exiſtence of the univerſe be, on the whole, good or not, and whether our particular ſufferings are not unavoidable in the conſtitution of that univerſe. Thus it appears to me, that the addition of a ſingle particle will render the propoſition exact; that is inſtead of ſaying *Tout eſt bien*, (all is good) we ſhould ſay *Le tout eſt bien*, (the whole is good) or *Tout eſt bien pour le tout*, (all is good for the whole.) It is thus very evident, that no body can bring a direct proof, either for or againſt it: for theſe proofs depend on a perfect knowledge of the conſtitution of the world, and the deſign of its Author; which knowledge is inconteſtibly above the reach of the human underſtanding.

The true principles of optimiſm cannot be deduced either from the properties of matter, or the mechaniſm of the univerſe; but only by induction from the perfections of the Deity, who

who preſides over the whole: ſo that we cannot prove the exiſtence of God, from the ſyſtem of Pope, but the ſyſtem of Pope, from the exiſtence of God: and without contradiction, the queſtion about the origin of evil, is derived from that of Providence. If one of theſe queſtions alſo hath been treated no better than the other, it is becauſe we have always reaſoned ſo badly about Providence, that the abſurdities of the argument have confuſed all the corollaries that might be deduced from this important and conſolatory tenet.

The firſt of thoſe who hurt the cauſe of God were the prieſts and devotees, who will not admit, that any thing happens according to the eſtabliſhed order of things; but always ſuppoſe an intervention of Divine Juſtice, in events that are purely natural; and, to be certain of being right, puniſh the wicked and reward the good, exactly according to the event. For my part, I know not but it may be good divinity; but I think it a very bad way of reaſoning, to conclude for or againſt individuals, on thoſe pretended proofs of Providence; and to impute to deſign that which would have happened equally without it.

Again, the philoſophers, on their ſide, do not appear to me a jot more reaſonable, when we hear them complaining againſt Heaven, becauſe they are not inſenſible; and crying out that all is wrong, when they have got the toothach, are indigent, or are robbed; and charging the Deity, as Seneca ſays, with the care of their portmantua. Had any tragical accident put an end to Cartouche or Cæſar in their infancy, it had been aſked, What crimes have they committed?

mitted? Thoſe two robbers have lived, and we cry, Why were they ſuffered to exiſt? A devotee, on the contrary, would ſay, in the firſt caſe, that God deſigned to puniſh the father in depriving him of his child; and in the ſecond, that God preſerved the child for the puniſhment of the people. Thus let nature act as it will, providence is always in the right in the opinion of the devotees, and always wrong in the opinion of the philoſophers. Whereas it is very likely that in the order of human things, Providence is neither right nor wrong; becauſe every thing depends on a certain general law, that makes no exception of perſons. It is probable that the particular events which happen here below, are nothing in the ſight of the Creator and Governor of the univerſe; that he contents himſelf with the preſervation of the genus and ſpecies, and with preſiding over the whole, without troubling himſelf about the manner in which each individual paſſes this ſhort and tranſitory life. Doth a prudent monarch, who nevertheleſs would have every body live happy under his government, give himſelf any concern whether or no the inns are good on the roads through his kingdom? The traveller, indeed, grumbles for a night, when he finds them bad, and laughs all the reſt of his life at the abſurdity of his impatience.

Commorandi enim natura diverſorium nobis, non habitandi dedit.

To enable us to form juſt conceptions on this ſubject, it ſeems that things ſhould be conſidered as relative in the *phyſical* order, and as abſolute in the *moral*; ſo that the greateſt idea I can form of Providence, is that every material

Being is diſpoſed in the beſt manner poſſible with regard to the whole univerſe; and every ſenſible and intelligent Being in the beſt manner poſſible with regard to himſelf: that is in other terms, it muſt be better for every Being, conſcious of his exiſtence, to exiſt than not to exiſt. But this rule muſt be applied to the total duration of every ſenſible Being, and not to ſome particular moments of his duration, ſuch as is that of human life: a circumſtance, that ſhews how cloſely the ſubject of providence is connected with that of the immortality of the ſoul; which I have the happineſs to believe, without being ignorant that it may be reaſonably doubted; and with that of the eternity of Hell-torments, which neither you nor I, nor any thinking Being that believes in God, ever can believe.

If we apply theſe ſeveral queſtions to their common principle, it appears to me that they all relate to that of the exiſtence of God. If God exiſts, he is perfect; if he is perfect, he is wiſe, powerful and juſt; if he is wiſe and powerful, all is good; if he is juſt and powerful my ſoul is immortal; if my ſoul is immortal, thirty years of life are nothing to me, and are neceſſary perhaps to the preſervation of the univerſe. If the firſt propoſition is granted me, the following cannot be affected: if it be denied, we have no buſineſs to diſpute about the following.

We are, neither of us, in the latter caſe. So far at leaſt am I from preſuming any thing like it on your part, from the peruſal of your works, that the greater part of them preſent the greateſt, moſt merciful and moſt conſolatory ideas of

of the Deity; and I love a Chriſtian of your order much better than one of the Sorbonne.

As to my own part, I will confeſs to you ingenuouſly, that I think neither the pro nor contrary are demonſtrable merely by the light of reaſon; and that if the Theiſt founds his ſentiments only on probabilities, the Atheiſt, ſtill leſs exact, appears to found his only on oppoſite poſſibilities. Add to this, that the objections which ariſe, both on one ſide and the other, are inſoluble; becauſe they relate to things, of which mankind have no true idea. I agree to all this, and yet I believe in God as firmly as in any other truth whatever; becauſe to believe and not to believe, depend leſs than any thing elſe on myſelf: a ſtate of doubt is a ſtate too violent for my ſoul, but when my reaſon is afloat, my faith cannot remain long in ſuſpenſe, but determines without its direction. In ſhort, a thouſand motives draw me to the moſt conſolatory ſide, and add the weight of hope to the equilibrium of reaſon.

This then is a truth at which we both ſet out, and on the ſupport of which you perceive how eaſy it is to defend optimiſm, and to juſtify providence; and it is not neceſſary to repeat to you thoſe hackneyed but ſolid arguments, which have ſo often been made uſe of on the ſubject. With regard to ſuch philoſophers as do not agree to the firſt principle, it is in vain to diſpute with them on theſe matters; becauſe that which is only a ſentimental proof to us, cannot be a demonſtrative one to them; and it is

by no means reaſonable to ſay to any man, "You ought to believe ſo or ſo, becauſe I believe it." They, on their ſide, alſo, ought to diſpute as little with us on theſe matters; becauſe they are only corollaries of a principal propoſition, which a candid opponent would hardly oppoſe them with; while, on their part, they would be wrong to inſiſt on our proving the corollary independent of the propoſition on which it is founded. I think alſo they ought not for another reaſon. And that is, it is inhuman to diſturb the peace of mind, and make men unhappy; when what we teach them is neither certain nor uſeful. In a word, I think, after your example, that we cannot too ſtrongly attack ſuperſtition which is the diſturber of ſociety, nor too highly reſpect religion which is the ſupport of it.

But I am incenſed, as well as you, that every man's faith ſhould not be left at perfect liberty; and that man ſhould dare to lay a reſtraint on conſcience, which it is impoſſible for him to penetrate; as if it depended on ourſelves to believe or not to believe reſpecting things incapable of demonſtration, or as if reaſon could be ever ſubjected to authority. Have the kings of this world any inſpection into the next? And have they a right to torture their ſubjects here below, in order to force them into paradiſe? No. Every human government is limited by its nature to civil obligations; and, whatever that ſophiſt Hobbes may ſay about the matter, if a man diſcharges his duty toward the ſtate, he owes no account to any one, in what manner he ſerves God. I know not

if that juſt Being will not one day puniſh every inſtance of tyranny exerciſed in his name: at leaſt, I am very ſure, he will never juſtify them, nor refuſe eternal happineſs to any ſincere and virtuous believer. Can I doubt, without offending his goodneſs and even his juſtice, that an upright heart will be excuſed an involuntary errour, or that irreproachable morals are not more eſtimable than a thouſand whimſical modes of worſhip preſcribed by authority and rejected by reaſon? I will go farther; if it were in my power to chuſe, to purchaſe good works at the expence of faith, and to make up for my ſuppoſed infidelity, I ſhould not heſitate a moment; but had rather have to ſay to the Deity; "I have done, without thinking of you, the good which is agreeable to you; my heart hath been inclined to your will without knowing it;" than to have to ſay to him, as I muſt one day do; "Alas, I love and yet have never ceaſed to offend you; I have known your will, and yet have done nothing conformable to it."

I confeſs there is a ſort of profeſſion of faith which the laws may impoſe; but if the principles of morality and natural right be excepted, it ought to be purely negative; becauſe there may exiſt religions that attack the foundation of ſociety, and it is neceſſary to begin by exterminating thoſe religions, to ſecure the tranquillity of the ſtate. Of ſuch tenets as ought to be proſcribed, intolerance is without doubt the moſt odious: but it muſt be checked in its ſource; for the moſt ſanguinary fanatics change their language with their fortune; preaching up patience and candour only when

they are not the ſtrongeſt. Thus I call every man intolerant from principle, who conceives no man can be a man of virtue and probity, who does not believe exactly what he does, and unmercifully conſigns to perdition all thoſe who do not think like himſelf. In a word, the faithful are very ſeldom in a humour to leave the reprobate at peace in this world; while a ſaint who imagines he lives among the damned, readily anticipates the taſk of playing the devil with them. Again, if there ſhould be any ſuch thing as intolerant Infidels, who would compel other people to believe nothing, I would baniſh them no leſs ſeverely than I would thoſe who would compel people to believe juſt what they pleaſed.

I would have therefore, in every ſtate a moral code, or a kind of civil profeſſion of faith; containing poſitively the ſeveral ſocial maxims, which every one ſhould be bound to admit; and negatively the fanatical maxims he ſhould be bound to reject; not as impious, but as ſeditious. In which caſe, every religion reconcileable to the code, ſhould be admitted; and every religion irreconcileable to it, rejected; while individuals ſhould be at liberty to have no other religion than the code itſelf. A work of this kind, carefully drawn up, would, in my opinion, be the moſt uſeful book that ever was compoſed, and perhaps the only one neceſſary for mankind. Here, Sir, is a ſubject worthy of your genius; and I paſſionately wiſh you would undertake ſuch a work, and embelliſh it with your poetry, ſo that, being eaſily learned, it might inſpire into all hearts, even in infancy, thoſe ſentiments of candour and humanity which

are ſo conſpicuous in your writings, and are always wanting in thoſe of devotees. I adviſe you to meditate on this project, which ought at leaſt to give pleaſure to your ſoul. You have given us in your poem on natural religion, the Catechiſm of Man; give us in that which I propoſe to you the Catechiſm of a Citizen. It is a ſubject that requires long contemplation, and to be reſerved perhaps for the laſt of your works, in order that you may finiſh, by an act of benevolence to mankind, the moſt brilliant carreer that ever was run by a man of letters.

I cannot help remarking, Sir, on this head, a very ſingular contraſt between you and me, with regard to the ſubject of this letter. Sated with glory, and undeceived with regard to the inanity of worldly grandeur, you live at freedom in the midſt of plenty; certain of immortality, you peaceably philoſophize on the nature of the ſoul; and if the body or the heart are indiſpoſed, you have Tronchin for your phyſician and friend: yet with all this you find nothing but evil on the face of the earth. I, on the other hand, obſcure, indigent, tormented with an incurable diſorder, meditate with pleaſure in my ſolitude, and find every thing to be good. Whence ariſe theſe apparent contradictions? You have yourſelf explained them: you live in a ſtate of enjoyment; I in a ſtate of hope; and hope gives charms to every thing.

It is with as much difficulty I cloſe this tedious letter as you will have to go through it. Forgive me, Sir, a zeal which, however it may be indiſcreet, would not have diſplayed itſelf

before you, if I had eſteemed you leſs. God forbid I ſhould offend him, whoſe talents I honour above thoſe of all my contemporaries, and whoſe writings ſpeak the moſt forcibly to my heart; but the cauſe of Providence is at ſtake, on which all my expectations depend. After having ſo long deduced courage and conſolation from your leſſons, it is hard for you to deprive me of them now; to give me only a vague and uncertain hope, rather by way of a preſent palliative, than as a future indemnity. No. I have ſuffered too much in this life not to expect another. Not all the ſubtilties of metaphyſics can make me doubt a moment of the immortality of the ſoul, and of a beneficent providence. I feel it, I believe it, I deſire it, I hope it, and will defend it to my laſt breath: and this, of all the diſputes in which I have been engaged, is the only one in which my own intereſt will not be forgotten.

I am, Sir, &c.

EXTRACT of a LETTER FROM Mr. ROUSSEAU to a FRIEND;

On the Works of M. RAMEAU.

I Would endeavour, firſt of all, to determine as near as poſſible, the idea which an impartial and reaſonable man, ought to have of the works of M. Rameau; for I regard the clamours of the cabals, for and againſt him, as nothing. As to my own part, I may poſſibly be miſtaken in my judgment for want of knowledge; but, if what I advance be not altogether reaſonable, it will certainly be impartial, which is often the moſt difficult.

There is one circumſtance attending the theoretical works of M. Rameau very ſingular; which is that they have gained a great reputation without having been read; and they will be ſtill leſs read for the future; ſince a certain philoſopher took the pains to write a ſummary of that author's doctrine. It is very certain that this abridgment will annihilate the originals, nor will there be any reaſon to regret them, while poſſeſſed of ſo good a ſubſtitute. His ſeveral performances include nothing either

new or uſeful, except the principle of the fundamental baſs: but it is not a little affair to have given a principle, were it even merely arbitrary, to an art, which ſeemed to be void of principles, and to have ſo facilitated the rules of it, that the ſtudy of compoſition, which was formerly the buſineſs of twenty years application, is at preſent only that of a few months.

The muſicians eagerly embraced the diſcovery of M. Rameau, while they affected to diſdain it. Their pupils multiplied with aſtoniſhing rapidity: on every ſide were ſeen petty compoſers juſt initiated into the ſcience; moſt of them deſtitute of talents, who ſet up for adepts at the expence of their maſter. Thus the very great and real ſervices which M. Rameau rendered to muſick, brought with them at the ſame time this inconvenience, that France was over-run with bad muſick and wretched muſicians; becauſe every one conceiting he knew all the fineſſes of his art, when he had juſt acquired the elements, all of them ſet about compoſing harmony, before their ear and experience had taught them to diſcern good harmony from bad.

With regard to the operas of Rameau, the publick lie under this obligation to them, that they firſt raiſed the opera theatre above the ſtages of the Pont-neuf. He boldly broke through that petty circle of very petty muſick, in which our trifling muſicians conſtantly moved, after the death of the great Lully. So that, though one ſhould be unjuſt enough to deny Rameau the poſſeſſion of ſuperior talents, it cannot, at leaſt be denied, that he opened in a manner a new carreer for them, and thereby gave the

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muſicians who ſucceeded him an opportunity of diſplaying theirs with ſecurity; which was undoubtedly no eaſy enterprize. He felt the thorns, and his ſucceſſors gathered the roſes.

It appears to me, that he is accuſed too lightly, of having never ſet any but bad words; beſides, to give any weight to this reproach, it ſhould be firſt ſhown that he had it in his power to chuſe better. Would it have been better then that he had ſet none at all? A more juſt reproach is that he did not always underſtand the words he made uſe of; that he often miſtook or miſrepreſented the ſenſe of the poet, and was guilty of many inconſiſtencies. It was not his fault that he was employed on bad words; but it is to be doubted whether he could have made the moſt of better. It is certain, that with regard to ſenſe and underſtanding, he was greatly inferior to Lully; to whom he was almoſt always ſuperior in point of expreſſion. M. Rameau would have no more been able to have compoſed the ſoliloquy of Roland, than Lully that of Dardanus.

It muſt be acknowledged that M. Rameau poſſeſſed fine talents, great fire, a truly harmonical head, a great knowledge in all the parts of the art capable of producing effect; a great deal of art in adopting, improving and embelliſhing the ideas of others, and of repeating his own: at the ſame time, he had little facility of inventing new; more capacity than fertility; more knowledge than genius, or at leaſt a genius overwhelmed by too much knowledge: but he had always force and elegance, and very often a beautiful modulation.

His recitative is leſs natural, but much more varied than that of Lully; admirable in ſome few

ſcenes, and almoſt always bad in all the reſt. But this is perhaps as much a defect in the nature of things as any fault of his; for it frequently happens that his ſubjecting himſelf too ſervilely to declamation, occaſions his tranſitions to be harſh, and his modulation unmuſical. Had he had the power to invent the true recitative, and to have been able to beat it into the heads of the ſheepiſh animals about him, I conceive he might have excelled in it.

He is the firſt who compoſed ſymphonies and laboured accompanyments, and he made an ill uſe of them. Before his time, the orcheſtra of the opera reſembled a company of paralytics in the height of their paroxyſm. He hath, to be ſure, revived them a little. They aſſure us at preſent that they have execution; but, I ſay, for my own part, that theſe people never had either feeling or taſte. It is nothing for them to be merely all together, to play ſtrong or ſoftly, and exactly to accompany the actor. To ſtrengthen, ſoften, ſupport, ſink the ſounds, as taſte and expreſſion require; to enter into the ſpirit of an accompanyment, to keep up and make the moſt of ſounds; ſuch is the art of all the orcheſtras in the world excepting that of our opera.

Now I ſay that M. Rameau hath abuſed this orcheſtra even ſuch as it is. He hath made his accompanyment ſo confuſed, ſo overloaded, ſo frequent, that the head can hardly bear to hear that continual noiſe of the ſeveral inſtruments during the execution of his operas; which would be heard with ſo much pleaſure if they did not ſtun the ears quite ſo much. Hence it is, that the orcheſtra, being conſtantly in play, never affects or ſtrikes us, and almoſt always

loſes

loſes its effect. It is ſometimes neceſſary, after a ſcene of recitative, that an unexpected ſtroke of the bow would alarm the moſt abſent auditor; and compel him to be attentive to the images which the author is going to repreſent, or to the ſentiments he would excite. But this is what an orcheſtra never will effect that are perpetually ſcraping.

Another reaſon againſt theſe too-laboured accompanyments, is, that they have a direct contrary effect to what they ought to have. Inſtead of fixing the attention of the ſpectator in the moſt agreeable manner, they deſtroy it by dividing it. Before any one can perſuade me that it is a fine thing to have three or four deſigns huddled one upon another, by three kinds of inſtruments, it is neceſſary to prove to me that three or four actions are neceſſary in a comedy. All theſe fineſſes of art, theſe imitations, double deſigns, forced baſſes, counterfugues, are monſtrous deformities, the monuments of bad taſte, which ought to be ſhut up in the cloiſters, as their laſt aſylum.

To return to M. Rameau, and finiſh this digreſſion; I think nobody has known better how to manage particular circumſtances, nobody has been better verſed in the arts of contraſt: but, at the ſame time, nobody has known leſs how to give his operas that unity which is ſo maſterly and ſo truly to be deſired; and he is perhaps the only man in the world, who has been incapable of making a good work out of a number of fine parts excellently arranged.

———————*Et ungues*
Exprimet, et molles imitabitur ære capillos;
Infelix operis ſummâ quia ponere totum
Neſciet.

This,

This, Sir, is what I think of the works of the celebrated M. Rameau, to whom the nation muſt pay deſervedly great honours. I know that this judgment will not ſatisfy either his partizans or his enemies: for all I had in view was to give a juſt one; and I propoſe it to you, not as a rule for yours, but as an example of that ſincerity, with which it is proper an honeſt man ſhould ſpeak of thoſe great geniuſes he admires, and whom nevertheleſs he does not think to be without fault.

ADVERTISEMENT

BY

Mr. ROUSSEAU,

TO AN

ANONYMOUS WRITER*.

Paris, Nov. 29, 1755.

I Received, the 26th of this month, an anonymous letter dated the 28th of October laſt, which, being wrong directed, had been at Geneva,

* Two anonymous pieces were about this time addreſſed to Mr. Rouſſeau; the one by means of the Mercury, and the other by the poſt. The firſt told him that, " As the face of ſociety could " not now be changed, the arts were become " neceſſary, and the inequality of conditions un- " avoidable: why then ſhould the preſent eſta- " bliſhed order be diſturbed, by exciting in its " members the ſpirit of diſguſt and indepen- " dence?——When ſuch a man as you writes for " the uſe of others, he ought to do it only for " their amuſement or inſtruction. Thus, if, in- " ſtead

Geneva, and was returned poſt paid to Paris. To this letter was annexed a paper written in my defence, which I could not give to the Mercury, as the author deſired, for reaſons which he will be very ſenſible of, if he has really that eſteem for me which he expreſſes. He may have that paper back again therefore, by addreſſing a billet to me in the ſame hand-writing: otherwiſe it will be ſuppreſſed.

The author ought not ſo readily to have believed, that the writer he refuted was a citizen of Geneva, although he aſſumed that character; for it is eaſy to date a letter from that country: but a perſon may boaſt this advantage, and yet affirm the contrary without knowing it. I have neither the vanity nor the ſatisfaction to believe that all my fellow-citizens think as I do: but I know the candour of their proceedings; if any of them had thought proper to attack me, they would have done it openly and boldly. They would reſpect me ſo much, even in oppoſing me; or at leaſt they would reſpect themſelves ſo much as to act towards me with that frankneſs and ſincerity, with which I act to all the world. Add to this, that thoſe, for whom that work * was

" ſtead of having thrown away your time in writ-
" ing two philoſophical diſſertations, you had com-
" poſed ſuch another opera as *le Devin du village*,
" you would have again charmed the hearts of all
" thoſe who might read it."

The ſubject of the other letter is ſufficiently intimated in Mr. Rouſſeau's advertiſement.

* The tract on the *Inequality of Mankind*.

written, to whom it was dedicated, and who honoured it with their approbation, never aſked me once about its utility. They did not object, like many others, "That, ſuppoſing what was advanced to be true, I ought not to have advanced it, as if the happineſs of ſociety were founded only on the errours of mankind." They ſaw there, I will venture to ſay, very cogent reaſons for reſpecting their own government, as well as the means of preſerving it. And while they found in it thoſe maxims which become every honeſt and virtuous citizen, they could not deſpiſe a treatiſe which breathes throughout a ſpirit of humanity, liberty, patriotiſm and obedience to the laws.

As to the inhabitants of other countries; if they find nothing in the work that is entertaining or uſeful, I think they ſhould be rather aſked why they read it, than that I ſhould be aſked why it was written. A certain genius of Bourdeaux adviſes me gravely to lay aſide political inveſtigations, and to compoſe operas; becauſe he, undoubtedly a genius, is much better entertained at the repreſentation of the *Devin du village* †, than by the peruſal of my *Diſcours ſur l'inegalité*. And in this he would doubtleſs be right, if it were true that in writing to the citizens of Geneva, I was obliged to find entertainment for the inhabitants of Bourdeaux.

Be this however as it may, in acknowledging my obligations to my defender, I beg of him to leave the field open to my adverſaries;

† The *Village Conjurer*.

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feeling myſelf no little regret at the time I have formerly thrown away in anſwering them.

When our ſearch after truth degenerates into diſputes and perſonal quarrels, it does not heſitate to aſſume the weapons of falſehood; but let us beware of debaſing ourſelves in this manner. Whatever value we may juſtly ſet on ſcience, peace of mind is of ſtill much greater. I deſire no other defence for my writings than reaſon and truth; nor for my perſon than my conduct and morals: if theſe fail, nothing can ſupport me; and if they ſupport me, what have I to fear?

FROM

FROM

Mr. ROUSSEAU,

TO

COUNT DE TRESSAN*.

Paris, Dec. 26, 1755.

SIR,

I Honour you, as we all do; and am pleaſed that I have an opportunity of adding gratitude to reſpect; being in reality obliged to Mr. Paliſſot †, for having undeſignedly procured me thoſe inſtances of your goodneſs which permit me to aſſure you of my eſteem. If that writer hath failed in the reſpect which he, and every one elſe owes to the Prince, whom he deſigned to amuſe, no one ought to think him

* Chamberlain to the Duke of Lorrain King of Poland.

† This gentleman, who was member of the Society of arts and ſciences at Nancy, had written a Comedy called *The Philoſophers*, in which Mr. Rouſſeau was turned into ridicule; and that in ſo groſs a manner as to give offence to the ſovereign; who, on that account, had determined to have him expelled the ſociety of Nancy.

more

more inexcuſable than I. But, if all his offence is the having expoſed my abſurdities, he claims the right and privilege of the ſtage; I ſee nothing in this to reprehend him for, as a man; and, as an author, I think he hath the merit of being fortunate in the choice of his ſubject. I deſire, therefore, you will not liſten to what the zeal, ariſing from the friendſhip and generoſity of Mr. d'Alembert may ſuggeſt on this head; nor by any means give any chagrin, for ſuch a trifle, to a man of merit, who hath not in the leaſt hurt me, and who muſt ſuffer greatly under the diſgrace of having offended the King of Poland and you.

My heart is greatly affected by thoſe elogiums, with which you have honoured my fellow citizens under your command. In fact, the Genevans are naturally of a good diſpoſition; they are open and ingenuous, do not want ſenſe, and require only good examples to make them altogether good themſelves. Permit me, Sir, to exhort thoſe young officers my countrymen, to profit by yours; to render themſelves worthy of your goodneſs, and to improve, under your eye, thoſe good qualities which they owe perhaps to you, and which you impute to their education. For my own part, I ſhall myſelf take the advice I now give them, when you come to Paris: let them ſtudy the ſoldier, I will ſtudy the philoſopher: our common object will be the man of probity, and you will be ſtill our maſter.

LETTER THE SECOND.

To the ſame; in anſwer to his reply to the foregoing.

SIR,

WHatever danger I riſk of becoming importunate, I cannot forbear adding to the acknowledgments I owe you, ſome remarks on the enregiſtring * the affair of M. Paliſſot; on which head, I muſt firſt take the liberty to tell you, that even my admiration of the virtues of the King of Poland, do not permit me to accept that proof of his goodneſs, which his Majeſty is pleaſed to honour me with on this occaſion, but on condition that the whole affair ſhall be buried in oblivion. I dare ſay that it ill ſuits with his greatneſs of mind to do an imperfect favour, and that it will be moſt agreeable to him to grant a pardon without reſerve. Beſides, can it be called a favour, to perpetuate ſuch a puniſhment? And ſhould not the regiſters of an academy ſerve rather to palliate than to ſet forth the little faults of its members? In fine, however ſmall be the eſtimation in which I hold our contemporaries, God forbid we ſhould degrade them ſo far, as to enregiſter a circumſtance as an act of virtue, which is, in fact, nothing more than the moſt ſimple ſtep, that every man of letters would have to take, were he in my place.

* The method propoſed by the King of Poland, on finding Mr. Rouſſeau averſe to the intended expulſion of Mr. Paliſſot.

Finiſh

Finiſh then, Sir, the good work you have ſo well begun in a manner worthy of you. Let no more be ſaid of a trifle that hath already made too much noiſe, and given more chagrin to Mr. Paliſſot than ſuch an affair deſerved. What ſhall we have done for him, if the pardon coſts him as dear as the puniſhment?

Permit me to make no reply to thoſe exceſſive encomiums you are pleaſed to honour me with: they are ſevere leſſons which I ſhall profit by; for I am not ignorant, and this letter is a proof of it, that we are always moderate in the praiſe of thoſe whom we perfectly eſteem. But, Sir, the full explanation of this ſubject muſt be deferred till a perſonal interview. I wait with impatience the pleaſure you have promiſed me; when you will find that, from ſome cauſe or other, you will no longer praiſe me when we know each other.

TO THE SAME.

Paris, Jan. 17, 1756.

SIR,

IT is with great ſatisfaction I learn, that you have entirely put an end to the affair of Mr. Paliſſot, and I thank you for it with all my heart. I ſhall ſay nothing to you of the little diſpleaſure it may have occaſioned you, as things of this nature are never felt by a philoſopher; and beſides you know better than I, that the reflection on a good action always effaces the little uneaſineſs that may have attended it. After having ſo happily terminated this buſineſs then, we have nothing farther to deſire of you; nor do I deſire to hear of it any more.

ON

THEATRICAL IMITATION.

An ESSAY,

Compoſed from the

DIALOGUES of PLATO.

ADVERTISEMENT.

THE following little piece is a kind of extract of thoſe paſſages in which Plato treats of Theatrical Imitation. I have done little more than barely collect them, and join them together in form of a connected diſcourſe, inſtead of that of dialogue in which they were firſt written. I was induced to this undertaking, on account of the letter I wrote to Mr. d'Alembert on the ſubject of theatrical entertainments *; but as I could not conveniently interweave it in that work, I laid it aſide to be made uſe of elſewhere, or to be totally ſuppreſſed.

Since that time, it being got out of my hands, I found it included, I know not by what

* Inſerted in the third Vol. of theſe Miſcellanies.

means, in a bargain, with which I had nothing to do. The manuſcript was returned me, but the bookſeller claimed it as a fair purchaſe, and I had no mind to expoſe the perſon who had furniſhed him with it. Thus hath this trifle found its way to the preſs.

ON
THEATRICAL IMITATION.

THE more I reflect on the inſtitution of our imaginary Republick, the more it appears to me that we have laid down ſuch laws as are uſeful, and peculiarly adapted to the nature of man. I conceive, in particular, that it was very neceſſary to lay a reſtraint, as we have done, on the licentiouſneſs of the poets, and to forbid them practiſing all ſuch parts of their art, as relate to imitation.

We will reſume, if you pleaſe, this topick; as we have already examined all the more important ſubjects. And, in the hope that you will not betray me to thoſe dangerous enemies, I will confeſs to you that I look upon all dramatic writers, as corrupters of the people; who, ſuffering themſelves to be amuſed by their imagery, are not capable of contemplating it in a true point of view, nor of beſtowing the neceſſary corrections which their fables require. Whatever reſpect I may have for Homer, their model and firſt maſter, I do not think I owe more to him than to truth; and to begin by being certain of the latter, I ſhall enter immediately on an enquiry into the nature of imitation.

In order to imitate a thing, it is requiſite to have an idea of it. This idea is abſtracted, abſolute, ſingle, and independent of the number of copies which may exiſt in nature of the ſame thing. This idea is always prior to its execution: for the architect who builds a palace, has the idea of a palace before he begins to build. He does not form the model, he only copies it, and this model muſt previouſly exiſt in his mind.

Confined by the nature of his art, to this ſole object, this artiſt can only build his own palace, or other palaces like it: but there are many other artiſts more univerſal, who can imitate every thing that is in the power of workmen to do, every thing that is produced in nature, or that is viſible in the heavens, on the earth, in Hell, or among the Gods themſelves. You will readily comprehend that theſe marvellous artiſts are painters; and that the moſt ignorant of men may do as much with the help of a common looking-glaſs. You will tell me that the painter doth not form the things themſelves, but only the images of them: juſt as much as the workman who really conſtructs them, ſince he copies a model which exiſted before them.

I ſee here three palaces very diſtinct. Firſt, the model, or original idea which exiſts in the mind of the architect, in nature, or at leaſt in its author, together with all poſſible ideas; of which he is the ſource. Secondly, the palace of the architect, which is the image of that model; and laſtly, the palace of the painter, which is the image of that of the architect. Thus God, the architect, and the painter are reſpectively

reſpectively the authors of theſe three ſeveral palaces. The firſt palace is the original idea, exiſting by itſelf; the ſecond is the image of it; the third is the image of the image, or what we properly call imitation. Hence it follows that imitation does not, as is generally conceived, hold the ſecond rank, but the third in the order of Beings; and that, as no image is exact and perfect, the imitation is always in a degree farther from truth than is imagined.

The architect may conſtruct many palaces on the ſame model, as the painter may draw many pictures of the ſame palace; but with regard to the type or original model, it is perfectly ſingular: for if it be ſuppoſed that there may be two exactly alike, they would be no longer originals: they may indeed have one original model common to both, and this only would be the true one. Now what is here ſaid of painting is equally applicable to theatrical imitation: but before we proceed to its application, let us examine more particularly into the imitations of the painter.

This artiſt is not only confined, in his pictures, ſolely to the imitation of the images of things; that is, the viſible productions of nature, and the works of other artiſts; but he does not even attempt to give the real figure of the object; but only its appearance. He paints it ſuch as it appears to be, and not ſuch as it is. He deſcribes it only in one point of view; and, making choice of this point at pleaſure, he repreſents the ſame object, according to his fancy, either agreeable or diſagreeable to the eye of the ſpectators. Thus they never can judge of the thing imitated by the thing it-

ſelf, but are obliged to judge from a certain appearance, aſſumed at the pleaſure of the imitator. Frequently, indeed, they judge only from habit, and caprice itſelf extends even to the art of imitation *.

The

* Experience teaches us that fine harmony does not pleaſe an ear unprepared for it; and that it is habit only which renders conſonances agreeable, and enables us to diſtinguiſh them from intervals the moſt diſcordant. As to the ſimplicity of thoſe relations, on which it is pretended the pleaſure of harmony is founded; I have ſhewn in the Encyclopedie, under the word *Conſonance*, that ſuch principle is not to be maintained; and I think it eaſy to prove that all our harmony is a barbarous and gothic invention, which is become, by length of time, an imitative art: a certain ſtudious magiſtrate of my acquaintance, who, inſtead of ſpending his leiſure hours at concerts, amuſes himſelf with inveſtigating the theory of muſick, has diſcovered that the relation of a fifth, is not as three to two, except by approximation; but that this relation is ſtrictly ſpeaking incommenſurable. Nobody at leaſt can deny that it may be ſo on our harpſichords properly tuned: yet this would not prevent thoſe fifths appearing agreeable. Now, where, in ſuch a caſe, is that ſimplicity of relation, which ſhould make them ſo? We do not even know whether our whole ſyſtem of muſick is not founded on mere convention; we know not if its principles are not altogether arbitrary, nor whether if another ſyſtem were ſubſtituted in its place, it might not in time become habitual, and give us equal pleaſure. By a very natural analogy theſe reflections may excite others, on the ſubject of painting, relative to the tone of the picture, the accords of its colouring, and on certain parts of its deſign, in which there

The art of repreſenting objects, and that of conveying the knowledge of what they are in reality, are quite different. The firſt gives us pleaſure, without inſtruction; the ſecond, inſtructs, but does not pleaſe. The artiſt, who draws the deſign, and takes the dimenſions with nicety, preſents nothing very agreeable to the eye; his work therefore is never examined, but by perſons of ſkill. But he that draws in perſpective, pleaſes the ignorant, becauſe he does not teach them, what the thing is, but only gives them the reſemblance of what they were before acquainted with. Beſides, menſuration ſhews us the magnitude of objects, only by degrees, and it is ſome time before we arrive at a true knowledge of their real dimenſions; but the repreſentation gives the whole, at once, which being taken for the effect of greater genius, is more pleaſing to the ſenſe, as it is more flattering to our vanity.

The figures produced by the painter's art, which have in themſelves no ſolidity, could never appear to us under that form, but by means of certain lights and ſhades, which make us take the repreſentation for the thing itſelf. If there were any mixture of truth in thoſe imitations, he muſt of neceſſity know the objects he imi-

there may be ſomething more arbitrary than is imagined, and in which the art of imitation itſelf may be limited by rules merely conventional. Why, for inſtance, do not the painters undertake new imitations? Such as have nothing againſt them but their novelty, and appear in every other reſpect peculiar to their art.

tates; he ſhould underſtand natural philoſophy, and mechanics, before he could be a painter; but on the contrary, the extent of his art has no foundation but his ignorance; and he is capable of repreſenting every thing, becauſe it is not neceſſary he ſhould know any thing. When he preſents us with a philoſopher at his meditations, an aſtronomer, obſerving the ſtars, a geometrician, drawing figures, a turner, at his lathe, can he, alſo, turn, meditate, calculate, or make obſervations on the planets? No, he can only paint thoſe who can, in their proper attitudes.

Without the capacity of accounting for what he repreſents on his canvas, he doubly abuſes us, by his imitations; either, by giving us, an uncertain and deceitful appearance, the error of which is not to be diſtinguiſhed either by himſelf or others; or by uſing falſe meaſures, to produce that appearance: that is, by changing all the true dimenſions, and adapting them to the laws of perſpective: ſo that, if the alteration be not perceived by the ſpectator, whoſe ſenſe is confined to ſeeing the picture, juſt as it is, he will either be deceived, with regard to the conformity of what is repreſented, or will detect the fallacy. Yet the illuſion ſhall be ſuch, as will impoſe on the young or ignorant; they will believe, that they ſee objects, which the painter himſelf knew nothing of, and artiſts employed in works, to which he was an entire ſtranger.

Let us learn from this example, to diſtruſt thoſe univerſal geniuſes, thoſe jacks-of-all trades, who know every thing, diſpute on all ſub-

ſubjects, and ſeem to unite in themſelves, the different talents of mankind.

If any body tells us of ſuch a wonderful perſon, let us aſſure him, that he is cheated by the leger-demain of a mountebank, and that all the knowledge of that great philoſopher is founded in the ignorance of his admirers, who cannot diſtinguiſh the error from the truth, nor the imitation from the reality.

This leads us to the conſideration of the tragic authors, and of Homer their chief *. Many people aſſure us, that a tragic poet ſhould know every thing, that he ought thoroughly to underſtand the virtues and vices, politics and morals, laws both human and divine, and that he ſhould be acquainted ſcientifically with all he treats of, or he will never riſe to perfection. Let us examine now, whether thoſe, who have carried poetry to that high pitch, have not ſuffered themſelves to be impoſed on by the imitative art, common to poets; whether their admiration of theſe immortal works, has not blinded them ſo much, as not to perceive their diſtance from the truth; as not to know colours without conſiſtence, are mere empty ſhadows; and that to draw ſuch images, nothing is leſs requiſite than the knowledge of truth: or rather, whether any real utility can be found in all theſe, and if poets are maſters in fact, of that variety of things, which the vulgar imagine they deſcribe ſo well.

* It was commonly thought by the ancients that all their tragic authors were but imitators of Homer. One of them ſaid of the Tragedies of Euripides, "They are the leavings of Homer's banquet, brought away by ſome of the gueſts."

Tell me now, my friends; if a man might have his choice, do you think he would prefer the picture of his miſtreſs, to the original? If an artiſt could make the thing he imitates, as well as the repreſentation of it, in matters of value, which would he chooſe? and would he content himſelf with the picture of an houſe when he was capable of building one? If, therefore, the tragic poet knew all thoſe things he pretends to deſcribe, if he poſſeſſed the qualities he paints, if he was able to do himſelf all he aſcribes to his characters, would he not exerciſe the ſame talents? practiſe the ſame virtues? Would he not rather raiſe monuments to his own glory, inſtead of ſpending his time in contributing to that of others? And would he not chooſe to do praiſe-worthy actions himſelf, rather than be confined to the celebration of them in others? The merit would undoubtedly be different; and there can be no reaſon why, being able to do more, he ſhould be ſatisfied with leſs.

But what think you of him, who would teach us, what he was never himſelf capable of learning? Who would not laugh to ſee a crowd of fools, go to admire a raſh young fellow of twenty, turning into jeſt all the refinements of policy, and the receſſes of the human heart, to whom the moſt ignorant among them would not truſt the conduct of the ſmalleſt affair? We have now done with arts and talents.

When Homer ſays ſo much of the ſkill of Machaon, we never aſk what was his own knowledge of the ſame ſcience. We do not concern ourſelves with enquiring, what diſorders he cured, what pupils he brought up, what

what fine works of engraving, or ſculpture he finiſhed, what tradeſmen he formed, or what monuments he has left of induſtry. We permit him to inſtruct us, without knowing how far he is capable. But when he treats of war, government, laws and ſciences, that require the longeſt ſtudy, and contribute moſt to the good of mankind, let us then dare to interrupt him for a moment, and ſay, O divine Homer! we admire your inſtructions, and we only defer following them, till we find how you practiſed them yourſelf; if you are really the perſon, you have taken ſuch pains to appear; if your imitations hold the ſecond and not the third rank after the truth; let us ſee in you, the counter-part of what you have drawn, in your works; ſhew us the great captain, and the wiſe legiſlator, whoſe pictures you have ſo boldly painted.

Greece and the whole world acknowledge the benefits received from men, who poſſeſſed thoſe ſublime arts, whoſe precepts coſt you ſo little.—Lycurgus gave laws to Sparta, Charondas to Italy and Sicily; Minos to Crete, Solon to us. If the queſtion relate to ſocial duties, to good œconomy, to the conduct of a family, or that of a citizen, in all conditions of life, Thales the Mileſian, and Anacharſis the Scythian, have given both the precept and example. Are we to inſtruct others, in the ſame duties; and inſtitute ſages and philoſophers, to practiſe what they teach? thus did Zoroaſter among the Magi, Pythagoras to his diſciples, and Lycurgus to his fellow-citizens. But if it be true, Homer, that your excellence has been ſo various; if it

be true, that you could inſtruct men, ſo as to render them at once wiſer and better; if it be true, that you have joined knowledge and underſtanding, to poetical imitation, ſhew us the labours that prove your abilities, the ſtates you have inſtructed, the virtues that do you honour, the ſcholars you have educated, the battles you have gained, the riches you have acquired. Why have you not procured crowds of friends? Why were not you admired and beloved by the whole world? How is it poſſible, that you could have no follower but Cleophilus? Still you ſhew your ingratitude. What! a Protagoras of Abdera, a Prodicus of Chios, without quitting their private life, drew multitudes of their co-temporaries about them, perſuaded them to learn of them only the art of governing their country, their family, and themſelves; and yet thoſe wonderful men, an Heſiod, an Homer, who had univerſal knowledge, who could inſtruct all perſons of their time, neglected that duty, to go rambling and begging through the world, chanting their verſes from town to town, like idle vagabonds or impertinent ballad-ſingers! In theſe rude ages, when the weight of ignorance began to be felt, when the greedineſs of knowledge, and the need that required it, joined to render every man uſeful and reſpected, who had a little more learning than the reſt;—if theſe perſons were as wiſe as they ſeemed to be, if they were poſſeſſed of thoſe qualities, they have ſo ſplendidly ſet forth in others, they would have paſſed for ſupernatural, they would have been ſought after by all; every one would have ſtriven to attach them, to poſſeſs them entirely, to keep them at their

their houſes, and thoſe who were not ſo ſucceſsful as to retain them, would rather have followed them all over the world, than loſe ſo good an opportunity of becoming ſuch heroes, as they had admired in the deſcriptions of theſe men *.

We muſt agree therefore, that all the poets, beginning with Homer, do not repreſent to us, in the pictures they have drawn, perfect models of the virtues, talents, or qualities of the ſoul, nor any other objects of the ſenſes or underſtanding, which they had not in themſelves, but only the images of thoſe objects, drawn from objects foreign to them; and that they are not a jot nearer to truth, when they give us the features of an hero or a general, than a painter, who, drawing a geometrician or an artificer, troubles not himſelf about the art he is a ſtranger to, but only minds the colours and figures of the pieces. In like manner, names and words enchant thoſe, who, having an ear for rhime and harmony, ſuffer themſelves to be charmed by the poet's bewitching art, and are ſeduced by the attraction of pleaſure; ſo as to take the images of objects, which neither they or their authors know any thing of, for

* Plato would not ſay that a man of ſenſe, and converſant in lucrative buſineſs, cannot make a fortune, by dealing in poetry, or by other means. But there is a wide difference between growing rich, and illuſtrious, from the talent of poetry, and becoming ſo, by ſuch talents as the poet pretends to teach. It is true, we may inſtance Tirtæus, but he drew himſelf out with honour, by being rather conſidered as an orator, than a poet.

the objects themſelves, and are afraid of being undeceived, in an error that flatters them, whether in covering their ignorance, or in the agreeable ſenſations, that accompany that error.

In effect, take from the moſt beautiful of theſe poetic drafts, the charm of numbers, and other embelliſhments; ſtrip it of the colouring of poetry and ſtyle, and leave nothing but the plan; you ſhall ſcarce be able to know it again: And even if it can be known, it will be no more pleaſing, like thoſe children, rather pretty than handſome, who once paſt the flower of their youth, loſe all their charms without changing a feature. Not only the imitator or author of a repreſentation, knows nothing more than the appearance of what he imitates, but even the true knowledge of the thing itſelf is concealed from him that made it.

I ſee in a picture, horſes yoked to the chariot of Hector; theſe horſes have harneſſes, bits, reins; the Gold-ſmith, the Black-ſmith and Sadler have made all theſe; the Painter hath repreſented them. But neither the workman who made them, nor the painter who deſigned them, know what they ought to be; 'tis the gentleman that is to determine their form by the uſe they are intended for, 'tis he only who is to judge, whether they are good or bad, and who is to rectify their faults. So in every thing that can be made, three things are to be conſidered, as objects of practice: The uſe, the make, and the imitation; the two laſt, evidently depend on the firſt: and there is nothing in nature, that can admit of imitation, to which the ſame diſtinctions are not applicable.

cable. If the utility, the goodneſs, the beauty of an inſtrument, of an animal, of an action, has a reference to the uſe it is deſigned for; if it belongs only to him that gives it to be made, to judge if it be executed according to his plan; ſo far is the imitator from being capable of knowing the qualities of the things he imitates, that the deciſion is not even to come from the original maker.

The imitator follows the workman, the workman follows the artiſt, who formed the deſign; and it is he only that can equally value the work and the imitation. This is a confirmation, that the repreſentations of the poet and painter, have but the third place after the architype, or the truth.

But the poet who has no judge, but the ignorant, whom he ſeeks to pleaſe, will he not flatter them? Will he not disfigure the objects he offers them?—He will imitate what appears fine to the vulgar, without troubling himſelf whether it be ſo in reality. If he draws an image of valour, ſhall he be judged by Achilles? If he ſhews us craft, will he be governed by the opinion of Ulyſſes? Quite the reverſe Achilles and Ulyſſes, are his characters; Therſites and Dolon, his ſpectators.

You will, perhaps, object to my argument, and alledge, that the philoſopher in this point is as deficient as the poet, with reſpect to the arts about which he treats, and that the one is as free with his ideas, as the other is with his images. I admit this: but the philoſopher does not ſet out on the principle of abſolutely knowing the truth; he inveſtigates, he examines, and ſearches for it in its retirements, he enlar-

ges our views, and even his miſtakes contribute to inſtruct us; he propoſes doubts as doubts, conjectures as conjectures, and affirms nothing of which he is not certain. In his reaſoning, he refers all to our opinion; and even the imitating poet preſumes to judge. When he furniſhes us with images, they are conformable to truth, and he is under a neceſſity of knowing how far he can rely on the certainty of his own art. He advances nothing, but with a deſign of arriving at the truth of his propoſition. The poet is the painter who draws the perſpective, the philoſopher is the architect who elevates the plan: the one ſcarce thinks it worth while to view the object he intends repreſenting; the other meaſures exactly, before he lays down the proportions of his edifice.

But that we ſhould not be abuſed by analytical impoſition, let us examine what faculty of the ſoul has a conformity to theſe imitations of the poet, and then conſider from whence proceed the deceptions of the painter.

If we view the ſame objects, at different diſtances, we ſhall imagine them to differ in magnitude, their forms are not ſo diſtinguiſhable, nor their colours of ſo ſtrong a tint. If in water, they alter their ſhape; that which is ſtraight appearing crooked, and ſeeming to undulate with the medium through which it is ſeen. By means of a convex or concave glaſs, the ſimilitude is entirely changed. By the mixture of light and ſhade, a flat ſurface appears, either prominent or hollow, as the painter thinks proper. His pencil cuts as deep as the ſculptor's chiſſel, and in the elevations traced on the canvas, our ſenſe of feeling is ſo ſtrongly con-

contradicted by that of the ſight, as to leave a doubt, which of the two we ſhould believe. All erroneous judgments are certainly made through precipitation, and it is owing to that weakneſs of the human underſtanding, always inclinable to determine without knowing the nature of things, that our ſenſes are cheated by the illuſions of magic, raiſed by the deceitful operations of optics and mechanics. We infer merely from appearances, and reaſon from what we know, of that which we do not know; our falſe concluſions, hence producing numberleſs extravagant chimeras.

But what are our remedies for theſe deceptions of our ſenſes? Analytical inveſtigation, the art of curbing our imagination, the uſe of weights, meaſures, and arithmetic, are the antidotes againſt the faſcination of the ſenſes. We ſhould, by theſe helps, be capable of determining what was great or ſmall, round or ſquare, pellucid or denſe; not by their appearance, but by number, weight and meaſure.

The compariſon, the judgment we form of the proportions, which bodies bear one to another, by theſe different impreſſions, is undoubtedly the province of the reaſoning faculty, and that judgment is often at variance with the partiality our ſenſes have, in favour of external ſigns.

Now we have before obſerved, that it cannot be one and the ſame faculty of the ſoul, which forms contrary judgments of the ſame things; when conſidered under the ſame relations to each other. It is therefore not reaſon, the moſt excellent, but a different and inferior faculty, that

that is this dupe to appearances, and ſo fondly careſſes imitation.

This is what I before meant, in ſaying that painting and the imitative art in general, exerciſes its operations, far from the truth of things; as it is the object of that part of the ſoul, which is void of reaſon and diſcretion, and it is incapable in itſelf of knowing truth from falſehood *.

Thus the art of imitation, baſe in its nature, and by its alliance with that low faculty of the ſoul, by which it acts, is ſtill mean in its productions, at leaſt with regard to that material ſenſe, by which we judge of the labours of the painter. Let us now conſider the ſame art, immediately applied to the internal ſenſe or underſtanding, by the imitations of the poet.

The poetical landſcape repreſents men as acting, either voluntarily or by conſtraint, rateing their performances as good or evil, with reſpect to the conſequences they imagine will be the iſſue; and ſuffering different emotions, either of grief or joy. Now for the reaſons before aſſigned, it is impoſſible a man ſo circumſtanced, can ever be conſiſtent with himſelf; and as the appearance, or reality of ſenſible objects produce different opinions, he will eſtimate the objects of his actions differently, as they are near or remote; agreeable or re-

* We muſt not here take the word part, in a ſtrict ſenſe, as if Plato had ſuppoſed the ſoul to be capable of diviſion. By this is meant only the different operations of it, which are otherwiſe called faculties.

pugnant

pugnant to his paſſions; while his judgment is variable, as they raiſe a perpetual contradiction in his deſires, his reaſon, his will, and all the powers of his ſoul.

The ſtage then repreſents mankind in general, even thoſe propoſed as worthy our imitation, as being influenced by paſſions quite repugnant to that ſtate of moderation and tranquillity neceſſary for their happineſs. Let a wiſe man, who has fortitude, loſe a ſon, a friend, a miſtreſs, or any object deareſt to him, we ſhall never ſee him given up to an unreaſonable or exceſſive grief; and though human weakneſs prevents him from ſurmounting his affliction entirely, yet, his reſolution will prevail, in a great meaſure, againſt the firſt tranſports of his grief. A ſenſe of ſhame will conceal part of his pains, in his own boſom; and, being kept in awe by the world, he will bluſh to ſay, or act, in its preſence, many things, he might not ſcruple to do when alone. As he cannot be what he would, he at leaſt attempts to appear to others, ſuch as he ought. Diſtreſs and paſſion are his tormentors, but reaſon and law preſcribe patience and reſignation; his will, even while he is agitated by theſe contrary emotions, conſtantly declaring in favour of the latter.

Reaſon, indeed, requires that we ſhould be patient in adverſity; that we ſhould not add to its weight by fruitleſs complaints, that ſublunary objects ſhould not be regarded above their juſt value; that we ſhould not waſte, in lamenting our misfortunes, that aſſiſtance which nature has furniſhed for ſoftening their rigour; and laſtly, that we ſhould ſometimes reflect on the

the impoſſibility of preventing what muſt happen, and to know ourſelves well enough to judge, whether the event be a good or an evil.

It is thus a wiſe and moderate man will behave, when attacked by misfortune; he will try to make an advantage of his very calamities, as a prudent gameſter endeavours to apply an unlucky hit to his own benefit; and inſtead of whining like a child, who falls againſt a ſtone, and weeps over it, he can bear when neceſſary the probe that ſearches his wound; and will even loſe his blood in order to eſtabliſh his health.

It muſt therefore be allowed that conſtancy and reſolution in our afflictions, are the effect of reaſon, and that tears, lamentation and deſpair, proceed from a faculty of the ſoul, quite oppoſite to the other, weaker, leſs ſpirited, and much inferior in dignity.

Now it is from this puſillanimous and ſenſible part, that all the affecting imitations we ſee repreſented in the theatre, are derived. The prudent man, always conſiſtent with himſelf, is not ſo eaſily imitated, and if he were, the repreſentation would be wanting in that agreeable variety which conſtitutes its value with the vulgar. An image would be little intereſting, that is ſo unlike themſelves, and in which they could perceive neither their manners, nor paſſions. The human heart never aſſimilates the objects, to which it is an abſolute ſtranger. So the poet, who knows the way to ſucceſs, in aiming to pleaſe the taſte of the vulgar, takes care, never to preſent them with the ſublime image of an heart, replete with fortitude, and

ſo

ſo far maſter of itſelf, as to liſten only to the voice of wiſdom; but he raviſhes his audience by characters, made up of inconſiſtencies and contradictions; who make the theatre reſound with their exclamations; who compel us to pity them, even whilſt they do no more than their duty, and make us think, what a terrible thing virtue is, that renders its friends ſo miſerable. It is by ſuch arts, with ſome eaſy diverſities of imitation, the poet flatters and affects his audience, and plays with their paſſions at pleaſure.

The cuſtom of ſeeing thoſe perſons, whom the poet has brought into our eſteem, given up to the rage and government of their paſſions, warps our judgments with reſpect to what is praiſe-worthy, ſo that we accuſtom ourſelves to honour weakneſs, under the name of ſenſibility; and to treat thoſe, as brutes, and void of ſentiment, who prefer the ſeverity of duty, to the indulgence of their natural affections. On the contrary, we eſteem thoſe, as good-natured, who being ſtrongly affected with any thing, are the ſport of every wind that blows; who weep, like ſilly women, for the loſs of what was dear to them; who become unjuſt, through a miſapplied friendſhip, in order to ſerve thoſe they love; who know no rule but the blind dictates of their partiality. Who, always praiſed by that ſex, to whom they are ſlaves, and whom only they imitate, have no virtues but their paſſions, nor merit but their weakneſſes. So that equanimity, fortitude, perſeverance, the love of juſtice, and the force of reaſon, become inſenſibly odious qualities, and even deteſtable vices.

Honour

Honour is beſtowed on men, who only deſerve our contempt, and the ſubverſion of all juſt opinions, is the never-failing effect of leſſons taught at the theatre.

It is with reaſon therefore, we have blamed the imitations of the poet, and that we place him on the ſame rank with the painter; whether on account of their being equally removed from truth; or becauſe that both the one and the other, flattering the weak part of the ſoul, and neglecting to pleaſe the rational, turn the order of our faculties upſide down, and make the better part of us ſubſervient to the worſt. Even as that perſon in the commonwealth, who ſhould bring good ſubjects into a ſtate of ſubjection to the bad, and place rebels in the ſeats of the magiſtrates, would be a traitor to his country, and an enemy to the ſtate; ſo the poet by his imitations brings diſſentions and death into the republic of the ſoul, by exciting and nouriſhing the baſeſt of the faculties, at the expence of the more noble: by waſting all his ſtrength on ſubjects, the leaſt worthy his regard, confounding by vain reſemblances, the beauty of truth, with the falſe attraction that is pleaſing to the populace, and throwing down the barriers between mimic ſplendour and real magnificence.

Where ſhall we find thoſe daring ſpirits, that would venture to oppoſe the care the poet takes to corrupt or diſcourage them? When in Homer, or ſome other tragic writer, we ſee an hero, loaded with affliction, lamenting and beating his breaſt; an Achilles, the ſon of a goddeſs, ſometimes ſtretched on the ground, and

and throwing handfuls of burning ſand on his head, ſometimes running like a Demoniack along the ſhore, and mingling the moſt ſavage howlings, with the hoarſe murmur of the waves; a Priam, illuſtrious for his dignity, venerable for his age, and for the merit of his numerous offspring, rolling himſelf on the ground, and polluting his ſilver locks in the mire, filling the air with curſes, and arraigning the juſtice of the gods. Who could be inſenſible of his complaints? We ſhould take a pleaſure in ſharing his afflictions. Who does not find correſponding ſentiments raiſed in his own mind? Who does not ſeriouſly applaud the author, and celebrate his art for drawing ſuch maſter-ſtrokes? And yet, when any domeſtic or real misfortune affects us, we pride ourſelves in bearing it with moderation, and not ſuffering our tears to flow. We then regard the courage we have ſhewed, as a manly virtue, and ſhould think ourſelves ſpiritleſs as women, did we weep and groan like the heroes repreſented on the ſtage, and whoſe paſſions claimed ſo much our admiration and pity. Are not thoſe mighty uſeful entertainments, where the examples we moſt applaud, are ſuch, as we would bluſh to imitate? and where the follies we are ſo much intereſted in, demand all our care, in order to ſhun them in our private calamities?

Thus, the moſt noble faculty of the ſoul, by laying the empire of itſelf, bends with eaſe to the tyranny of the paſſions. It no longer reſtrains our cries and tears, it gives us up to the weakneſs of being afflicted for objects quite ſtrange to us, and under the pretext of gene-

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rous pity for chimerical misfortunes, far from letting us deſpiſe ourſelves for our exceſſive grief, far from preventing our applauſe of what has diſhonoured us, it ſubmits us to the vileſt abaſements, through the falſe tenderneſs with which we are inſpired. It ſuffers our vain ſelf-admiration of our own generoſity, in pitying the diſtreſſes of others; this is a pleaſure we believe to have gained without weakneſs, and which we indulge without remorſe.

But if we thus ſubject ourſelves to the afflictions of others, how ſhall we ſupport our own? how courageouſly reſiſt real evils, when we are ſo much ſoftened by imaginary ones. What! ſhall we be the only perſons who have no command of our own ſenſibility? Who is there, that can deny thoſe ſentiments of pity to himſelf, who ſo liberally beſtows them on ſtrangers? I may ſay as much with regard to comedy.

The indecent laughter it raiſes, the habit of ridiculing every thing, even ſubjects the moſt ſerious, and the pernicious effect it has on our minds, by turning the moſt reſpectable characters into theatrical buffoons, the ſame may be ſaid of love, anger, and the reſt of the paſſions, which being rendered every day more familiar in jeſt, we loſe the power of reſiſting them, when they attack us in earneſt. In ſhort, from what point ſoever we view the theatre, and its imitations, we conſtantly ſee, that by animating the diſpoſitions it ought to ſuppreſs, it gives us a maſter that ſhould be our ſubject. Far from making us wiſer or happier, it renders us more miſerable and vicious

cious, and makes us pay dearly for the pains it takes to flatter and pleaſe us.

When therefore, friend Glaucus, you meet with any of the enthuſiaſtic admirers of Homer; when they tell you, that he was the inſtructor of Greece, and maſter of all the arts; that the government of kingdoms, and the conduct of ſocial life, the education of mankind, and all civil regulations are taught in his writings; honour their zeal, love and eſteem them, as men of excellent endowments; admire with them the wondrous talents of ſo great a genius: agree with them that Homer is a perfect poet, and the chief of tragic authors; but ſtill remember, that hymns in honour of the gods, and the praiſes of great men, are the only ſpecies of poetry that ſhould be admitted into the Republic of learning: and that if we once allow the imitative muſe, which charms and deceives us by the ſweetneſs of her voice, the actions of men will no longer have either laws, or the beautiful and good for their object, but pleaſure and tenderneſs will uſurp their places; inflamed paſſions will change ſituation with reaſon; the citizens will be no more virtuous and juſt, always obedient to duty and equity, but poor weak creatures, ready to do either good or evil indifferently, as their inclination leads them. Laſtly, forget not that in baniſhing from our Republic, all ſpecies of the drama, we do not purſue a rude and barbarous prepoſſeſſion, and are far from deſpiſing the beauties of the art; but prefer thoſe immortal charms, which are the reſult of the harmony of the ſoul, and the good diſpoſition of the faculties.

Let us go a little further.—In order to guard ourſelves againſt partiality, and to avoid that old diſagreement that ſtill reigns among poets and philoſophers, let us leave poetry in poſſeſſion of all it can alledge in its defence, nor deprive ourſelves of the innocent pleaſures it procures us.

Let us pay that deference to truth, as to reſpect even the reſemblance of it, and leave it at liberty to make itſelf underſtood, in all that can add to its reputation. Whilſt we impoſe ſilence on the poets, let us permit their friends to defend them, and to ſhew us, that the art we condemn is ſomething more than pleaſing, and is of uſe to the citizens and commonwealth. Let us hear their arguments, without prejudice, and let us agree that we are great gainers, if they prove we may, without hazard, give up ourſelves to ſuch ſweet impreſſions. Otherwiſe, my dear friend, as a wiſe man, who is enamoured of a miſtreſs, ſeeing her virtue on the point of failing, breaks, tho' with regret, ſuch pleaſing fetters, and ſacrifices love to duty and reaſon; ſo infatuated from our youth, by the ſeducing attractions of poetry, and too ſenſible of its charms, yet we ſhall be thus able by the force of reaſon to defend ourſelves from its enchantments. Though we dare indulge ourſelves in ſomething we have an inclination for, yet we ſhould not venture at leaſt to put ourſelves in the way of the firſt object of our love. We may ſtill ſay there is nothing ſerious or uſeful in the parade of the drama: in liſtening ſometimes to poetry, we ſhall guard againſt its abuſe, and we ſhall never allow it to diſturb order and liberty, neither in the

the ſpiritual Republic of the ſoul, nor in that of civil ſociety. The alternative of becoming better or worſe, is no light matter, and we cannot be too cautious in our choice.

It is a fine thing, I admit, to reſign ourſelves to the charms of that bewitching talent, and to acquire by it, riches, honours, power, and an high reputation; but power, renown, wealth, and pleaſure diſappear like ſhadows, before the glorious light of juſtice and virtue.

SYLVIA'S WALK*.

I.

WHAT pleaſing tranſports fill my heart!
How ſweet, in theſe delightful groves,
Our pains or pleaſures to impart,
To the fair object of our loves!
Where leafy ſhades, and cryſtal ſtreams,
Raiſe fancy in poetic dreams!

II.

Bleſt Solitude, romantic bow'rs,
Where happy peace, and calm repoſe,
Gently beguile the lazy hours,
And eaſe the ſmart of mental woes,
Cruel remorſe ſhall end my days,
When thy ſoft charms no longer pleaſe.

III.

Be gone, vain hopes, and projects vain,
Far hence from this ſecure retreat;
No more my heart ſhall entertain
A wiſh ſo low, as to be great.
Your empty promiſe, long believ'd,
I'm now too wiſe to be deceiv'd.

* Written in a place ſo called.

IV.

Alas! vain man's a ſummer flow'r,
Born to be pluckt by Fate's decree:
Let him enjoy the preſent hour,
Not anxious of futurity,
But time improve, if he be wiſe,
Nor haſten what ſo ſwiftly flies.

V.

'Tis virtue and fair innocence,
Without fore knowledge can ſupply
A fund of wealth, at ſmall expence,
Content, and bleſt tranquillity.
Contentment to the wiſe is giv'n,
Beſt bounty of indulgent heav'n!

VI.

Paſſions with baſe inſidious ſway,
(Source of our pleaſures and our pains)
Firſt reaſon's fortreſs do betray,—
Then load us with its galling chains.
From paſſion all our miſchiefs flow—
Its reign is anarchy, its fruit is woe.

VII.

Ill fate purſue the ſordid knave
Who ſees with joy the ſhining ſtore;
To want and penury a ſlave,
Not to enjoy, but heap up more.

Riches

Riches to ſuch a wretch are ſent,
To be his curſe and puniſhment.

VIII.

Shame on the fierce and haughty ſoul,
Whoſe odious inſolence of place,
Whoſe damn'd ambition would controul,
And keep in chains the human race.
Till one as inſolent and great,
Shall hurl him from his ſplendid ſeat.

IX.

Shame to the man wherever found,
Whom no misfortune ever moves,
Who calmly views diſtreſs around,
And nought beſide his own dear perſon loves.
May he, when ſtript of all his pelf,
Find no one kinder to himſelf.

X.

In this as truth we may believe,
Some ſouls are to ſome crimes ally'd,
And ſuch impreſſions do receive,
From paſſions that in them reſide;
But ſouls ally'd to good we ſee,
From fouler crimes are always free.

XI.

But tender hearts, tho' good, are found
From virtue's ſtricter paths to ſtray,
When youthful pleaſures dance around,
And love points out the flow'ry way.
But theſe the ſofter paſſions move; —
All ruder ones are huſh'd by love.

XII.

Why ſhould thoſe paſſions be a crime,
Which by the ſofteſt impulſe move?
In ev'ry age, in every clime,
'Tis nature that inſpires with love.
Then can it be the will of fate,
That love ſhould e'er be turn'd to hate?

XIII.

Theſe charming leſſons learn'd with eaſe,
To practice can the young induce,
I that have loſt the pow'r to pleaſe,
Should be conſign'd to other uſe.
Morals I preach, which are a jeſt,
While love ſits brooding in the breaſt.

XIV.

Ah me! why thus the truant play,
Already paſt my flow'ry prime?
Why in the paths of pleaſure ſtray,
When blooming youth gives place to time?

Too

Too ſoon, alas, ſhall hoary age
Drive theſe mock Cupids off the ſtage.

XV.

To this ſucceeds ſevere diſguſt
Of all, but ſtern philoſophy;
Then the ſtrict rules of wiſdom muſt
Ariſe from hard neceſſity,
Which cenſure youth and pleaſure paſt,
When age forbids its joys to taſte.

XVI.

Tho' cloath'd with wiſdom's aweful mien,
Ev'n age is not from folly free,
The hoary ſaint is often ſeen,
To trip in vice and vanity.
As veſſels by rude tempeſts toſt,
Juſt making of their port are loſt.

XVII.

Thus under wiſdom's form we cheat,
Nor can the prying world diſcloſe,
Ev'n nature fav'ring the deceit,
We on ourſelves ſo oft impoſe.
Tho' far remov'd from wiſdom's voice,
We call that wiſe, which is our choice.

XVIII.

So in the bloom of hardy youth
Is vice by folly often led,
Error aſſumes the garb of truth,
And plants itſelf in t'other's ſtead.

The four fanatic cants and lies,
Then thinks himself both good and wise.

XIX.

Ah! could we find but one true sage,
How different would his manners prove!
Agreeable to youth or age;
In friendly mirth and social love.
His worship pure, his manners free,—
O give me such a friend as he.

LETTER

FROM

Mr. J. J. ROUSSEAU,

TO

M. de GINGINS de MOIRY,

Member of the Sovereign Council of the Republic of Berne, and Bailiff of the Lordſhip of Yverdon.

Vitam impendere vero.

SIR,

AGreeable to your kind permiſſion, I take this opportunity of calling to your remembrance, one, who with an heart over-flowing with gratitude, will ever cheriſh the ſentiments with which you have inſpired him. The favourable opinion I have entertained of mankind, has been the ſource of all my misfortunes, but they ſoon convinced me how greatly I was miſtaken. It was requiſite I ſhould become acquainted with you, and the happy few, who have the honour of reſembling you, in order to prevent my bluſhing for an error which coſt

me ſo dear. I was ſenſible that truth is not to be ſpoken in this age with impunity, nor perhaps, in any other; I was ſatisfied to ſuffer, for the cauſe of God, but I did not expect, I confeſs, the extraordinary and unuſual treatment I have ſince experienced. Of all the evils incident to mankind, ſhame and contempt are thoſe, againſt which a liberal mind is leaſt prepared. The moſt ſanguine barbarity took me by ſurprize. My reputation publicly defamed, by the very perſons appointed to avenge injured innocence; treated as a malefactor in my native country, at a time when I meant to do it honour; purſued as a criminal, and driven from every ſanctuary, where I hoped to find ſhelter and protection; nought remained for me but trouble and perplexity of mind. Without your aſſiſtance I ſhould never have been comforted. Your conſolations, illuſtrious friend, have alleviated my miſery; your converſation has raiſed my ſpirits, and your eſteem, by ſoothing my pride, has put me in a ſituation of mind that will enable me to preſerve my dignity. I have gained more by your affection, than I have loſt by my diſgrace. I hope, Sir, the continuation of it, in ſpite of the buſy clamours of fanaticiſm, or the artful calumnies of impiety; you are poſſeſſed of too much virtue, to hate me for daring to believe in God, and too wiſe to puniſh me for uſing that reaſon which he hath given me.

Motiers, July 21, 1762.

LETTER

FROM

Mr. J. J. ROUSSEAU,

TO

M. FAVRE,

First Syndic of the Republic of GENEVA:

Wherein M. ROUSSEAU renounces for ever his Right of being a Burgeſs and Citizen of the City and Republic of Geneva.

SIR,

BEING at length recovered from the profound aſtoniſhment into which the unexpected proceedings of the grand council had thrown me, I have reſolved to act, what the dictates of honour and reaſon enjoin, though with the utmoſt violence to my heart; I therefore, Sir, declare to you, and intreat your doing the ſame, on my part, to the grand council, that I now reſign and renounce my right of burgerſhip in the city and republic of Geneva; and having endeavoured to diſcharge all the duties annexed to that title, to the utmoſt of my abilities, without

out enjoying any of its advantages, I do now intend, in breaking off my public connexion with the ſtate, to remain a paſſive ſpectator of its concerns.

I have exerted myſelf in ſtriving to render the name of GENEVAN honourable. I have loved my country-men with tenderneſs; I have neglected nothing that might deſerve their love in return: but no body has ever been more unſucceſsful; I could wiſh to pleaſe them, even whilſt loaded with their hatred. The laſt ſacrifice I am capable of making, is that of a name, which has always been dear to me. But, Sir, though I may be a ſtranger to my country, I can never regard it with indifference.

I ſhall remain attached by a tender remembrance, and ſhall forget nothing of it but its injuries. May it always flouriſh, and ſee its glory increaſed from day to day! And may it never want a perpetual ſucceſſion of citizens, better, and more fortunate than I! Be pleaſed to accept the aſſurance of my profound reſpects †.

Motiers-Travers, May 12, 1763.

† It was determined to accept of the reſignation of M. Rouſſeau, and that his letter ſhould be entered in the regiſter.

A

LETTER

FROM

Mr. ROUSSEAU,

TO A

FELLOW-CITIZEN,

In Anſwer to his Letter of the 26th May 1763.

I Perceive, Sir, by the honour of your letter of the 18th inſtant, that you form a very inconſiderate judgment of me, under my diſgrace: it is ſo eaſy a thing to oppreſs the miſerable, that one is generally diſpoſed to conſtrue their very misfortunes into crimes. You ſay that my behaviour is unaccountable; yet it is as clear, as the ſad neceſſity that reduced me to it. Diſgraced in ſo public a manner in my own country, without one friendly voice in oppoſition to the cruel ſentence, after ten months hope, I ought certainly to take the reſolution that only could preſerve my honour ſo cruelly offended; it was attended with the moſt lively ſen-

ſenſations of grief, but what could I do? If I ſhould voluntarily continue a member of the ſtate after what had paſſed, would not that be conſenting to my own diſhonour? I cannot comprehend how you can aſk me, what injury my country had done me; can a man of your underſtanding be ignorant, that in all public tranſactions whatever is done by the magiſtrate, is conſidered as the act of the ſtate, when none of thoſe, whoſe right it was to diſſent, gave the leaſt oppoſition? It is not to the people of Geneva alone, that I am accountable, it is to myſelf, to the public, by whom I am unfortunately known; and to poſterity, to whom I may be known. If I was fool enough to endeavour to perſuade the reſt of Europe, that the Genevans diſapproved of the conduct of their magiſtrates, would not they laugh at me? Do we not know (would they reply) that the order of burgeſſes have a right to remonſtrate in all caſes, where they think the laws injured, and in which it diſapproves of the conduct of the magiſtrates? What has been done in a year and half, that you have waited? if only five or ſix burgeſſes had entered a proteſt, you might be believed with regard to what you have advanced; that ſtep would have been eaſy and legal; without any diſturbance of the public tranquillity: why was not that done? Does not the ſilence of every body give the lie to your aſſertion? Shew us the marks of that diſapprobation you have attributed to them. This, Sir, is what the world would anſwer, and that very juſtly; we judge men by their actions, and not by their thoughts.

Per-

Perhaps there were many ways of revenging the injury; but there was but one, that could repel it without violence, and I have choſen it. But if that does hurt to myſelf only, do I not deſerve pity, inſtead of the reproaches I have met with? You tell me, I had no occaſion to demand the abdication of my burgerſhip; but this proves nothing; we differ widely in our reckoning, for I pretended not to demand that reſignation, but to give it. I had ſtudied my rights long enough to know them, though I never uſed them but in that one inſtance; having on my ſide, cuſtom, the authority of reaſon, and the law of nature; that of Grotius, of the moſt learned civilians, and even of the council themſelves; I am not therefore to regulate my conduct by your miſtaken notions. Every one knows that any agreement infringed by one party, becomes void on the ſide of the other: ſo that if I owed every thing to my country, does it owe me nothing in return? I have payed the debt I owed it, has it payed me what was my due? I confeſs, we are never at liberty to forſake it; but when it rejects us, we may then quit it without breach of duty. We might do ſo in the caſes I have mentioned, and why not in mine? If I took an oath to my country, did it not alſo take one to me? By violating its engagements, it has acquitted me of mine, and in offering me affronts of an ignominious nature, it has left me at liberty to return them. You ſay, if the citizens had made any ſuch repreſentation to the council, you ſhould not wonder if they had been impriſoned: nor I neither, it would not have ſurprized me;

be-

becauſe, thoſe who were armed with force, might have acted as they pleaſed. But as there is a law (which will never be obſerved) to prevent a citizen from departing out of the territory of the republic, who would preſerve the privileges of one, without licence, ſo no perſon has occaſion to demand a right he is in poſſeſſion of; when a Genevan chooſes to quit his country to eſtabliſh himſelf abroad, no body ever thought of objecting againſt it as a crime. A man is never ſent to priſon for that; it is true, ſuch a renunciation is ſeldom ſolemnly executed; but thoſe who in this manner diſfranchiſe themſelves, have not perhaps received a public affront, and conſequently, are not obliged to make a ſurrender of their right of burgerſhip into the hands of the ſociety that gave it. I conſidered with myſelf, and waited a long time before I took a ſtep that has ruined me. To you, O people of Geneva, I truſted my honour! I was entirely ſatisfied with you, but you have ſo badly taken care of the depoſite, that I was compelled to remove it out of your hands. But my dear countrymen, whom I ſhall always love, in ſpite of your ingratitude, I beg you may not, by your cruel and diſhoneſt purpoſes, oblige me to write my apology to the public: ſpare me, I pray, in the midſt of all my other calamities, the grief of defending myſelf at your expence. Remember, it is much againſt my inclination that I am obliged to anſwer you in this manner: truth on this occaſion has no ſecond choice. If you had addreſſed me with leſs rudeneſs, I ſhould have made you my confident, and have poured all my griefs into your

your boſom. Your friendſhip ſhall be always dear to me, and I ſhall think it my duty to cultivate it; but I conjure you, if you ſhould write to me again, to give no more ſuch cruel proofs of it, and to conſult better the goodneſs of your own heart. I ſincerely embrace you with all mine.

FROM

Mr. ROUSSEAU,

TO

Mr. PROFESSOR DE FELICE.

Motiers, March 14, 1765.

I HAVE had no hand in writing the book intitled *The Princes*. I have never ſeen it, and doubt even whether it exiſts. I eaſily comprehend from what quiver that arrow comes, as well as many of the ſame ſort, and I find, my enemies in defending themſelves, make uſe of weapons worthy of their malice. As I have never diſowned any work that was mine, I have a right to be credited, when I deny thoſe that are not. I beg, Sir, you will receive and publiſh this declaration in favour of truth, and of him who has nothing but that for his defence. Be pleaſed to accept my reſpectful compliments.

I am, &c.

ROUSSEAU.

LETTER

OF

M. ROUSSEAU,

To Mr. *******.

Motiers, May 28, 1764.

IT is doing a ſignal ſervice to a poor ſolitary like me, ſo remote from hearing news, to acquaint him with what paſſes relative to himſelf. This is what you have very obligingly done, in ſending me a copy of my pretended letter to his Grace the Archbiſhop of Auſch. That letter, as you have gueſſed, is no more mine, than are all the falſe writings current at Paris under my name. I have not ſeen the mandate, to which this letter is an anſwer, I have never heard of it, and till within theſe eight days, I knew not that there was one M. Montillet who was Archbiſhop. I could ſcarce believe that the author of that letter would ſeriouſly perſuade the world that it was mine. Have I not cares enough of my own, without meddling with other people's affairs? When was I ever known to be a party man? What new intereſt could have ſo ſuddenly changed my mind? Are the Jeſuits in a better ſituation than

than when I refuſed to write againſt them in their diſgrace? Who has ever known me to be ſo baſe, ſo inconſiderate, as to inſult the miſerable? What is the fate of the Jeſuits to me; be it what it will? Is a melancholy truth dearer to one ſide than the other? and ſhould I ſuffer leſs perſecution, whether they were up or down? On the other hand, let the letter be read with attention, and every one will judge with you that I am not the author; it is contradictory and confuſed, as may be obſerved even in the addreſſes; it is dated from Neufchatel, where I never yet have ſet my foot; the phraſe of moſt humble ſervant is uſed, which is not my manner of concluding a letter. They make me take the title of Citizen of Geneva, which I have laid down. At the very beginning of it, they make me very warm in favour of M. de Voltaire, one of my moſt ſanguine perſecutors; and which comes therefore with great propriety from a defence like mine; they affect to mimic my phraſe, and theſe imitations falſify themſelves; the letter may be written in a better ſtile than I am capable of, but it is not mine. They there give me low expreſſions, make me ſay indelicacies which are not to be found in any of my writings; they make me uſe the word *you*, in addreſſing myſelf to God, a mode of expreſſion I do not blame, but never practiſe. To imagine me the author of this letter, you muſt ſuppoſe I wanted to appear in diſguiſe. If my name were not ſubſcribed, nobody would be eaſily perſuaded that it really came from me.

Such, Sir, are the honourable weapons uſed by my adverſaries; not content to attack me in my

my own works, they take a more cruel method of attributing to me their own fictions. Indeed the public has not been hitherto impoſed on, and it muſt be very blind if it could now be deceived. The deciſion I expect in this affair is but a mean conſolation after ſo many injuries. You know of the freſh affliction I have received; I ſuffer more in the loſs of M. de Luxemburg, than in all the reſt of my misfortunes. I ſhall feel it, ſo long as I am on this ſide the grave.

He was my comforter while he lived, and will be my protector after his death. His memory, dear to and revered by every one, will defend mine from the outrages of my enemies; and when the tongue of calumny ſhall endeavour to fully it with malediction and obloquy, the world will ſay, How can all this be poſſible, the honeſteſt man in France was his friend? I thank you, Sir, and ſalute you with all my heart.

ROUSSEAU.

END of the SECOND VOLUME.

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